THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Oct. 22, '27

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Ben Ames Williams—Isaac F. Marcosson—Octavus Roy Cohen—Sophie Kerr
Kenneth Allan Robinson—Nina Wilcox Putnam—Day Edgar—Frank Condon

Pressureless Point—
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Not among jewels will you find more beautiful effects than these lustrous Permanite barrels—Mandarin Yellow, Jade, Lacquer-red, Lapis Lazuli Blue and flashing Black and Gold—all black-tipped.

Thousands of people daily are stopping at nearby pen counters to try this pressureless writing. Give your hand too, a taste of this new treat. And note how the shapely, lightly balanced barrel aids your hand's dexterity.

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The lifelong search for the *well fitting* collar

Till lately, the coat that really fit at the neck was rare as geese on a fox farm. Today it may be found—every time—if you know just how to choose your clothes.

Is there any man in the country who hasn't suffered with it—the old type of collar that always insisted on sagging at the neck?

If you haven't been irritated by this old bugbear many times in your search for a good looking suit of clothes, then you're fortunate. You're also unusual—you're one of the few of your kind. For take it by and large, you'll hardly find a man anywhere who hasn't at some time sprained his swearing vocabulary trying to keep a coat collar from—well, laying down on him.

A small matter, true enough. But it's the small matters that are most irritating. You know how

it starts—you go into a store and buy a suit—a perfect fit—everything's fine. Until you begin to wear it. Then after a while, slowly and gradually, the collar begins to slip down behind. By gentle stages the lapels begin to pull away at the sides, and spread toward the shoulders. The space between collar and shoulder begins to gather into unsightly wrinkles. And presently, looking at yourself in the glass, you discover that your shirt is as much exposed to view as that of the gentleman in the illustration to the left.

Not a pleasant feeling to go about the world like this—with your shirt collar continually poking up, and your coat collar continually dropping down. It gives anything but a well

Did you ever have a coat which, instead of fitting up smartly in place as this one does, sagged between the shoulders and at the back of the neck? Every man has—to the ruination of his temper. Today the new Society Brand SNUG-EASE SHOULDER *assures this smooth, snug effect in all Society Brand Clothes.*

dressed appearance. And it makes a man shrug his shoulders—as if he were nervous.

But there's no help for it. A collar once turned collapsible stays collapsible forever. The only help is to get a coat that's right at the very start.

Every clothes maker has fought and bled, so to speak, in the effort to produce a perfect collar. But it remained for Society Brand to do it. After years of scratching our heads, and cursing, and experimenting, we finally succeeded—and you'll find it in all the Society Brand Clothes this Fall. We call it the Snug-Ease Shoulder—for it's made so that it gives perfect ease and comfort in the shoulders, yet makes an absolutely snug-fitting collar, one that hugs the neck in just the way you've wanted. The Snug-Ease Shoulder is entirely new. No treatment of this kind has ever been used before. You'll know the difference instantly.

The coat shown with the collar fitting up snugly at the back of the neck. This effect, so hard to find, has been made certain in all Society Brand Clothes by the Snug-Ease Shoulder.

Really a big improvement in clothes, this. But after all, it's the kind of improvement you'd expect of Society Brand. It's an advance in the art of designing clothes, and that's where Society Brand is master.

Not just at the collar, but all through, you'll find that Society Brand, by concentrating on the correct cut, *has laid its finger on the very quality that produces style—smartness—character—in men's apparel.* Sounds logical, doesn't it.

When you start wearing clothes with the Society Brand label, you'll wonder why you never realized before that—"It's the *Cut* of your Clothes that Counts!"

FABRIC SUGGESTIONS
for the FALL SUIT
HADDONS · TYBURNS
BRISTOL STRIPES

Alfred Decker & Cohn, Chicago; Society Brand Clothes Ltd., Montreal.

Society Brand Clothes

IT'S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS

For rose-petal complexions—hothouse coddling?

Ask the doctor!

Not so long ago a certain young woman we know was talking to her doctor. . . . "My skin isn't as fine and fresh as it was," she told him, "and I'm only twenty-five. What *is* the matter?"

"What do you do to your skin?" was the doctor's question. And when he found out that she was trying to cleanse her skin with costly creams, and using lotions and astringents, he said: "Why not try washing your face with Ivory Soap and warm water?"

"Just soap-and-water?" she asked—in surprised protest, she told us later. "But my skin is so *sensitive!*"

And then the doctor said something like this: hot-house coddling is *not* good for human skins. It tends to *make* them sensitive—is all too likely to age them before their time. Beautiful complexions are the result, first of all, of good health. Second, of real cleanliness. And *real* cleanliness is soap-and-water cleanliness.

With Ivory Soap, warm water, cool rinses, and a little cold cream, her doctor said her complexion would be finer, fresher and much better able to withstand wind and weather. He was right, of course, and her skin has improved—noticeably.

Why do you suppose doctors recommend Ivory? Because they know that Ivory is pure and gentle.

For nearly fifty years Ivory has been keeping the skin of tiny babies soft and smooth and unfretted, and has been guarding millions of lovely, grown-up complexions. For Ivory gives what every skin needs to be its loveliest—*safe* cleansing . . . the safe cleansing that a soap can offer only when, like Ivory, it is *as pure as a soap can be.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Beauty receives a gift—and a heart

"One minute more of delay," roared the King, "and somebody's head is coming off. We're three hours late starting on this journey now! Why isn't my royal daughter ready?"

"Please, your Majesty," spoke up a page timidly, "but the Princess Melisande has mislaid the box containing all her beauty soaps and lotions and creams."

Melisande: (arriving breathless)—"I'm *so* sorry I'm late, father dear, but I've been having the most *interesting* conversation."

His Majesty: (exploding)—"Conversation! With those beauty thingumbobs?"

Melisande: "Oh, I couldn't find those. But the nicest prince just brought me from the Far West—what do you think?—some *Ivory Soap!* Isn't that marvelous? *Now* my royal mother won't have to worry any more about the things I've been doing to my complexion."

His Majesty: "Where is this enterprising prince? He shall be rewarded!"

Melisande: (blushing)—"He is changing horses. He's coming along so that he can talk to you about a *very special* reward!"

Ivory Soap

Kind to everything it touches

99⁴⁴⁄₁₀₀% Pure · It Floats

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THE USES OF INQUIRY

By Ben Ames Williams

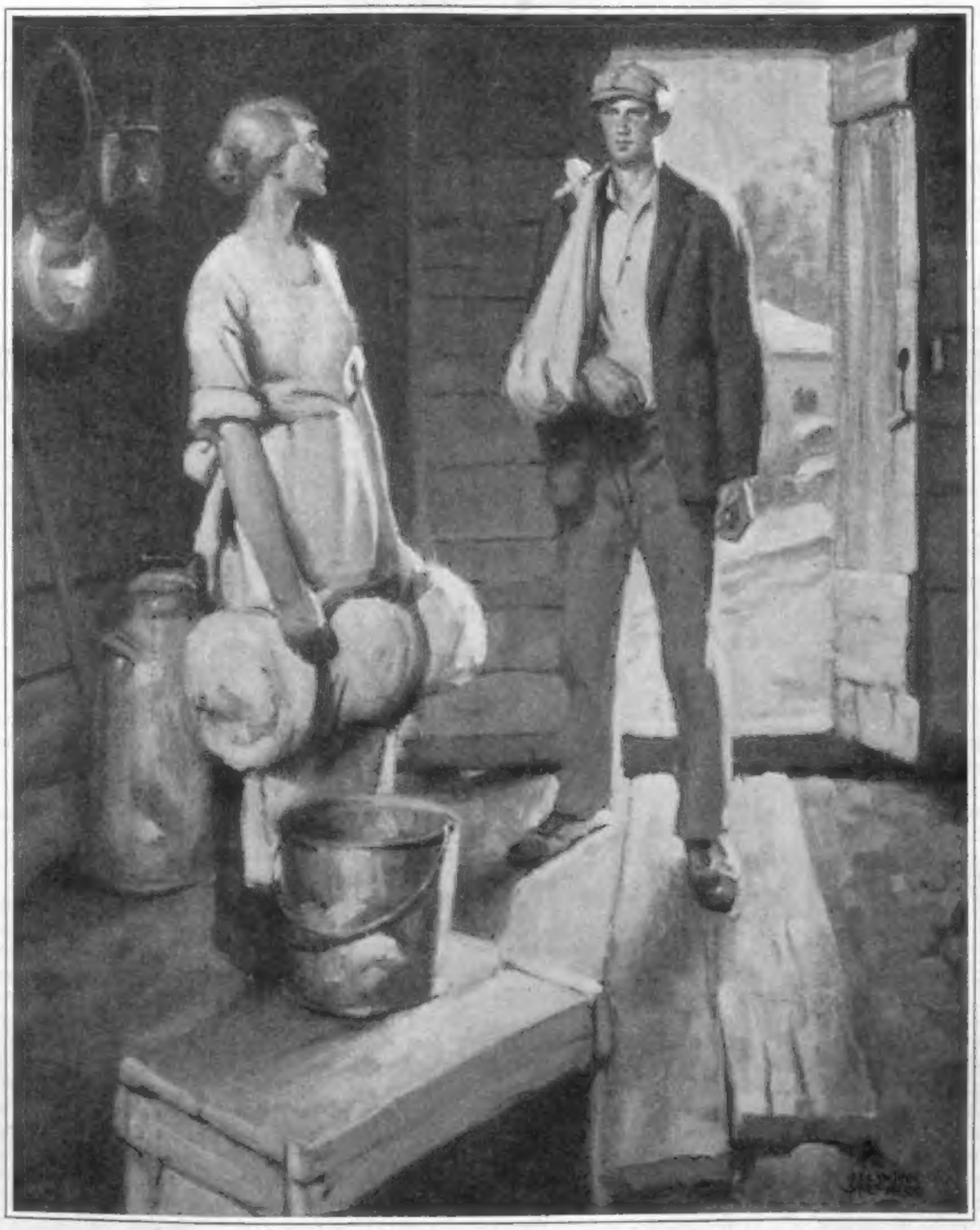
ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

THERE are certain objects which have a trick of provoking the imagination, of giving rise to questionings or of awakening memories. Old men can do this, and old things. Old men have seen so many years and months and weeks and days, and in each one of them there has been some episode worth recalling and recording. It is pleasant to draw from the wells of their memories these recollections. You may question them and win replies.

Old things are not so responsive; they are more likely to present an indifferent and inscrutable front, ignoring your curiosity, content that you should think of them what you will. Hence to old things men make pilgrimages that their imaginations may be brought to life for a while; they go to delve and dig in the Valley of the Kings; they wander from castle to cathedral and trace out the grass-grown line of ruined, tumbled walls; they lift old chairs to estimate the wear the legs have known; and they pause to survey with clouding eyes the deep-worn treads of ancient stairs.

There are old things in the countryside about Fraternity. You will discover crumbling stone walls in the heart of a well-grown wood, and have need to remember that wherever a wall of stone was reared there was once a cleared and fruitful field. Or you may trace an old road so long abandoned that trees have grown to maturity between the ancient ruts. There are cellar holes a mile or more from the nearest present thoroughfare. I have seen them, their outlines clouded by blackberry bushes, or raspberries, with a straggly clump of lilacs still bravely blooming in their season, and, near by, an apple tree or two, all gone to suckers now.

Sometimes you will discover near the spot a fugitive flower of a variety more often to be found in garden beds than in such wilderness surroundings; after many generations, it still blooms here as it used to do. Beauty does by reproduction thus survive. And sometimes in the hidden wood you will come upon a small walled plot within which, tumbled by the frosts of many years, grown with moss to a gray and ghostly pallor, a few gravestones lie among the brambles. And sometimes, following the woodland streams in search of trout, you may happen on the moldering ruin of an ancient mill.



She Had His Pack in Her Hands When He Confronted Her. "I Put Your Things in It," She Explained

I came to Fraternity one early June, and the season that year was somewhat retarded. The leaves were still so thin and scant that the brooks, even where they lay beneath the alders, were lanced by rays of sun, so that you could see the trout darting at your coming if you came incautiously. Flowers were everywhere, not in such masses and clusters as elsewhere do appear, but with that frugal beauty characteristic of this countryside. The moose flower and shadbush were in bloom; and trilliums red and white, and bluets—star flower is the local name—and anemones, and the yellow dog-toothed violets; white violets as well, and purple ones. Sometimes the purple violets hereabouts are of a paler hue, as though their sap, too, was somewhat thinned, their passion pallid and attenuated.

The thickets were full of birds, migrating, or busy with their mating—you could hear a cock partridge drumming somewhere by—or tending their early broods. The birds like Ruffingham Meadow and the woods about. There are always thrushes in the pines in Hall's pasture, and black ducks whirl at dusk above the lower meadow; and high in the air I heard one evening a tumbling sound and looked up to discover a bird like a snipe, not to be identified, playing some tender game aloft against the opal of the sky. He climbed to pin-point height, descended at a long slant with a muffled beating and thrumming hard to describe; then climbed again to repeat his disport endlessly.

We fished the meadow brooks, but they were high and trout were small. So Chet and I turned, the second day, toward the Sheepscot. A long drive and a rough road toward the end; and a woodcock waddled awkwardly out of our way without bothering to fly, as we slanted past an alder clump and down to the bridge where we would leave the car. Our purpose was to fish the brook up and back again, two miles or more; and we stowed in our pockets doughnuts and cheese and a sandwich for our nooning, since it would be late before we returned to the car. Then Chet took one bank and I the other; and when the underbrush became oppressive I descended into the stream, wading along the shallows, returning to the shore again to detour in order that I might fish from its upper end some likely pool. The black flies harassed us, and the mosquitoes—for the sun was warm and high—hovered about us as though each waited for its turn. Anointments kept them for intervals at bay; but the trout were not hungry, and, lacking this preoccupation, the insects fretted us. The way seemed long and the water sogged and sucked in my shoes.

Chet called me ashore once to see where moose had yarded, but the mosquitoes were bad among the cedars and it was pleasant to get back into the sunlit stream again.

Now and then we took a trout and for a while thereafter went more hopefully. Toward noon I had three and Chet nine, a fair measure of our respective powers.

It happened that I was in the lead when we came to the mill—that is to say, we came to the spot where there had been a mill. The wood gave back a little on either bank, and on my side there rose a knoll, with well-grown pines atop, their needles like a carpet on the ground. On either side of the stream an abutment of fitted stone ran down to hem the brook into a channel ten feet wide; but these stone shoulders were disintegrating, and of the dam which once had joined them no more remained than a moss-green old log or two, angling downstream, half submerged or wholly so. Of the mill itself we later found two sills and the corner where they met, and nothing more.

We lunched there under the pines, where a faint breeze helped with the mosquitoes, and I was struck by the fact that there should once have been a mill here in so remote a spot. With this thought in mind, I asked Chet, "How far to the nearest road? A mile?"

"Maybe, up brook," he agreed. "But there's a road comes up the valley, and an old wood road leads in here. I used to drive in, thirty years ago, but it's grown up now. Not over half a mile that way."

"There must have been a miller and a house for him," I suggested.

"You can see the cellar hole, back a few rod," he assented. "They sawed all the pine that was cut in this valley right here—pine and spruce."

"When?" I asked, and he considered.

"I've read where a man named Brookins got a load of shingles here in 1832," he replied. "I see it in an old paper I found in the attic one day. But I guess the mill shut down pretty soon after that. Gay Hunt can tell you. His grandfather's brother built it."

I was done with doughnuts and cheese, and filled a pipe and lay back against the trunk of the nearest pine. Overhead, white clouds drifted almost imperceptibly across the sky. The needles interlaced above me.

"A lot of these old mills," I said thoughtfully. "One in Hall's pasture, that I know; and this one." And I spoke of others. Some of them, Chet told me, were grist mills.

"One of the millstones from that one," he said, "is over at Luke Hills'. He's got it on top of his well."

The fishing had not been sufficiently good to make us eager to return to it; and we stayed there, and Chet talked about the old mills and I listened sleepily, and once or twice for a moment drowsed, or lost myself in my own thoughts.

But abruptly my attention fixed upon his words. Now and then there emerges from Chet's memory some incident so clear cut and so packed with interest that it has the startling quality of a sudden illumination, like a flare of light in a darkened room. I rose on one elbow.

"What's that?" I interrupted. "I missed the first of that—asleep, I guess."

So he began once more, and I was no longer sleepy. Even the mosquitoes ceased to intrude; it was as though they drew back in polite reluctance to interrupt him. And by and by I came to questioning.

We stayed where we were an hour or more; and afterward, on the way downstream, fished little. I searched his memory to be sure there was no detail forgotten; and that night I talked with Jim Saladine at the store, and later with Will Belter. Will Belter, that curious and inquiring man, who knew more than most folk of what went on in the town and who delighted in telling all he knew. A nuisance sometimes, even a pest; but sometimes useful, too, as in this matter he had been, and as he was useful to me now.

And I talked with others, and next day Chet took me to see the place itself. We drove along a little-used road, humoring the car over ruts and ledges; and a thick wood lay on either hand. The trees were beech and oak and maple, and the undergrowth was tropical in its luxuriance, all bright with new green. So we emerged at last into a little open space where there had been a farm. It was drifting back to wilderness. The pasture was a woodcock cover of alders and birch and poplar. A small meadow, growing smaller year by year through the encroachments of the thicket, lay along the brook; it yielded each summer a scant mowing of poor hay. We could discover where the garden had been by the weeds which grew so richly there.

But my attention centered at first upon the house. It was gray and worn with age, and its chimney had disintegrated so that only a hole in the roof remained, and the ridgepole had sagged, and the windows were broken, and plaster was flaking from the wall in gouts of mold. The floors were littered with rubbish and filth, and a broken chair lay on its side in what had been the kitchen. We parted the weeds by a deadlight to peer down into the cellar, like a cave, full of hideous shadows, and an odor of decay struck in our faces like a foul cloud. I was glad to draw back and turn aside.

He Caught That Trout and Swung Then to Look in the Direction of the House. And He Saw Baal Coming Toward Him With Long Strides Down the Slant of the Meadow

The shed was a ruin, the barn in somewhat better repair. I gave them no great heed; for, after all, it was not about the stand of buildings that the tale had centered. "Where was the mill?" I asked Chet, and he led me down behind the barn toward the brookside.

"Baal never run it," he reminded me. "It was shut down when he bought the place. That's how he got the farm so cheap. The machinery was gone by then; nothing left but the buildings and the sawdust pile."

The mill shed had collapsed, we found; one angle of the walls still stood erect, but for the rest, walls and roof lay like a swath of grain after the scythe has passed that way. The conveyer was gone; only one end of it still projected from the ruin of the mill. And across the brook we saw the sawdust pile.

There was about it something which struck me shudderingly. Perhaps I felt this because of what Chet had told me; but it seemed to me at the moment that if I had come upon the spot alone and unwarned, I should have turned hastily aside. This sawdust pile was very old, and the stuff had rotted and blackened with the weather, and it had settled till it was now no more than a low, broad mound of dark and moldy mire. It suggested a quicksand, a blanket of soft muck ready to entrap the unwary foot, and it seemed to lurk there half concealed by the clean green vegetation which sought to cover it. Brush and weeds grew about it, grew in it.

A birch tree, rotten with age, had fallen across it; and the bark, a shell full of wood long turned to moldy dust, was half submerged in the stuff. Here and there, where the sun struck, this white bark gleamed like a bone.

"We can get across the brook," Chet suggested.

"This is near enough," I told him—added: "The pile's not high. It can't be very deep now."

"It's deep enough," he told me. "There used to be a kind of a slough hole, and it's all filled up level with the ground. You could dig in there ten-twelve feet before you struck bottom, if you wanted to."

"I don't want to," I assured him. "Let's get back in the sun."

So we went home, and the thing shaped itself in my thoughts. I knew now the place and the man and the deed. Ugliness, and yet some beauty too; some things seen and some guessed; the tale of a victor vanquished, of a strong man made weak, or a weak man whose weakness was betrayed; of valor at once fruitless and fruitful. The story of how an instrument perhaps contemptible was turned to worthy business, and here and there a glimmer of the workings of great forces dimly seen.

I had the whole at second hand, and third and fourth. For the sake of clarity, fact hereafter must mate with conjecture and the story run in positive terms. Fraternity folk know it already. Others here may read.

II

THE man's name was Baal, and men called him Boomer—Boomer Baal. They did not thus address him openly and to his front and countenance; but when they spoke of him among themselves, the man himself not present, it was in this fashion.

They called him Boomer Baal, with a certain bitter emphasis upon the initial consonants and something furtive in their tones. As a fugitive, watching from his hiding place the search of his pursuers, curses them under his breath, so men spoke of Boomer Baal.

He was a man who had emerged from ugliness. His father, so it was narrated, was in the time of the Civil War one of the organizers of a draft rebellion in the region of the Hostile Valley; came at last to his end in the disorders consequent upon that revolt of his. The name must have been Dutch in the beginning: may have had another form. Its origin remains obscure; yet folk hereabout know their Bible, and if Boomer's forbears were the originals from which the man's own traits and habits were derived, then the name Baal must have seemed to bear a just and proper connotation.

At any rate Baal it was, at least as long ago as the time of Boomer's father; and Baal it remained. The man's own habit and manner, his robust and boastful speech, his loud and shocking mirth and his roaring tone were responsible for the Boomer. So Boomer Baal.

He walked the earth, in his own time, swaggeringly and boastfully, and there was meat behind his boasts. He was, so they say, of a somewhat curious form, with a great barrel of a body supported by thin legs and ankles and the feet of a dancing master. But his head sat stoutly on his shoulders, and his arms were heavy, and his hands had a swollen pulpiness about them without being soft, as though they were bruised and puffy from the blows they had dealt. They had no grip in them. The fingers were like dead things. But Baal's hands were heavy as mauls, and they could strike if they could not hold.

The man was in fact a mauler, one of those men whose instinctive retort to any opposition is a blow. He had a lust for violence. Just as a tiger, having learned how easily man may be slain, becomes addicted to this easy game, so Baal had become an addict of blows. One day on the steep pitch in the road beyond Mac's Corner, he beat his laboring horse till young Derrill remonstrated with him. That remonstrance cost Derrill two teeth, and Baal used to laugh at him when they met thereafter. Old man Jeffers, who is a Democrat, had not heard of this affair when he became involved in a political argument with Baal on the bridge across the George's by the Dale. Baal knocked him over the bridge rail with a buffet that broke his nose. Jeffers was past sixty. Mat Bower was morosely drunk with hard cider when he contradicted Baal one afternoon at Jim Ingram's store, but he was near losing the sight of his right eye from the stroke he had. The roll might be continued, but the names that were added to it were few and fewer year by year. Men learned to speak Baal softly by and by.

This man came down to Fraternity from the north, where his father had dwelt; and he bought the Hammett farm, abandoned since Dave Hammett died. The mill had by that time long outlived its usefulness; all the near-by

lumber had been cut and sawed and it would require forty years or so for a new crop to grow. Dave, his occupation gone, grew old and died, and his son moved away and the farm was for sale. Baal bought it for little or nothing and established himself there. A man coming from the north, out of nothing, about whom rumors trailed as straggling tendrils of vine trail from the flanks of a beast which emerges from the jungle swamps. A booming figure of a man, who came into the store and shouted his requirements, who entered any discussion with so loud a word as to end it on the moment, who in brief space convinced his neighbors he was not one to take advice or to be tampered with. Silence in the end came to ring him round. When they must meet him at all, men met him warily; for the rest he moved alone.

He had a wife and a son, but no one knew anything in particular about them. The woman was to be seen now and then about the farm. She seemed younger than Baal by ten years or so, yet it was not easy to be sure of this, for she had not the aspect of youth and might in fact have been of any age. She was slender and tall and fair, her hair of a flaxen yellow already showing paler hues; and she was quiet, and her eyes were large and blank, with an unchanging glance. Chet McAusland said they looked as though they ached. When it happened that anyone paused at the farm to speak to her, it was remarked that she had a trick of glancing over her shoulder now and then, with quick turns of her head, as though she feared what might be behind her back. Once or twice it was rumored that she lay ill, but Baal never invited or accepted sympathy or tendance. No one knew the nature of these illnesses of hers. Will Belter once saw her limping and reported the fact; but though guesses might be founded on this circumstance, they went no further. Not even Belter's eating curiosity was at the time sufficient to drive him to questionings.

The boy's name was Oscar—Oscar Baal. He was perhaps five or six years old when Baal bought the Hammett farm; and as boys will, he grew older. He attended, sometimes, the nearest corner school; but he had no friends there. The other boys either avoided him or shouted gibes behind his departing back; and the girls in the school were sorry for him, but dared not let their grief appear. His school attendance was brief and desultory; and though he did well enough by his books, they seemed his only interest. He used to walk the two miles to school, departing hurriedly when the day's work was done as though an urgent summons called him home. He had a pale and weary look about him, but so did other children too.

The Hammett farm was set by a road which ran through wooded lowlands where the trees were not yet sufficiently mature to have acquired a decent dignity. The road was merely a connection between two more frequented thoroughfares. There had formerly been three farms along its length, but save for the Hammett place where Baal lived, no one dwelt there now; and the road decayed and became pitted with ruts and holes and sloughs till it was almost impassable. Thus none traveled that way from choice or from any ordinary necessity. Will Belter passed the house now and then, because Baal was a figure likely to provoke a morbid curiosity, and Belter was always curious. But he was almost the only individual who regularly used the road.

There was, however, another sort of thoroughfare just below the barn, and this was at first somewhat more frequented. The brook on which the mill had used to stand was well stocked with trout; and though this particular reach of the stream was wooded and brushy and hard to fish, Chet McAusland and a few others sometimes came that way. Their passing feet had made a path along the banks—a path in some places dim and hard to follow, in others clear and plain. It ran now on one side of the stream, now on the other; and here and there it led to a vantage suitable for fishing some promising pool.

Chet had fished the brook for twenty years before Baal bought the Hammett farm, and he continued to fish it after Baal came. The path along the brook happened, where Baal's farm lay, to be on the eastern bank; that is to say, it ran along the fringe of Baal's meadow. And Chet, though he knew Baal by ill reports, had there his first actual encounter with the man. He had come downstream, and he emerged from the thicket into the meadow and followed along outside the alders to a certain spot where it was possible to drop a line. He took a trout there, and tried for another, and was all engrossed in this fashion when a great voice came roaring from the house, two hundred yards away.

Chet had just felt a tug at his line when the call sounded; he did not immediately turn his head. He caught that trout, lifting it out on the grass, and swung then to look in the direction of the house. And he saw Baal coming toward him with long strides down the slant of the meadow. Chet calmly rebaited his hook and waited for the other's approach. There might be a dozen trout in this pool, in spite of Baal. So he waited, and Baal came up to him and stopped a pace or two away. A barrel of a man on his thin legs, his overalls flapping; and his hands hung, swaying to and fro like heavy weights at his side.

"Yo're trompling my hay," said Baal, and his voice roared.

Chet looked back along the way by which he had come. "Not to hurt," he protested. "I kept in the edge of the bushes. You can't mow close as that."

"It's my hay," the other retorted. "I'll cut it if I want."

"Shore!" Chet agreed. "I'll take the other side of the brook if you'd ruther."

"My land runs there, too," Baal told him truculently.

"Ain't anything there but a hoop-pole growth," Chet urged. "Won't do any hurt to go down that side."

Chet was not afraid of Baal, not in the least daunted by him. Chet is never easily daunted. Once upon a time, while he crossed a field, a bull approached, shook a wagging head at him, pawed the ground and at last moved nearer threateningly. Chet picked up a three-inch branch fallen off an old pine and swung it across the beast's nose so lustily as to crush the bone. He can be a violent and daunting man himself, this Chet McAusland. So now, though he spoke Baal fair, he gave no more ground than was the other's due. *(Continued on Page 156)*

Baal Stood There on His Spread Legs, His Hands Like Mauls Swinging at His Sides. "Wanted to Talk to Me, Did You?" He Challenged

PHOTO. BY FRASER

No Dogs Allowed! That Means Hauling Their Own Loads

Menier's Luxurious Château, La Villa, Near Port Menier

The Bird Cliffs, at East Cape. Thousands of Wild Fowl Nest and Breed Here

Governor Martin Zede and Mme. Georges Menier Inspecting a Salmon

ANTICOSTI, the

By George

A VAGUE blue line at the mouth of the mighty St. Lawrence took form along horizons like those of the sea. One of my French-Canadian fellow voyagers exclaimed, "There she is—the island!" Leaning at the rail of the luxurious little Fleurus, on which we had been steaming some 400 miles down from Quebec, we watched a land of mystery emerging from pearly haze. We beheld the distant white shaft of a lighthouse; shoals with heavy surf; low hills heavily forested. Then gradually we opened out Ellis Bay, intensely blue and sparkling in that August sunshine. As a wooded promontory drew back, a little town grew visible, with cranes, tall and smoking stacks, an immensely long pier; with steamers, dredges, infinitudes of floating pulp wood; and at one side a palatial villa, something like a French château—which, indeed, it was.

For the island was Anticosti; the town, Port Menier; the château a plaything of the late Henri Menier, the French chocolate king. The whole island, in fact—town and all—was for the thirty years preceding Menier's death in 1914 his hunting and fishing preserve, his social and economic experiment station, his almost feudal seigniory, the largest and most curiously administered private domain in the world.

A Private Country

HENRI MENIER had the distinction of owning a whole country, just as you own your watch or golf clubs. No other multimillionaire has ever held in fee simple and made the laws for a country perhaps a little larger than Porto Rico; a country 140 miles long by 40 wide and with bold cliffs running up to 700 feet high; a country containing more than 3000 square miles. It was all Menier's, with its settlements, highways, railway lines, game, fisheries; its quarries, minerals, rivers, lakes, water powers; its muskegs, forests, hills, valleys, bays—everything! The story of Anticosti has been curious almost to the point of the fantastic. Of the many queer islands to which fate has led me, surely I must call Anticosti my strangest one—so far.

An Eveless Paradise

"ALL ashore!" was the word, and all ashore we went. We landed, perhaps 100 of us, amid noisy activities of dredges and monster cranes, of tugs and puffing locomotives and stuttering motorboats. French was the prevailing tongue, with English second, and a good bit of Russian, Polish and such thrown in for good measure. Lots of lively and happy-looking young men congregated on the pier. Anticosti seems to be a young man's country, with hard work and plenty of it to keep them out of mischief. You never saw such a profusion of noisy Mackinaws and vociferous sweaters, such swagger corduroys, khaki, leather coats and leggings, such knickers and wild shirts and neckerchiefs—no, not even in movie circles. What a location for a film drama Anticosti would be—what gorgeous color there!

Our passengers were engineers, surveyors, bushmen, medical folk, with a sprinkle of women, all on business for the Anticosti Corporation, which has now taken over the island, lock, stock and barrel. "Sprinkle of women" well describes the situation. The dearth of femininity strikes one immediately. The island, I regret to say, is an almost Eveless paradise. Americans are rare birds too. I was the only American to land, that trip; and on the island I found only one of my countrymen, a fine-looking young chap born in Virginia, but now completely Canadianized.

Americans seldom go to Anticosti, away up there, touching latitude 50. A good many don't even know where Anticosti lies. And yet this island is not only a stupendous fish-and-game preserve, and a most fascinating social experiment, but it's also the hugest pulpwood development on the globe. The most wood is being logged off there ever undertaken in one operation. A big job covers 100,000 cords. Last year Anticosti turned out 98,000. This coming winter she expects to produce 150,000. And she has between ten and fifteen million cords now awaiting ax and saw, worth fifteen dollars a cord at the mill! Figure that out for yourself. There's something gigantic under way at Anticosti.

It was Saturday afternoon and everybody who could get away from work had come to see us debark, for the arrival of a steamer is the big event. Such a turmoil of greetings! "Hello there, Bill!" "*Eh, bonjour, François!*" "How are you, old top?" "*Comment ça va?*"

The Church at Anticosti

Strangest Island

Allan England

We tumbled out upon rough new railroad tracks, near the two gigantic and uproarious cranes loading a steamer with pulp wood. Presently, herded by a busy policeman in full regalia and rubber boots, we clambered aboard a train. A flat car took our baggage and the bushmen, who by the way aren't savages, but merely lumberjacks working in the bush, or forest. The rest of us had the island's one lone passenger car, and some car it was, too—a tiny, open contraption, left from Menier's time.

Toot-toot! piped a locomotive with a whistle like a peanut roaster. Away we rocked and trundled toward the town and the high white cliff that flanked it; away up the longest pier in all Canada, more than 3000 feet from ships to land.

But in a minute we stopped again at a rough wooden shack for inspection. "Any firearms to declare? Any traps?" We all had to give our names and show that traps and firearms formed no part of our possessions. Discussions grew voluble in French and English. An official wrote us all down in his little book. One has to check in at Anticosti. Nobody can run at large, unaccounted for, just as nobody can go there at all without very special permission. Even though Anticosti has a splendid summer climate and the most magnificent hunting and fishing, it isn't a tourist resort, so don't try to visit the island unless strictly on business. Away back in Montreal, I had to give a full account of who I was and what I wanted before I could even buy a ticket to Port Menier.

Toot-toot! again, and off we once more jounced toward the little settlement. "So this is Anticosti!" For years I had been dreaming about sometime seeing it, this land of vague rumors and romance, far larger than Prince Edward Island, yet owned and administered in a curious way so like some of Jules Verne's imaginings. And there at last I really found myself. I got a fine kick out of that realization.

A Familiar Sound

BRIGHTLY the northern sun lay a-shimmer on gently heaving waters, where gulls clamored. Aromas of brine and seaweed blended with the sweetly acrid perfume of pulp wood impounded in Ellis Bay—a sea of logs extending to vague distances. Some 55,000 cords of it, I later heard, were lying there—more than $500,000 worth. You seize immediately the keynote of Anticosti—tremendous things being done on a titanic scale.

Our special train drew up at what might be called the station, a tiny building of unpainted pine. All hands got out and began to scatter. Immediately I was taken in charge by a friendly chap, the corporation's secretary and treasurer, who had been on the lookout for me—Leslie A. Brooks by name. He's an Englishman and a prince. He bore me off to see the island manager, J. Henri Valiquette.

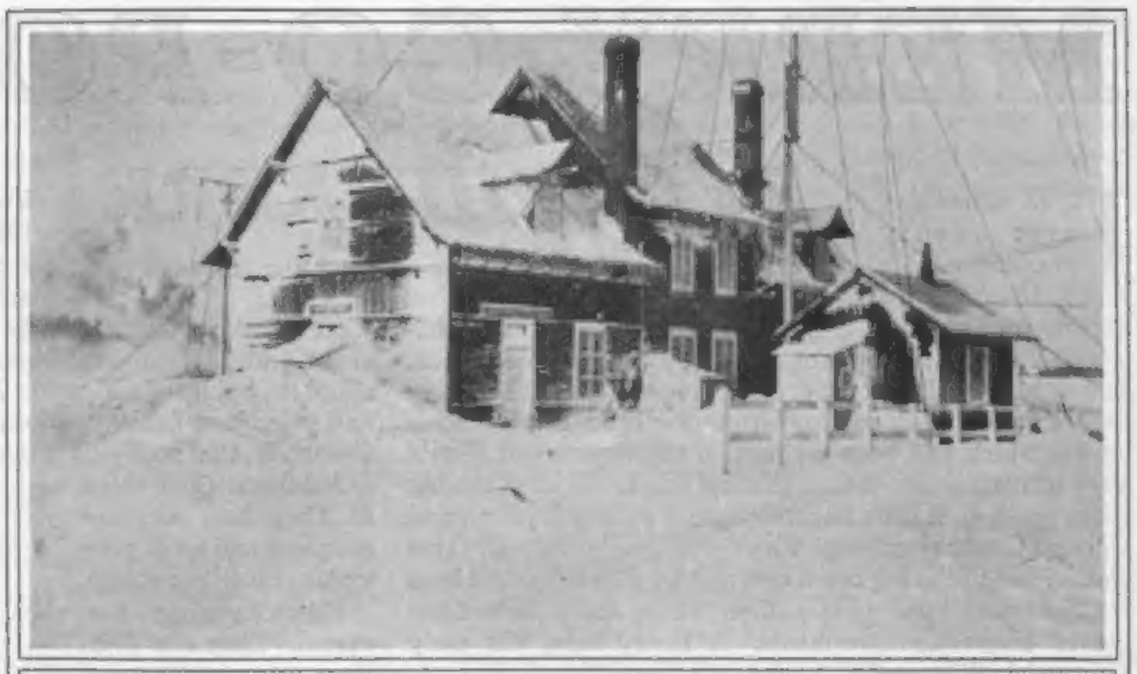
Waiting to see Monsieur Valiquette, in a red wooden office building, I got entertaining impressions. A stuffed Arctic owl and a white-headed eagle, both natives of Anticosti, glassily regarded me. Maps, plans, blue prints and engineers abounded. Typewriters clicked. A phone rang and somebody said, "*La ligne est occupés en ce moment*," which is their politer way of saying, "Line's busy!" A murmur and hum of voices filled the busy blue-painted place.

Mail Time

THROUGH a window I could see the passing throng of that queer, out-o'-the-world settlement, Port Menier. A chic flapper, with skirts and bob as short as on Broadway, came carrying a green parasol and pegging along on the highest of heels over rough, white, hard-packed earth. It seemed a lonely place for flappers. A priest in long black robes swished by. A couple of timber cruisers swung onward, with packs on back and rolls of steel tape dangling. Two men passed carrying a huge basket piled high with fresh-baked loaves.

A dairy wagon jogged along; four young blades in putties and screaming sweaters lolled in a buggy drawn by a fat horse; workmen whitewashed a fence surrounding a common where luxuriant timothy, wild sweet peas, clover and buttercups gave a New England touch. A tiny girl came pushing a soap box on wheels, with a fat baby in the box; a clerk in blue shirt sleeves hurried from the Magasin Général, or General Store, about which—as about the unpainted little post office—many jacks were loafing. Others lay in the tall grass, industriously idling. For the mail was in, you see; and where

(Continued on Page 127)



Heavy Gales Blow Much of the Winter at Anticosti

PHOTO. BY EWING

Part of Half a Million Dollars' Worth of Logs in Ellis Bay

This Small Shack is the Headquarters and Terminal of the Railroad

One of the Gardens on This Strange Island

"This is the Life" at Anticosti

PHOTO. BY FRASER

MERRY-GO-ROUND

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

IT IS something over twenty years since Janie and Bill Starr eloped and married and moved into a studio apartment in Greenwich Village, and it was not called a studio apartment then. It was just one high bare drafty room which had formerly been a stately back parlor, with a tiny high bare room beside it which had been a closet in the days when closets were something more than shallow jokes. Back of the big room was a dark little bathroom, with a sheet-iron tub and General Grant plumbing. There were gaslights in all three rooms, and in the big one a coal stove which furnished heat for the entire apartment and on which Janie cooked the Starrs' impressionistic meals. A hardy race, the early Greenwich Villagers!

Bill and Janie adored it. The whole ramshackle, uncomfortable, ridiculous place supplied what their souls longed for—souls fed up on overstuffed chairs, plush portières and drapes, embossed brown leather walls and beds and tables and chairs deeply carved and as heavy as the Leviathan's anchor. Their families were well-to-do and bought only the best of their day and age. Bill and Janie were rebels, furious seekers and revolters from the oppressive style of home decoration, from long begravied dinner, from barrel-shaped carriage horses drawing shiny barouches—indeed, from all their respective families held necessary to existence. Janie wouldn't wear corsets; and when she rejected the wasp waist and big sleeves, the trailing skirt and boned choker, and designed little slippy rags for herself which looked, her scandalized mother declared, more like a chemise than a lady's outer garment—why, it was just as well for all concerned that she went away with Bill Starr, who was breaking his parents' hearts by drawing pictures instead of taking on the ancestral sash-and-blind factory, and the two of them skipped off to New York and freedom.

It was perfectly sublimely marvelous for the first two years. Bill drew and painted and toted his crazy stuff about to all the magazine offices, and the great Mr. Drake at the Century actually bought a sketch, and another time he got a comic, with joke by Janie, into the back pages of Harper's.

Janie went in for crafts, and etched metal and cut print blocks and did a little pottery and darned sackcloth—you know! Together they tinted their studio walls a radiant canary, somewhat smeary, but certainly bright, and the chairs and chests and tables salvaged from junk shops they painted turquoise. Janie made orange and green and flame cushions and threw them about on the floor—dynamic color notes she called them. Such china as they had was the roughest and most prismatic of Italian pottery.

Housekeeping was casual. They ate when they were hungry and cleaned the place when it got too dirty for endurance. Bill had what was probably the very first smock ever worn in a Greenwich Village studio, and he grew a lovely blond beard and went about with his hair too long, while his outdoor costume was as nearly as possible like the pictures he had seen of art students in Paris—full trousers, flowing tie, wide hat. Janie kept on with her slippy little dresses and was the pioneer in bobbed hair, long, long before anyone ever dreamed that bobs might some day be fashionable. So when Bill and Janie walked out no one with eyesight but could observe that they were artists—and advanced artists, at that. Advanced? Say rather, far ahead of the procession!

It Was True. Theodora Undoubtedly Possessed the Come-Hither, and Knew It

They reveled in it all. There were plenty of other young people roundabout living in much the same way, and they made friends, glorious friends—musicians, writers of all varieties, including poets and dramatists, sculptors, etchers—oh, artists galore! They danced and sang together, listened to and looked at each other's opuses, shared hates and enthusiasms and purses, and talked unceasingly of the great future in store for them all.

To be sure, now and then there was a note of discord. Talley the sculptor whispered to Roscoe the writer that Bland—another sculptor—was doing the rottenest work ever shaped in clay. And Lansing the playwright confided to all who would listen that Tench—another playwright—was no more likely to have anything he wrote produced than the well-known tallow-legged cat had to escape from the well-known asbestos dog in the well-known infernal region. Bits were occasionally nipped out of backs in this way, but for the most part there was plenty of fun and good fellowship and cheerful irresponsibility; and since all concerned liked these things, it made an agreeable life.

There were some unconventional couples in the crowd, but that went with their high radical views, and no one condemned Gurdi because he was not married to Rosanne, his model, nor Emma Syringa for living unwed with Arthur Vlump. Bill and Janie sometimes regretted their legal union and tried to make it appear that they were a dashing, daring pair of free lovers. But no one believed them; and when, after two years of Greenwich Village happiness, twins were born to them, they were glad they had not insisted on being considered unmarried.

"Because," said Janie, "it would be ridiculous. I doubt that Lancelot and Guinevere could have gone on feeling high and romantic if Guinevere had presented him with twins. There is something about twins that makes a marriage license absolutely necessary for their parents."

She Might as Well Have Talked to the Wind

"There's something more than a marriage license necessary for their parents," said Bill—"namely, a steady income. Those twins have got to be taken care of."

"We could shake down our families."

"No, sir," replied Bill with emphasis. "I'll take care of my own children. Gosh, I can just hear the home chorus of 'I told you so's' and 'We knew what would happen' if we so much as hinted we were up against it!"

Janie looked a trifle guilty. Her father and mother had come on to the city when the twins arrived, and each of them had slipped a generous sum of money into her willing hands. She hadn't told Bill, but now she did.

"I don't think we need to give it back, though, do you?" she asked. "It's really a present for the kids."

"No, we'll keep it—but we won't take any more."

"Yes, but, Bill ——"

"Oh, you're wondering how we're going to live. Well, Mrs. Starr, mother of twins, I've been and gone and got myself a fine job with an advertising agency. I am now a commercial artist, and the laborer is worthy of his hire, and the hire, I must admit, is quite worthy of the laborer."

"But, oh, darling, your career! Who'll be the world's greatest painter now?"

Bill stuck out his chin obstinately. "That's merely postponed. I'm going to keep on with my own work nights and Sundays and prostitute my art only through the week."

"D'you think you can?"

"You can do anything you gotta do, is my idea."

"But we're not going to let the children be brought up in stodge and stuffiness as we were?"

Bill hooted. "Being our children, d'you think it likely they would endure such an environment? Now I ask you!"

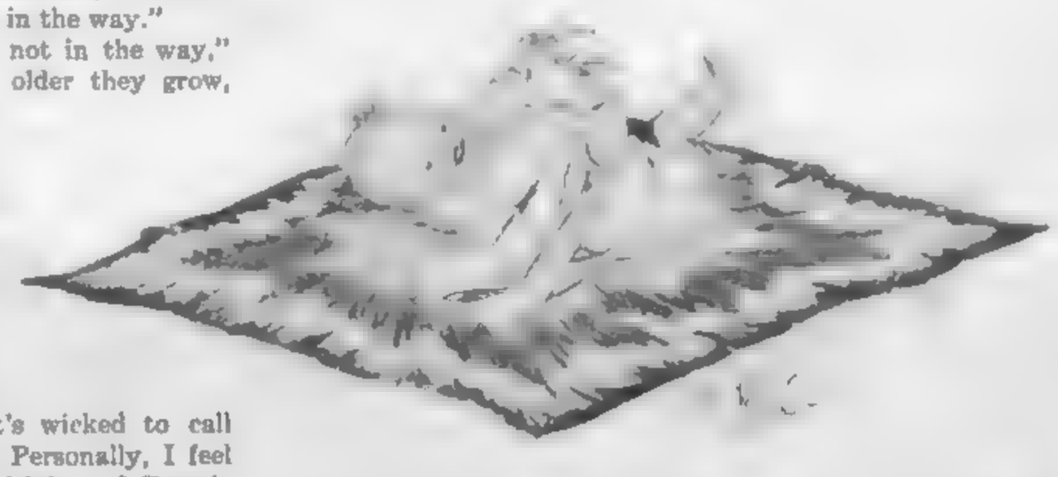
"Of course not. Oh, Bill, how wonderful you are! How glad I am I married you!" And on this satisfactory motif the domestic interview ended.

The care of the twins was exhausting to Janie. Her vitality came back so slowly that she could accomplish nothing but the most pressing necessary duties, and even for those she required help. So the hefty wife of the janitor was engaged for three hours every day; and though Ardelia had, before this, been inclined to sniff at the youthful Starrs' vagaries, now that they had twins her heart went

out to them, and she cleaned, cooked and washed for them well and volubly. But somehow the studio seemed so full, so cluttered, so crowded—sadly Janie recognized that a clearance must be made. She directed Ardelia to put Bill's easel and drawing board and stand all together in one corner where they were still get-at-able, but her own paraphernalia—her dyes and acids, her hammers, her big spools of wool, her lengths of sackcloth and squares of linoleum—she packed into one big box and, with the potter's wheel she so adored, she sent them to the cellar for storage.

"It's only temporary," she told Ardelia, "until the children get big enough not to be in the way."

"There's no age when they're not in the way," said Ardelia darkly; "and the older they grow, the more underfoot they are."



This view Janie set down to Ardelia's ignorance and thought no more of it. On another matter concerning the twins Ardelia was so insistent that Janie took it up with Bill. "Ardelia keeps hounding me to name them," she said. "She thinks it's high time they had some handle to them besides Male and Female. She says it's wicked to call them that. So what about it? Personally, I feel we might keep on calling them Male and Female until they're old enough to choose the names they want."

"Well, dearest, if we're not capable of giving our children names that will be satisfactory to them, we'd better shut up shop! I think Ardelia's right. They ought to have names—names they can wear proudly, that will distinguish them from the herd, not like our stupid commonplace Bill and Janie."

Hearing these words of wisdom, Janie at once switched her views. "Yes, but what? We can't call them Aristotle and Sappho."

"No, because when they go to school the other kids would make their lives miserable. But we can name them something distinctive, and—and—er—well, distinctive."

Janie's eyes began to glow with enthusiasm. Janie was lovely when her eyes glowed with anything, but when they glowed with enthusiasm she was ravishing. Bill almost forgot to listen. "Oh, yes, Bill, something awfully distinctive. I suppose we can't go on calling them Male and Female—this is an uncivilized age."

"Look here, Janie, how about calling Male after that new English writer chap who's making such a to-do—you know—he wrote War of the Worlds."

"Oh, you mean Wells! Why, I think that would be lovely! Sounds like a family name, and yet it will stand for progress and intellectual freedom and all that sort of thing. But that leaves little Female unnamed. How about calling her for some great queen?"

"Queen Victoria?"

"Horrors—she might grow up to look like her!"

"Well, there's Elizabeth, and Catharine de' Medici and Marie Antoinette, or even old Boadicea, who used to drive her scythe-wheeled chariot in battle if what I learned at school is true."

"It probably isn't. No, not Boadicea; that's too quaint. I'd like Diana, only she never did anything but go hunting, and I want Female to grow up to be kind to animals. I have it, Bill! We'll call her Theodora. That's a lovely musical name to say, and it'll remind her of the Empress Theodora."

"What did she do?"

"I don't know exactly, but I think she was tall and stately and very imperious and had people killed when she didn't like them."

"She doesn't sound like a girl who made home life any too peaceful."

"Female is not to be brought up for anything so dull as home life. I shall train her to be a leader of her sex."

"All right, Theodora it is. It's really a swell name."

So they had a grand christening festival and invited the whole gang, and Ardelia made a christening cake, Bill concocted a punch and everyone made speeches and sang—after the minister had gone—and by these rites young Male and Female Starr became Wells and Theodora respectively. They did not seem to like their new names. They raised their strong voices and bawled loudly all the way through the party, until Ardelia took them down to her own rooms in the basement and rocked them and talked to them.

Afterward Janie commented on this to Bill. "I hope it isn't an omen," she said. "You know, I hate to say it—I hate even to think it of our own children, infants as they are—but even now I seem to detect in their features something of our families' look. What if they should be throwbacks?"

Bill patted her shoulder. "You're all played out and imagining things, darling. Don't be too hard on the families—look at the checks they sent for christening presents! Come and sit by me. I want to tell you about the great idea I've got. I'm going to paint the twins' portrait as they looked today, with their faces all tied in angry knots and their mouths open wide and that queer green light we get through the window shades over the whole thing. That'll be something for the critics to talk about."

"Oh, won't it? So different from the usual baby pictures all full of disgusting sentiment."

In the delightful prospect of such a picture Janie forgot to worry about the twins' portentous resemblance to the families. Life in the studio went on much as usual, albeit the presence of Wells and Theodora did cramp everything. One baby alone can seemingly fill an entire house, but two in one room were everywhere, what with clothes, cots, bottles, bootees, baskets, safety pins, and so forth. Even Bill's easel was used occasionally as a drying rack.

The twins were inimical to the former social life of their parents. No sooner did members of their crowd forgather about Bill and Janie's stove for a good talk than the twins would begin to yell like demons and make it impossible. As soon as the guests were gone they would quiet down, with smug curves on their diminutive features as though well satisfied with what they had done.

Then, too, they were much plagued with small ailments, and no parents, even the most unfeeling—and Bill and Janie were not that—could either give or go to parties when croupy colds or little vague fevers or colic prevailed among their offspring. The doctor, who had been called in for one particularly long and snuffly cold, at last delivered an ultimatum: "You must get out of town, live in the country and give these children fresh air and sunshine. You're slowly murdering them here."

The word murder so wrought on Bill and Janie that without stopping to realize how drastic the change might be, they fled to the suburbs and bought, since they could not rent anything suitable, a neat little bungalow sitting in a neat little yard, and transported the ailing twins and themselves and the studio furnishings out to it almost overnight. Ardelia, the talkative and efficient, gave them her blessing, assured them that they were doing the right thing and commandeered her niece to go with them as general help.

But when they were settled, with their turquoise chairs and lurid cushions looking odd, indeed, against the prim-papered walls of the bungalow, Janie and Bill looked at each other appalled.

"Bill," lamented Janie with tears of despair, "we have become commuters, suburbanites. We have committed suicide."

"Better suicide than murder, though," said Bill, trying to console, but feeling very low himself. "How are the twins taking the change?"

"They're lots better. I put them out on the porch all day, and their colds are gone and they're gaining weight. But, Bill, I don't like the look in their eyes."

"Good Lord, what d'you mean? They're not cross-eyed!"

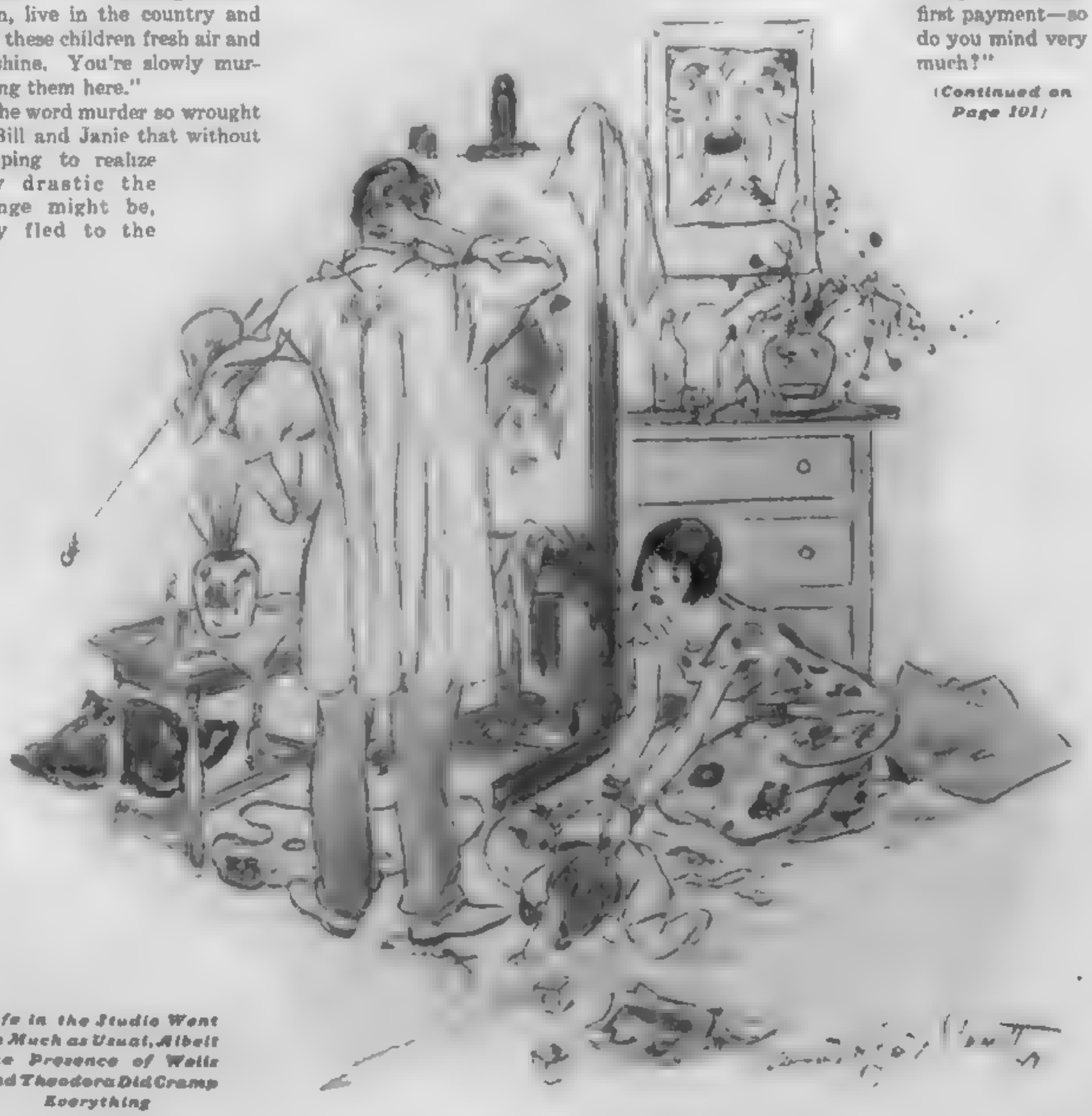
"They look," wailed Janie—"they look like two utterly self-satisfied little scoundrels who have put it all over their poor parents and know it. They are conscious tyrants—they've done this on purpose. They hated the studio and they wanted to get out of it, and here we are."

Bill was obliged to laugh. "Now, precious, please! Why, they're not a year old! I'll admit that they're very smart kids, but they can't be so smart as all that. No infant can deliberately get the croup even if he wanted to. Come, brace up—we're not going to live here forever. And say, the boss has given me a raise. In no time we'll be able to move back into town and rent a decent-sized place, where the twins can have enough room to be healthy in. We were too jammed in the studio, that was all that ailed them."

Janie wiped her eyes. "I know I'm foolish, dear. But I'm so tired, and I feel so utterly wretched to have our whole plan of life go to smash. And I'll miss the crowd so. And I hate to see you doing commercial work."

"Well, it pays," said Bill, still trying to be cheerful. "And say, darling, I can sell that portrait I did of the crying twins to a baby-powder firm for two hundred dollars if I take out the green shadows and put pink and blue ribbons on them. And this moving has cost a lot, and we spent all our ready cash on that first payment—so do you mind very much?"

(Continued on Page 101)



Life in the Studio Went on Much as Usual, Albeit the Presence of Wells and Theodora Did Cramp Everything

Central America—By Samuel Crowther

An Aeroplane View of Port Limón, Costa Rica

Old-Type Laborers' Quarters Near Almirante, Panama

Houses Near Almirante Erected by a Fruit Company for its Employes

THE Caribbean countries are six. The largest of them is Colombia, which, being below the Isthmus of Panama, is in South America. The other five—Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras and Guatemala—together with Salvador, which is on the Pacific, form Central America. They stretch from the border of Mexico to the high plateau of the Andes, and they are alike in that they were once all Spanish colonies and that the present predominating white strain is Spanish. They are alike also in being an economic part of the United States. We buy about two-thirds of all they have to sell and we sell to them more than half of all they buy. They are economically Americanized in that the worthwhile enterprises in them are financed with American money and in a large degree managed by American citizens.

We, in general, know very little about these countries; and they, in general, know very little about us. Most of what we think we know is not true—and no one cares whether or not it is true. We hear of them only when they are in revolution. Then our marines land to restore order or to protect American property, or, as many would now have us believe, to further the sinister projects of a race of peculiarly evil-minded and dissolute thugs who call themselves American bankers and business men and who seemingly thrive on calamity.

What of It?

MIXED up with this picture is a hazy one contributed by Richard Harding Davis and O. Henry of dashing soldiers of fortune, lovely señoritas at barred windows, guitars, marimba bands, palm trees, beach combers and straight whisky. If you explain to a friend that Tegucigalpa is the capital of Honduras and not a big new star, he is apt coldly to ask, "What of it?"

That is the fair question—"What of it?" Fifteen years ago that same citizen would have asked the same question if you had suggested to him that Sofia was the capital of Bulgaria. The Balkans were remote from us, but a happening in the Balkans set all Europe to the business of killing one another and eventually put 4,000,000 of our own boys into uniform.

There is an extraordinary delusion on the part of a few Mexican politicians that it is the destiny of Mexico to become a great world power, ruling or dominating all the countries formerly owned by Spain. The great obstacle is the Yankee. And so the cry is to get rid of Yankee influence. The fiction of American imperialism is being actively promoted and has convinced many well meaning and many not so well meaning Americans that both our business and governmental participation in Caribbean affairs is sordid beyond words.

The only present end is disturbance of the none too stable equilibrium of Central America, and this will lead to wars and revolutions, with the choice forced upon us of settling things or permitting some European power to do so. For it must be recognized that though no power in Europe is helping the propaganda today, also no power is lifting a finger against it, and what Mexico has taken up is only what Germany started some years before the war. Few tears would be shed on the far side of the Atlantic if anything happened to weaken our national position to the southward.

The American Record

THE extent and character of this propaganda are unknown to most Americans excepting those resident below the tropic of Cancer. It gets into their every conversation. Recently I returned from a very thorough examination of Colombia and the six countries of Central America. I have been in all their larger cities and towns and over a good part of their territories; I have talked with all their presidents excepting those of Colombia and Panama; I have talked with their leading politicians—with those who are for us and those who are against us—and finally I have seen what American business men and bankers are actually doing in and to these lands as compared with what they are reported to be doing. I looked into the wages American companies paid as compared with those of the native employers, and also into what their investments actually amounted to.

On none of these subjects have any first-hand data ever before been made up. The several published compilations which I have examined are based on odds and ends of rumors and in the light of the facts are often ridiculous. No American has anything to be ashamed of in the actions of his countrymen in these parts. Their record is almost unbelievably fine and these facts may prove surprising:

1. Exactly four loans by American bankers—Wall Street—are outstanding in Central America. Two of these loans are in a large part refunding old loans not made by Americans and in each case the borrower saves on the interest rate. The third loan is to Panama for improvements in the Canal cities. The fourth is a bank credit to Nicaragua granted this year because of the revolution. In two countries—Nicaragua and Salvador—Americans are in charge of the customs, and in both cases the customs had been pledged years before to secure British bondholders and we have acted in order that no foreign power might exercise control. Most of the countries owe old bonded debts to England, but the amount of money loaned by the United States is small. We are making most of our loans now to Colombia, and these are straight loans so far as security is concerned; our only supervision there is in the spending of the money.

2. The important American investments in all these countries are in productive enterprise and the sums annually distributed in wages far exceed the total of bankers' loans.

3. The wages paid by American enterprises in all the Central American countries excepting Salvador, where our interests are small, constitute the largest wage-purchasing power, for only our wages give a purchasing margin over the absolute and barest necessities of life. One large fruit company maintains a chain of commissary stores. The sales of these stores, which are patronized largely by natives, have grown from $3,000,000 to $10,000,000 in fifteen years without any increase in the populations they serve. That is an indication of the advance in the standard of living.

4. There is not an American monopoly in any Caribbean country. There are several British railroad monopolies and some governmental ones, but none owned or operated by Americans.

5. There is not a line of responsible evidence that any large American interest has obtained any property or favors by bribery or undue influence or has taken any part in politics—and there is a great deal of evidence to the contrary.

6. Not a single president could even tell me what American imperialism was, and each assured me that whatever it was there was none and never had been any in his country. Each expressed the desire for the investment of more and not less American capital.

Overcoming a Bad Habit

THE old American soldier of fortune has gone. He was usually a railroad man of some sort who took to being a revolutionist because of the lesser danger and the greater leisure. Many of them passed out in the revolutions; more of them passed out in delirium tremens. Their trade has gone, for the revolutionary habit is passing. Salvador has not had a revolution for twenty-six years, and Colombia has not had one for twenty-four years. The habit is dead in Costa Rica, although there was an overturn eight years ago. Guatemala is losing the habit, because it is getting transportation, and transport is the foe of revolutions.

Only Honduras and Nicaragua are still on the danger line. They have almost no transport. They are also the least prosperous, and poverty and rebellion go hand in hand. But all the other countries are rather prosperous and are beginning to look forward, and that is one of the reasons why the Mexican work has been so ardent. For in another ten years none of these countries will be ripe for agitation; they will have been caught and conquered by the American motor car. The supreme ambition of every man, woman and child is to ride in a motor car.

There would be no chance for subversive agitation today were it not for the code of the ruling white-collar class that politics is a sweepstake in which the victor takes all.

All of which might seem to be quite unimportant. Of itself, it is. But it is extremely important as the background of the movement which is playing on the Central American disposition to the end of planting the conviction that the United States is a great monster intent on devouring all small countries in its own good time. The process is called imperialism. That is the issue, because it is the easiest of all issues to raise and agitate. It is as easy as twisting the lion's tail was with us not so many years ago. It seeks to tell the Latin-American that he has been wronged by the United States and will be still further wronged unless he chases the Yankees back to the seas from whence they came.

It must not be supposed that all the inhabitants believe the propaganda. Many thousands of native-born citizens have been educated in the United States while the wealthy landowners make frequent trips to New York or California and not a few have homes in our country. But, as with us, the people of larger means and wider world knowledge seldom mix in local affairs excepting when their own interests are directly touched. If they have surplus funds they are apt to keep them in New York banks and they quite generally would rather live abroad than at home. And thus few of the people who have the background of understanding exert an influence. Least of all do they care to stand up and be abused.

The property of Americans in these countries, so the story goes, is all ill-gotten through the machinations of Wall Street bankers and it is only an act of justice to take it away from them; and for proof they point to America

A San Salvador Highway. In Oval—Students of Guatemala Polytechnic School on Parade

Building a Railroad in Costa Rica

itself—to the speeches of several of our public men, professors and clergymen, and to the articles and books published by the socialists and communists of the United States. One reads continually of the rape of Panama, by which is meant the recognition of the Panamanian Republic immediately after it had declared itself free of Colombia. It is never mentioned that our building of the Canal, not to speak of the operations of an American fruit company, has made a thriving state out of what was only a waste land. We are accused of imperialism in Cuba, and never a word is said about having developed an island which has only half the population of Central America and one quarter of its area to a point where both its exports and imports are three times that of the grouped republics.

Things That are Left Untold

Likewise we are supposed to have committed untold outrages in Haiti, Santo Domingo and Porto Rico; but the present condition of those islands, as compared with their former condition, is never hinted. For a year Nicaragua has taken the stage as an intervention at the dictation of Wall Street, although our investments in that country have been smaller than in any of the countries of the peninsula and at the time of the intervention were not only quite small but entirely unaffected by the revolution.

Another side is the constant organizing and agitating of workmen by Mexican radical leaders to strike on American property, and then to stir up a row in which property may be damaged or destroyed. This is in line with the communist theory of constant agitation in order to bring on chaos and then to take advantage of chaos. To the same end every revolutionary movement in any of the republics finds open or covert encouragement and substantial aid from radicals.

Under cover, there is a constant agitation everywhere among the *mozos* to rebel against the present land distribution and to compel a redistribution. The Mexican land

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Van Winkle, '07, Investigates College Morals

By Kenneth Allan Robinson

Professor of English at Dartmouth College

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

UNLIKE his celebrated namesake, Van Winkle, '07, did not come back from his twenty-year absence wearing mournful rags and carrying the rusty remains of a flintlock. Van Winkle, '07, came back on the Berengaria, and the clothes he wore as he stood on deck in the green-and-amber sunshine of middle spring, watching the pageant of New York Harbor stream slowly past, had been lately cut to his measure by a London tailor. Nothing about him looked battered or worn except his kit bags, and they had that superior kind of worn look that is found only among the upper circles of kit bags.

Van Winkle was pretending to be annoyed, because, as is customary on landing days, the stewards had got everybody up hours before there was actually any need of it. In reality, Van Winkle would not have missed a moment of this first view of the glittering bay which, to the returning American, holds out such beneficent promise of ice and abundant bathtubs and thick, delicious newspapers and corned-beef hash with poached eggs and those other comforts that beckon the weary traveler back from under alien skies.

It was good to be getting home, Van Winkle thought. For the first time in twenty years he could settle down and work and play among his own sort. Immediately on graduating from college Van Winkle had gone out to China to work for the Yankee Doodle Oil Company—Unlimited—and since then he had been assigned to posts pretty much all over the East.

He had been home three times in that period, but each time it had been for a short visit, in summer, when nearly everyone he knew was out of town. And his friends, like friends everywhere, had not proved good correspondents. But now his company was calling him back—by way of London—to a permanent managership in the home organization, and he could pick up his old relationships where he had dropped them and do his best to make up for all the colored years he had missed.

The Younger Generation's Freedom of Caress Had Caught Van Winkle's Attention Possibly More Than Any Other One Thing

A Younger Generation Unearthed

AS THE downtown skyscrapers took form Van Winkle became quietly joyous over plans for the future. Being a normal human being, Van Winkle was convinced that he had aged far less than most men of his years; that he was more pliable, younger at heart. He therefore anticipated no difficulty in striking at once into the current of American life. Not that he was so foolish as to expect to find everything at home exactly as he had left it; there had been changes, of course. He had caught hints from letters and newspapers. There was a thing, for instance, called the younger generation. There had been no younger generation in his college days. Now there was one, and it was up to something apparently. But he was not afraid of finding himself antiquated. He had no intention of being driven to echo the plaint of his ancestor: "Does nobody remember poor old Rip Van Winkle?"

He had a month before his new duties began. The greater part of that time he would spend in New York at his married sister's. His young niece was at school somewhere up the Hudson and he would bring her and perhaps a schoolmate or two into town for luncheons and matinées—Ethel Barrymore or whoever it was that adolescent girls of the present generation doted on; "crush" used to be the word, Van Winkle remembered, proud that he had not forgotten the schoolgirl lingo of his own time. And there was his nephew, two years younger than his niece, also away at school, acquiring a cold and probably permanent hatred of the masterpieces of English literature dished up in preparation for the college entrance examinations. He would see a lot of his nephew. The rôle of sympathetic young bachelor uncle pleased Van Winkle and he lingered over the idea.

Later, Van Winkle decided, he would move downtown to his college club, where he intended to live. He would look up such of his classmates as had settled in New York and find out from them what had happened to everyone, and he would take up life as nearly as possible at the point where he had laid it down. If the men of his own class had grown solemn and old he would find himself friends who had not—younger friends. He wanted more than anything else to renew his acquaintance with youth. There had not been much companionable youth in China and the other far stretches of the globe and he was hungry for it. He felt grandly, glowingly hospitable to youth.

Van Winkle promised himself he would soon pay a visit to his college, while it was still spring. Pictures passed before him. The campus on late spring nights, a soft blue dusk murmurous with many voices; his fraternity house, with steps racketing on the stairs and boys lounging in the window seats of the rooms on the second floor. He wondered if they still decorated their rooms with pennants and stolen signs, if they still spoke of calling on a girl as going fussing. He wanted to hear someone yelling under a shower bath or cursing at having to get up for an eight-o'clock recitation. He assuaged a slight fear attached to such a proceeding which hung vaguely in the back of his mind with the thought that such a visit to his college would in a short space show him, as nothing else could, the changed tempo of American life.

Whither Bound?

THEN a deep voice cried, "Get your landing cards ready!" A shrill voice exclaimed, "Lester—oh, Lester, do you think I ought to have declared those post cards?" And Van Winkle, '07, knew that he had got home.

As it turned out, Van Winkle paid his visit to his college sooner even than he had expected. For after dinner on his second night in New York his sister carried him off into the library, and while he smoked his cigar and afterward a second one, she poured out her fears for Van Winkle's nephew and niece.

"I don't know what to do about Nancy and Tom," she said. "I'm afraid of what they're growing up to. In another year or two Nancy will begin to go about to college affairs, and then in a year or two after that Tom will be beginning his freshman year. I'm so worried that I lie awake nights over it. You don't realize, Rip, what has happened to the young folks during these years that you've been away. Young people nowadays are morally different beings from what they used to be. They seem to have scrapped everything that you and I were taught and to have replaced them with mere lawless excitement.

"Perhaps," she went on, "you'll think I'm just old-fashioned. I try not to be. I realize perfectly that the world can't stand still and that customs have to change. If customs were all that changed I shouldn't mind. It isn't that I object to Nancy's smoking or to her reading and talking about things that I would never have been allowed to read or talk about when I was her age. But imagine, cocktails at sixteen-year-old parties! And she

tells me that there are always plenty of freshmen with flasks at the little dances given for the school children during the holidays. I must reconcile myself, I suppose, to her going about unchaperoned at all hours, and I must make up my mind that she will have to face a certain amount of promiscuous fondling of a rather meaningless sort. Only the other day Myra Thurston was in here with a letter from Peggy, her oldest daughter. Peggy is seventeen and she wrote from school to ask if there was something wrong with her—she couldn't seem to kiss the boys on the mouth the way her friends did.

"I'm not a prude and I could put up with those things if nothing more serious were involved. But what worries me is that Nancy has got to be trained to know all about those things before she encounters them to any dangerous extent, and I don't know how in the process she can help hardening and growing up with most of the bloom rubbed off. I'm afraid of a Nancy who is too cool-headed, too sure of herself, a Nancy with no illusions left.

"And then there's Tom. I don't want him to grow sleek and sophisticated and cynical at nineteen the way college students are growing nowadays. They don't seem to believe in anything at all. The schools and colleges are to blame for the situation. The school set takes its example from the college set, and as far as I can make out the colleges make no attempt at all to teach morals—simply let their students go hang. The stories of what goes on at the college dances are almost incredible. A number have had to give up their biggest dances altogether, things got so bad."

To Be or Not to Be Collegiate

"THIS is the situation I'm facing with Nancy and Tom, and I frankly don't know what to do about it. That's one reason why I'm so glad to have you back; their father is so easy-going. 'Oh, never mind, they'll turn out all right,' he says. But I'm not sure their associates will let them turn out all right. I want you to see for yourself how things have changed and help me decide what to do. I want you to try to find out if it's best to send a boy or girl to college nowadays at all."

Two days later Van Winkle was seated in a railway train bound for his college town. His sister had given him a number of books to read—This Side of Paradise and Flappers and Philosophers, one called The Plastic Age and another called Town and Gown. He had dipped into them before starting on his voyage of discovery and brought away an odd jumble of mental items: Lipsticks and flasks, parked motors and a thing called petting, close dancing, throbbing drums and saxophones, dim corners, slimness, bobbed heads, talk of a desideratum called a line and a quality called smoothness; and with these an overwhelming sense of nervous staccato movement. If these books were true he was poor old Rip Van Winkle indeed

Van Winkle's train was filled with girls bound likewise for the college town, for on this week-end was celebrated the annual festivity of Spring Week. He had been in doubt whether he could find accommodations for himself in the little town at this time, but he had resolved to risk it. Someone would take him in. He had a particular reason now for wanting to see the college with girls about.

Once the train had started, Van Winkle fell to watching with frankly appraising eye three girls of eighteen or so who occupied adjoining chairs across the aisle. Obviously they were on their way to Spring Week. They belonged to what his few days on American soil had taught him was the mode. Thin, but not ungraceful, all three had a startling external similarity. They wore the same kind of tailored suits and the same kind of bowl-shaped close-fitting hats. Their luggage, too, looked alike; three round black glazed hatboxes and great suitcases made of what looked like patent leather. All three girls had, moreover, the same kind of cool impersonal way of meeting his gaze and seemed to register no expression whatever, giving him an uneasy feeling that he didn't exist.

There seemed to Van Winkle a sort of cold competence about them, not at all a hardness—their features in profile were young and delicate enough—but rather a self-contained efficiency. There was nothing fluffy about them, no dewiness, but instead a carefully groomed health that looked as if it would stand up under the hardest usage. Contrasted with the girls he once knew, these seemed to require infinitely less protection, to be somehow franker and at the same time more mature. They talked in low tones at first; when they lifted their voices Van Winkle revised his opinion about their maturity.

Casualties of the Season

"WHICH is apple sauce," said one of the girls, apparently summing up the preceding conversation. Then the train halted at a station and all three suddenly shrieked and set up a frantic tapping on the window to attract the attention of someone on the platform. Presently a fourth girl of the same type entered the car and was received with screams of welcome. "Well, of all people! Well, did you ever hear of such a thing! Well, I should say not!" The fourth girl could only shriek three wells in crescendo.

"My dears," said the newcomer at last, "I've never been so perfectly shot in my life."

"Don't say a word!" said another. "I'm all shot to pieces."

"I've been having a Western Union battle with my family," remarked a third. "They're still South. Talk about shot! I thought I wouldn't get up here at all."

Presently, for no particular reason, they entered on an exchange of compliments addressed to one another's families.

"Your mother is such an old dear," said one.

"Your father is such a perfect lamb," remarked another.

"Honestly, I'm crazy about your family," put in a third.

Watching them, Van Winkle wondered if these were the girls the books told about. These slim creatures, so sure of themselves, so trim of outline, so young of speech—was it they who were worrying his sister and all her generation? Did they really do the things, casually and blithely, that the books said they did? Did they drink from pocket

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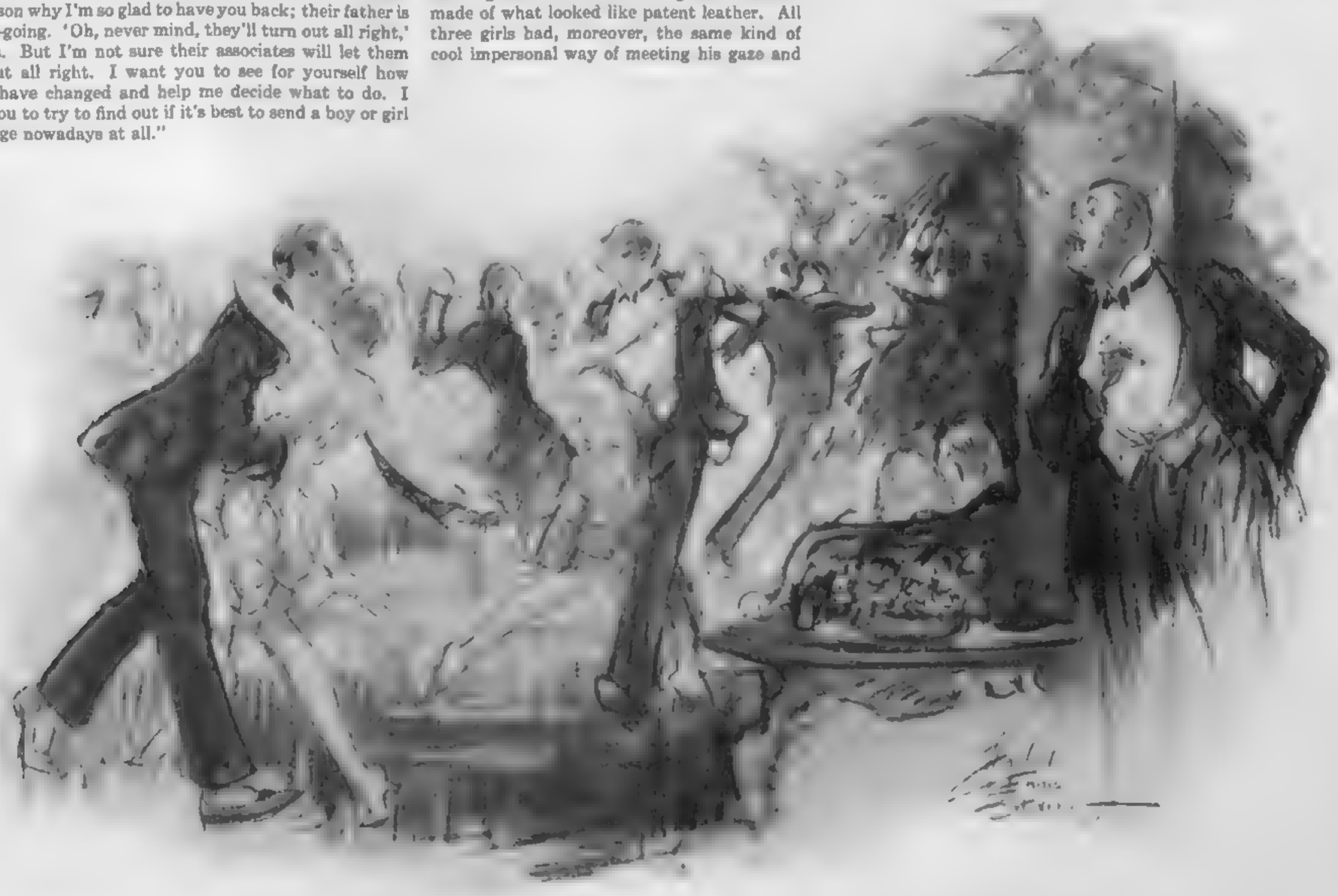

"Crazy Words, Crazy Tunes—They'll be Driving Me Crazy Soon"; and the Dance Streamed Past Him

Trouble With the Little Woman

By FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

"Esther Had Brought With Her the Usual Female Necessaries in a Hand Bag"

IN THE bright sunshine of a newborn morning, Esther, the good old ball and chain, came skipping into the breakfast room of our home with the light, springy grace that remains hers, defying the years, along with her schoolgirl complexion, slim figure and inability to spell English. She poured out her coffee and opened fire.

"Roger," she began portentously, "I have something important to say to you, so please listen." I politely put down the newspaper. "Mother," she continued, "has brought some very alarming news."

Mother had arrived the night before at seven o'clock, Pacific Coast standard time, and this was the first repercussion.

"I wouldn't be surprised," I murmured. "Your mother is a natural news bringer. In a country where news is sometimes slighted, your old lady has the right idea."

"She says," my wife went on in some excitement, spearing at the grapefruit, "that we are not married at all."

I coughed slightly. "Who isn't?"

"We aren't. And I believe it."

"You believe it?"

"I certainly do. Mother is thoroughly convinced, and so am I, that we have never been married."

"You—you feel all right this morning, Esther?" I faltered. "You don't see any little shooting stars?"

"And furthermore," my associate continued in a remorseless tone, "we are even now breaking the laws of the land and are living in some sort of state that I can't remember the name of."

"Poverty," I said helpfully, and the spouse glared at me.

I glanced thoughtfully across the breakfast table at Esther in contemplative silence and skimmed over the past seventh of a century. I have been glancing across breakfast tables at the same energetic young woman—she is rising thirty-seven—for about fifteen years come the ides of next Decoration Day, and so I know her fairly well. She was now wearing her worried air, her distraught manner, which is sometimes real and sometimes assumed.

"Your mother," I ventured finally, "is a worthy woman; but for a man who doesn't pain readily, she can give me a crick in the neck faster than anyone I know. What makes the genial old soul think we are not married?"

"The law of our state," responded Esther solemnly. "She has just shown me what it says in the statute book concerning weddings. Mother has always felt that ours was irregular, unconventional and peculiar; and before she started West to visit us, she went to the trouble of looking up the legal facts back home. They are as plain as day. . . . Roger, we are not married, never have been, and it's awful."

"Well," I said, lighting a cigarette, "for a man who turns out to be a husband in name only, I feel pretty fair in my health. What do you propose to do about this hellish discovery?"

"There is only one thing to be done."

"What?"

"Go back home and be married again."

"When?"

"Now—immediately. Do you think I wish this state of affairs to go on any longer?"

"It's gone on for fifteen years," I chuckled. "You ought to be getting the least bit used to it."

"Please omit the jesting," she said. "This is not a subject for frivolity."

"Correct," I admitted. "And of course it makes no difference to you whether I can drop everything and go skittering across the United States. It may have escaped your notice, but I happen to be holding down a job at the university. If you're so keen about getting married again, why don't you marry me here in our home town? I know a couple of ministers, at that."

"I come from New England and should have been married there. And if we are going to do it all over, I wish to be back among my own people, in my own state."

"And what about the job?"

She laughed scornfully. "What does a position amount to at a time like this? Please consider our son Oscar."

"Esther," I remarked, "this is too early in the morning for you to be funny. You are not really funny until later in the day, so please give over."

"I never was more serious in my life," declared the spouse, and, upon my looking closely at her, I perceived that this statement was, indeed, the truth.

Now the plain facts were simple enough. Esther and I have been married for years, and as it appears to me, firmly and indestructibly so. True, she has, in moments of petulance, spoken of leaving me, which is a normal manifestation of wedded bliss. The wife who carries on over a considerable period without ever once threatening to walk out on the male partner is far too good for this world, and usually falls into a decline and dies on her twenty-sixth birthday. No woman can hope to maintain her self-respect and independence unless she threatens, say, every five years, to step out of the marital picture and leave the husband as flat as a shingle.

The marriage to which Esther now alluded so feelingly was a hurried affair, impromptu, unexpected and 140 per cent unpopular with everybody in America except the two main contenders. It occurred on a warm day in a certain Eastern city which I shall not name for reasons purely selfish, prudent and cowardly. Nor shall I give up the name of the state, beyond admitting it was an Eastern Seaboard state noted for its strict moral attitude toward everything in America over one inch high. It is today a severely upright and easily alarmed state, and its inhabitants were the last in the land to give up red-flannel underwear, infant damnation, sleeve garters, petticoats and the conviction that coal oil is good for winter colds.

Our marriage was a regular standard elopement, forced upon us by the heartless, brutal attitude of Esther's parents, who had in mind for the little lady to marry a fellow in bonds and mortgages. When I crashed into her hitherto quiet life she naturally preferred me to the other chap, who was colorless and made money. I was, at that time, engaged in scientific pursuit of the problem of how much liquor the human frame will stand without blowing out all its fuses, and this contest with the corn crop seemed to interest Esther. It likewise provided her family with food for conversation. Opinion slowly solidified in Esther's home town, and it was agreed that I would die soon in a barroom brawl or of spontaneous combustion.

In January of the famous wedding year, and six months prior to the actual wedding, I suddenly galloped into New England, carrying in my pants pocket the sum of four hundred and thirty dollars, all borrowed. It was my feverish intent to seize Esther, rush her to the nearest church and be married forthwith. The parents and relations gathered around her in a protective huddle and dared me to advance a foot. They swore they would rather see their innocent daughter both this and that before they would permit or even countenance such an unholy alliance. Esther leaned tearfully against a portrait of her great-great-grandfather at the Battle of Mooselookmaguntick and declared that she was sorry, but that she could go no further with the enterprise, owing to the bitter attitude of the family.

"Very well," I said in a wounded tone, "but kindly remember this: I now have the pleasing sum of four hundred and thirty dollars—enough for a young married couple—and I shall probably never have any such sum again in this life."

"It is hard luck," Esther admitted, "but I cannot

"You—You Feel All Right This Morning, Esther?" I Faltered. "You Don't See Any Little Shooting Stars?"

defy my whole family. Mother would go into a state of coma."

In melancholy indignation I departed for my home in New York, and as I now recall the circumstances, the four hundred and thirty was turned over eventually to people in the corn-products trade.

Six months later, almost to the day, I again encountered the girl of my dreams, the scene being the state capital. She had strayed far from home, leaving her cautious parents behind; and although I had no money—unless you call forty dollars money—I was filled with whatever a man is filled with when he decides to link up for life with a lady.

"Let us hie somewhere," I said, holding Esther's hand, "and be married before anyone can stop us."

"It would be a lark, wouldn't it?" Esther asked, little knowing it never is a lark, taking it by and large. Within two hours we were standing in a strange parlor and a gentleman in spectacles was riveting the shackles. We eloped and were married. It was one of the notable scandals of the New England season, because eloping in this particular commonwealth is regarded as just one notch less depraved than beating a small child to death with an ironing board.

Esther's relations swooned when the news came in. People were shocked all over the state, and I believe the governor thought for a time of issuing a state bull and calling out the bloodhounds. The papers came forth stating that Notorious New York Character Abducts Lovely New England Maid, and Esther's many relations happily prophesied that no good would come of this day's work. When her marriage presently crashed about her ears, said they, she could come back home and live out a sorrowing existence while persons pointed at her with the index finger.

After waiting a decade and a half for the so-called union to hit the scrap heap, Esther's mother had now come bounding out West to pay us a friendly call, bringing along the incidental news that our wedding was a flop. In the passing years I had elevated myself into a pleasant job at the state university, revised some of my earlier customs and was once mentioned faintly for the city council. It was this regular pay check that the little woman lightly suggested I toss aside so that we could ride back East—presumably on separate trains—and be united in the happy bonds of Hymen.

"I never heard such unalloyed nonsense," I said, whereat I dismissed the matter with a wave of the hand, intending to hear no more about it. In this I was mistaken. Esther revived the topic at frequent intervals, her general attitude being that any man who was genuinely fond of his wife would certainly marry her if she so desired.

Within Two Hours We Were Standing in a Strange Parlor and a Gentleman in Spectacles Was Riveting the Shackles

One of the numerous conversations occurred on a Thursday evening at eight o'clock. Every fourth Thursday a quiet crowd of local gentlemen files through my front door, bringing their own poison and intent upon discovering if there is anything in the theory that stud poker is an amusement. This coterie varies but slightly from month to month and I was happy to think that they were coming, because their arrival promised to rescue me from a long evening of futile fireside discussion, with Esther at the microphone. Usually my wife's conversation doesn't disturb me at all, but the new subject was beginning to cloy.

When the money changers arrived in twos and threes, I surveyed them and was filled with a good thought. They were, I believed, a fairly intelligent, just group. Among them was Davy Jacobs, the lawyer; Alan Jones, another barrister; Alec Rouse, the well-known traffic-court justice, who must know some law; Doc Tiffany, local dentist; old Augustus Biddle, the banker; Ralph Long, the used-car king; and George Waterman, eye, ear, nose and throat.

Why not, I asked myself, submit to these clear intellects a statement of my present trouble? Legal minds in the crowd could render a fair decision, and if they concurred with Esther, I could give in, pack my bag, do something about the job, go back to New England in midsummer and marry all over again. The notion seemed sound. I said nothing of my purpose to the spouse, who would have vetoed discussing family affairs with the general public.

The card players filed into the dining room, counted their chips in the usual suspicious way, and when all were seated I spoke. Esther was upstairs.

"Gentlemen," I began, "before commencing the dirty work of the evening, I have a personal problem that I desire to lay before you. . . . My wife believes we are not married."

"I always knew there was something quaint about this family," remarked Mr. Jacobs, looking at his blue chips.

"Esther," I continued earnestly, "having certain so-called facts from her old lady, has suddenly decided that our marriage was a paluka, much upon the order of a bogus check. This is the exact opposite of my own viewpoint, for I believe we were and are solidly and soundly married, the same as the King of Spain. However, I am a fair-minded person, seeking only justice. I therefore wish to lay the facts before you this evening, and if you conclude that Esther and I are merely a couple of old friends, with practically no standing before the law, then I shall go back home with her, as she wishes—to dear old New England—where I shall make an honest woman of her in some well-known cathedral. I shall marry her again in full evening dress and, if necessary, a high hat."

"Go ahead," said Judge Rouse, "and make it snappy, because I don't intend to loaf around here all night trying to collect thirty bucks."

"The facts," I stated, "are these: Esther's relations at that time refused to have me in the family."

"Which was not a bad idea to start with," commented Mr. Biddle.

"It was the theory of the lady's clan that if their daughter married she would starve to death. It was their further belief that I had in me a strong dash of the dissolute, that all my habits were odious, that I probably drank to excess and would come to some bad end, dragging their youngest daughter with me. Too, I happened to live in New York City, which was just as infamous then as it is now. It was the fixed New England conviction that anybody who came from New York probably had a jail record.

"All right," murmured Lawyer Jones, riffling a new deck. "Step on it, Roger. The evening passes."

"So," I continued, "on a certain Decoration Day when the world was younger, this same Esther went a-visiting to the fair capital city of her home state, and I happened to know about it. Collecting all my cash reserves of the moment—about forty dollars—I boarded a fast train, left New York and arrived in the town two hours after Esther. She was visiting with old family friends named Hayworth—main branch of the New England Hayworths, who not only came over on the Mayflower but also owned it and rented it out by the month.

"This family disapproved of me too. Mrs. Hayworth said that I had an unreliable look, and Mr. Hayworth informed the world that he had always been able to tell a bad egg since a child.

"I hurried to the Hayworth home and was welcomed formally by that stern duo, their delight being faintly restrained. Esther came forward, wearing a blue dress, looking lovely, with a twinkle in her eye. I suggested immediately that we take a stroll somewhere, fearing I would freeze to death on the rubber mat."

"Well," commented Mr. Jacobs, "this certainly is a fine lot of hooey so far. It took me an hour to get out of the house, and this is the way we spend the time."

"Esther cheerfully consented to take a walk with me and we meandered about the capital. We rode on street cars and discoursed aimlessly."

"Same as tonight," said Mr. Long.

"A little patience, men," said I. "Presently the young woman and I found ourselves seated upon a large mossy rock in the harbor, staring at the ships, and our conversation veered around to a previous visit when the wedding had failed, due to the combined efforts of Esther's parents and relations.

"'It would be jolly,' I said, 'to be married now.'

"'How could we?' Esther asked.

"'I have about thirty-eight dollars.'

"'This is Decoration Day,' she said. 'Nobody can be married on a holiday.'

"I stared at her, startled, and filled with sudden resolution. Seizing her by the hand, I asked her if she would marry me, providing I could bring it about. She readily consented."

"Boys," declared Doc Tiffany, glancing at his watch, "it is now nine o'clock. How long does this bedtime story go on?"

"I shall finish presently," I said. "Began then the doing of the impossible. First we went at top speed to the city hall. It was locked tight and surrounded by an iron fence. A janitor informed us that the city's executives were absent on a three-day vacation and that nobody could be married. I laughed at the man. He told me that Mr. Bean, the gentleman who issued marriage licenses, was spending his holiday on Loon Island, four miles at sea. In twenty minutes I had Mr. Bean on the telephone."

"In twenty minutes," remarked Mr. Biddle, "I shall be home in bed."

"I am now approaching the finish," I said, hastening on. "Bean proved to be a man in a million. Leaping into his motor launch, he rushed through a nasty sea, piled into a taxicab and made for city hall at full speed, and meantime I telephoned the city clerk, the mayor, the chief of police, the superintendent of parks and other officials who might be helpful to a man in a hurry to marry.

"Some gave me a hearty word of encouragement and some threatened to come into town and have me arrested for breaking the peace. Esther hurried about with me, giving the enterprise her full support, and the excitement increased steadily."

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A VISIT TO THE FAMILY

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD VINCENT CULTER

Then Suddenly, After a Silence: "Nina, Did You Ever Sit in a Boy's Lap?"

MAMMA had maneuvered for it, intensely hoped for it, even planned on it provisionally. And when it actually came she rested on her achievement with all the exhausted triumph of a diplomat who has finally put over an international treaty. The document in question was an invitation for me to make a visit to the family.

"Of course it would come from poor brother Joseph," said mother on second thought, "and probably he and Ella don't entertain at all. But with Nina right there in Buffalo, the rest of the family can't very well ignore her. They are sure to do something for her."

"And it's about time, too," said my father, picking up his brown derby hat and throwing his long-skirted paddock topcoat over his arm in preparation for the daily sortie to his office.

"True, my dear," said mother. "Well, all your sisters married splendidly out there. Buffalo seems to be lucky for the women of your family. You'll manage to let daughter go, won't you, dear?"

Mother's large pompadour, which was still ratless this early in the morning, quivered with anxiety as she gathered her ruffled wrapper of flowered challis about her to see him to the door.

"I'll manage it somehow," said my father brightly, adjusting his mogador scarf to a more rakish angle. "I guess we can find the spondulics to give our young lady the treat. That is, unless I get into difficulties over my protest against our publication of that corset advertisement." He laughed a little, winked at mother, being in a very gay mood, and departed to his desk at Harper's Weekly. That enterprising and somewhat daring sheet had only the day before published the cause of the present discussion—a shameless cut of an uninhabited corset; one of these new straight-front corsets—in a blatant advertisement which had given rise to much *sotto voce* discussion and scrutiny in the light of the red crêpe-paper-shaded oil lamp.

But I was little perturbed by my mother's indignation over the immodesty of this insertion and her denunciation of the straight-front corset as being opposed to Nature and a blow to the eighteen-inch waist. All my thoughts were centered on that letter from Buffalo, and my impending expulsion into a strange new world where I would be face to face alone with that creature who all through my childhood had been more terrifying than the bugaboo or the Chinese laundryman; that hundred-limbed, Argus-eyed, disapproving human unit called the family.

This baronial group had occasionally made itself manifest through the patronizing descent of one of its members upon the city of New York, where the aforesaid member took up a temporary and much-gilded residence at the Waldorf Astoria or the even more modern Hotel Manhattan, to which place we were then summoned and treated to a critical inspection and a meal of unfamiliar hotel foods.

Occasionally the family demonstrated its hidden power in the form of a most welcome check or a box of cast-off clothing. I wore maroon broadcloth frequently as the result of this beneficence, a shade which was far from enhancing my charms or my confidence in myself, but the bestowal of which undeniably added to my respect and fear of my rich relations. For years I had, in secret rebellion, tried to picture these goddesses as they had appeared in the garments which it was my fate to carry through an honorable old age, and my opinion of them was one which no young gentlewoman could possibly have given voice to, even if her vocabulary had been adequate.

But roughly, I had a conviction that they—especially the women—were a lot of prunes. They were rich, but they were jay—frightfully jay—ruhes, in fact, for their clothes were never the latest rage. As for the males, I had once seen Uncle Joseph with an attack of R. E. Morse after he'd been on a big toot and got pickled, and that gave me the feeling that he was probably not so dusty. Also, I knew he was rather crushy as far as I was concerned. It would be a cinch to get him to let me go buggy dashing without a chaperon if I hooked a beau with a nice trap of some kind.

Altogether I was less terrified at the prospect of staying in his house than I would have been at gaining direct entrance to one of the handsome brick and brownstone mansions on Delaware Avenue inhabited by the aunts who had set such an excellent example in their matrimonial enterprises. To my mind these latter were a lot of stuck-up hussies, anyhow—they with their rich marriages! But I wondered deeply, and with secret envy, just how they had done it.

Mother had made this wonder something that I ate and slept with. Of course, as mother often explained, it made no difference to her whether I married early or not; she was in no hurry to get rid of me. Still, on the other hand, at my age—which was nearly nineteen—she herself had not only been married but she had had me. Of course she supposed girls didn't marry as young as they used to; they were society buds at an age when her generation had been mothers. She presumed it was all right. Still and all, a deb's family couldn't be expected to support a girl forever.

Not that she reproached me. Oh, not at all—she wouldn't even dream of such a thing! But look at poor Aunt Maudie, the only one of my father's sisters who had failed to land a substantial income with a husband tagged on to the other end of it. And Maudie had been the beauty of the family, too—such a belle, such a perfect pippin, as a girl! Every time I did anything mother didn't like I was told I was just like my Aunt Maudie, and promptly I felt chilled to the soul with fright. But mother was awfully

sweet about my continued single blessedness—as sweet as sweet pickles, as gently insidious as cake crumbs in a bed.

This was my status when the invitation to visit came from Uncle Joseph. It appeared at a most fortunate moment, following closely, as it did, upon the disappearing heels of Ernie's stylish English brogues. My affair with Ernie had been the most terrible fizzle, and the flatness of my failure still hung about me like a miasma. Ernie had been a very fair catch, as he was making thirty-five dollars a week already—quite enough for a young couple to set up housekeeping on—and had further every prospect of inheriting money. His father was worth six thousand a year if he was worth a cent.

Ernie had been distinctly attentive. He had quite voluntarily taken mother and myself to Delmonico's to lunch once, and upon another occasion had graciously accepted mother's invitation to dinner at our apartment. How we had labored to pad that presumably potluck dinner! With what an anxious eye we had watched the general housework serve the unfamiliar courses, her newly purchased cap awry on her unaccustomed coiffure. Not to mention the cake which mother had so carefully baked herself, and which she brazenly attributed to my culinary artistry.

The dinner was a great success, but later, when we were left alone, Ernie tried to kiss me without first having asked me to marry him.

Of course I knew perfectly well how to act under those conditions. I was well aware that no young man has the least respect for a girl whom he has once kissed, and that if I was to permit such a familiarity I would simply never see him again. He would go away and laugh over the incident with his friends, but his calls on me would naturally cease. Every well-bred girl knew this much about men. So when Ernie made the effort I drew myself up and turned away coldly.

"I'm not in the habit of doing that sort of thing, Ernie," I said in a dignified voice.

"Some of the swellest people do," said he. "But of course if you want to be one of these bachelor girls you're not my class—not on your tintype!"

"I am saving my kisses for Mr. Right," I assured him modestly. Ernie shrugged his shoulders, too easily daunted, went away and never came back.

I spent an agonized week expecting the box of American Beauties and the note, offering marriage, which, according to all accepted tradition, should have been the result of my virtue. But nothing of the sort appeared. Mother, questioning me closely about every word and gesture of that fatal interview, felt sure that if I had acted just a little differently I would have landed him. It was all terribly puzzling. If you let a man kiss you he loses all respect for you, and if you refuse he leaves you. What did girls do to get proposals, anyway?

The letter from Uncle Joseph was a ray of light in my unhappy darkness. I was getting a regular worm's eye point of view on life, but here, I thought, with a throb of excitement, was my chance to redeem myself. Surely in far-off glamorous Buffalo a husband awaited me, the disgrace of being unengaged at nineteen would be lifted from my shoulders, and mother could brag to her friends instead of apologizing, "Nina is so young yet, you know, I can't bear to think of her marrying; although of course she has no end of offers."

It was only after a terrifying night on the train and the immodest difficulties of my first Pullman berth that I arrived in Buffalo. I had slept in my corset—a light one with only six whalebones beside the front steels—as was suitable for a young girl. To be sure, I had loosened the strings a bit, but I had removed neither them nor the cambric corset cover on top of them nor the short red flannel petticoat on top of that. My ruffled petticoat of changeable taffeta I had taken off, along with the drop skirt belonging under my seven-gored, horsehair-lined broadcloth skirt, which I wore with a very smart new shirt waist finished off at the neck with a collar of transparent net, tight as a handcuff and boned into points high up behind my ears. There were usually little sores behind my ears where the featherbone in the collar had worked through at the top and chafed me. The shirt waist itself I had folded carefully at my head, and my jacket of astrakhan fur hung amotheringly with my skirt, close by.

I didn't sleep much that night—not because of keeping on the corset, for I had of course often lain down in my corset, because, as every woman knew, the figure was apt to spread when the corset was removed; it was the strangeness, the excitement of traveling without a chaperon, and the hideous possibility that Uncle Joseph would forget to meet me. I could feel myself trembling on the verge of that epochal adventure which was the lot of practically every girl—that is, being taken up and given opportunities by the family. It was the equivalent of a boy's being set up in business. Only, of course, a girl's business was the home. Uncle Joseph was there, thank goodness, with a cab from the livery, and my great adventure was begun.

It did not take me long to discover that with the family I had no entity of my own. I was merely "that girl of Elinor's, who really ought to be married off." Nor was I slow to get hep to the fact that my being from New York was in itself grounds for suspicion. My clothes, especially, came under critical inspection. In her enthusiasm about my trip, mother had contributed a costume that was wholly unfamiliar to the wardrobes of any aunt. It was gray velveteen, the coat lined with an excellent quality of sateen; and to crown the audacity of the outfit, I had a white mouflon fur piece. In Buffalo, with all that soft coal! Why, even the richest of my aunts would not have dreamed of such an extravagance as a white fur! Aunt Daisy explained this to me in tones of gentle reproach, her bosom heaving with emotion which made the diamond-and-emerald frog and the sapphire-and-diamond lizard on her chest leap in unison. Aunt Daisy had lovely jewels. She had a diamond sunburst as large as a silver dollar, so naturally I took everything she said very seriously. That woman had accomplished something. But I am getting ahead of my story.

The first two weeks were spent with Uncle Joseph and Aunt Ella. Never will I forget the triumph in Aunt Ella's eyes when a pimply faced boy, a neighbor's son, asked me out for a buggy ride; nor her half-guilty attitude in allowing me to go alone, nor her tenderly inquiring looks when I returned. To wear on this drive, she had lent me a muff and her best matinée hat—a cute little thing no larger than a cart wheel, trimmed with pink and black willow plumes. She gave card parties for me where real chicken salad was served, in order that the invited ladies would in turn serve chicken salad at card parties for me. These festivities were not fruitful in any other fashion, but then, nobody, including herself, had considered Uncle Joseph's house as anything but a start.

Two weeks of probation on the outskirts of the family decided the other relatives that they would each take a turn at me and see what could be done. I was rather loud in my dress, and considered radical in my ideas, because I once suggested that I would like to work at something to help out my parents. But I wasn't exactly as hopelessly brassy as might have been expected of Elinor's daughter who had been raised in New York. True, I used cold cream to clean my face. A nasty habit, which I might be broken of, along with my putting a little talcum powder on top of it to remove the shine. But before things went too far I ought to be settled. That was the unanimous if unspoken verdict of the wealthy members, and they acted accordingly.

The first step was an invitation to visit with Aunt Lily, whose husband she had married to reform, and who remained, alas, a noted lover of horses, although this was mentioned only under painful necessity. It was this uncle-in-law, Edward, a hearty soul, supposed to somewhat resemble the English king in manner and habit, who suggested to his wife that she have me.

"Nina's quite some kid," he is reported to have said evilly. "Let's give her a chance to feel her oats a little among the real high-steppers."

And my aunt, who virtuously submitted to her husband in all things—for wasn't it his house and his money?—acquiesced.

So it was that I took timid possession of Aunt Lily's

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Long After the Rest of Gracie's Crowd Had Wearied of Our Melodies, Schuchard Would Sing On and On

FRANCE FINDS HERSELF

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

THERE is a widespread delusion that the European war ended for France with the signing of the Armistice. Such, however, was not the case. The bloodless battle of the franc was as menacing to her fiscal security as actual combat to physical safety and territorial integrity.

The long struggle is now ended so far as the precariousness of French politics permits. The nation has emerged from near bankruptcy. *De facto* stabilization of the currency, backed by the second largest gold reserve in the world and a revitalized industry, means actual stabilization in everything but name.

The renaissance of the franc is probably the most stirring event in the checkered annals of European money since the close of the war. Other currencies, notably German, struggled through immense dislocation to normalcy, but they were not accompanied by the succession of acute political crises that beset the return of the French symbol of exchange.

Today the drama of French rehabilitation can be unfolded in detail not only as a striking chapter of contemporary history but also as a part of the larger European comeback. Amid the welter of mark depreciation Germany stood more than once at the crossroads of her destiny, but she never got quite so near the brink of complete disaster as did France in that fateful summer of 1926, when all hope seemed abandoned and national receivership was at hand.

Happily for France, a man arose embodying the qualities of courage and leadership out of which faith is reborn. That man was Raymond Poincaré. The wartime president became premier and finance minister in an emergency no less destructive in its way than the perilous period when the German invader was at the gate. He turned catastrophe into regeneration. Under him the French mounted once more the heights of confidence even as they rose to the peaks of sacrifice in the war.

French Bringing Their Gold to the Bank of France

Reason Supersedes Hysteria

WITH new financial armament, so to speak, has come a phase of mental disarmament. So long as the franc sank deeper into the dumps, hostility to America grew in proportion and with it aversion to debt settlement. The moment stabilization developed, the attitude changed. Unofficially and without waiting for ratification of the Mellon-Berenger agreement, France has already paid two installments of $10,000,000 each on her obligations to the United States, and they have been accepted without prejudice. I cite this episode to show that a considerable part of the French financial debacle was more mental than actual; and further, that throughout the period of recrimination against us her resources, and therefore her capacity to pay, remained unimpaired. The actual equity behind the France of yesterday and the France of today is the same.

To this new mood regarding us Colonel Lindbergh made a large contribution, although the turn in sentiment had come before his descent upon the field of Le Bourget. This is no depreciation of the others who later took the long aerial trail. Lindbergh flew first and alone. His coming brought the Stars and Stripes back to the boulevards amid a frenzy of acclaim.

The romance and hazard of Lindbergh's high adventure stirred the French imagination as no other event since the war. His well-nigh incredible modesty was a rebuke to the charge of inflated materialism so long held against us abroad. His refusal to commercialize the historic flight also made a deep impression. People of all classes united in a common adoration of him. When I went to see Poincaré, for example, he consumed a considerable part of the time he gave me in praise of Lindbergh and appreciation of a signed photograph of him which he had just received.

A direct result of the French about-face with regard to the United States is the proposed peace pact between the two nations. It does not commit us to an entangling alliance, but makes for an accord that can lead only to closer economic ties. It means that with relief from exasperating financial complications the French world outlook has undergone a change. Reason supersedes hysteria. The new favored-nation commercial treaty with Germany is only one of many instances that I could mention. Reduction of the Army of Occupation on the Rhine is another.

Just as the German industrial revolution which I described in the preceding article rounds out the complete span of recuperation in the Reich, so does the consolidation of the Poincaré financial policy encompass a cycle in French restoration. With each country it is now possible to make a dispassionate appraisal of recovery.

Premier Poincaré. His Smile Reflects French Financial Optimism

The Bloc System

ALMOST needless to say, whatever befalls France fiscally has a deep interest for the United States. Our investment stake there is less than in Germany, to be sure, and our trade relations do not approach those with the Germans. To offset this is the French debt of $4,000,000,000 to the United States, which is owed to the whole American people. This fact is gradually soaking into the French consciousness and may be construed as a factor favorable to ultimate settlement.

Clearly to envisage the miracle of the franc, as it has been well termed, you must at the outset comprehend the two chronic obstacles to French national progress. One is the familiar curse of politics, which has almost invariably placed selfish party interests above popular welfare and infected every public office from provincial prefect to the premiership of the republic. Its reflex is in persistent ministerial instability. The other is in the defects of the antiquated financial system, especially the budget end. Of these two evils politics is by far the greater.

At the root of the debacle which last year plunged France into almost complete chaos lay a blind partisanship made possible by the existing parliamentary system. This same process, or rather the abuse of it, led to the dictatorships in Italy, Spain and Poland.

The system is all right when there are only two major parties, as obtains in England. When parties become numerous, as is the case in France, the inevitable bloc plan arises to impede legislation and make a job or a jest out of every public interest. It was the pernicious employment of bloc alignment that handicapped the efforts of every French premier and minister of finance who sought to bring about a reform in taxation—the one remedy for the deficits that choked off financial recovery.

Linked with the parliamentary system is the peculiar procedure of French administration. Unlike the United States, the president of France is a figurehead. He adorns public occasions, bestows medals and greets visiting personages. Real executive power is vested in the premier and the cabinet, who are also members of parliament. They occupy their positions in many instances solely because they happen to be heads of political groups.

Hence governments fall, as the phrase goes, through the most trifling question that may bring about what is called a vote of confidence. This explains why France had nearly half a dozen different governments during the crisis that led to the revalorization of the franc. Poincaré's achievement does not rest upon factional triumph, but because he was capable of coördinating the warring political units.

President Doumergue Riding in State Through Paris

It naturally followed that in France the budget has been the plaything of politicians and too often a piece of fiscal claptrap. A balance has been anything but a real distinction between revenue and expenditure. If the taxation item seemed too large, a bloc refused assent because of political expediency with the voters back home. The deficit therefore had to be made up some other way. Jugglery in bookkeeping reached its apotheosis. Nothing was easier than to follow the line of least resistance with inflation.

In no other country, perhaps, has the budget been so continuously the football of politics. One reason is that the nation, in the main, had drawn its fiscal sustenance from monthly provisional credits which had to be supplemented with special estimates. This opened the door for concealment of vast and sometimes reckless expenditure. Public money was really rationed, often under duress. All this was bad enough, but a worse feature was the delay in voting approval of the budget. Since recovery it has been repeatedly pointed out that the budget has been voted in proper season only eight times in all the years between the Third Republic and the present time. Moreover, the Bank of France was handicapped by obsolete regulations. Among other things, it was not permitted to buy foreign exchange.

You can now see why every effort to put France on her financial feet was doomed to failure almost before it started. A third reason for the impasse which brought Poincaré to the fore was the optimistic illusions born with peace. In the same way that during the great struggle the Germans declaimed "The Allies will pay," the French believed with victory that reparations would automatically bring a flood of gold from the enemy country to fill the depleted coffers. But reparations, as everybody knows, proved to be a costly tangle complicated by eternal French politics on the one hand and Teutonic stubbornness on the other. The way to ultimate redress was long, bitter and hard. Meanwhile France needed money, and the only way she could get it was to keep the printing presses going all the time. Inflation, with its attendant depreciation, was the result.

André Tardieu, a Potential Premier of France

In Search of a Goat

SO MUCH for the underlying reasons for the crisis. The necessity for financial readjustment was apparent in 1924, but it was not until 1926 that disaster really began to loom. The direct cause was a growing lack of confidence in the franc, which had gradually slumped. This decline was not due, as the French politicians proclaimed so blatantly last year, to the burden of the debts to America and England, but largely to the fact that many Frenchmen in public and private life sold their currency short.

The inevitable flight from the franc began. As in Germany, an orgy of spending began. The wealthier class sent their holdings out of the country. Expatriation of capital continued until last winter. The failure of the Caillaux debt negotiations at Washington heightened the depression and gave the franc an additional shove down the toboggan.

Meanwhile budget deficits piled up. In 1925 it was necessary to raise the legal note issue three times. France found herself with a circulation of 55,000,000,000 paper francs as against 6,000,000,000 gold francs in 1918.

Through all this turmoil governments came and went, each weaker and more inept than its predecessor. Now came into being what was facetiously called the Prime Ministers' Club. France had so many premiers and in such swift succession that the populace almost had to consult a newspaper to see who was at the helm. A daily query was "Who is the current Finance Minister?" The veteran Briand was the one sure-fire prop in emergencies. During these hectic times he rounded out his ninth experience as head of the government.

The trouble was not so much with the gallery of premiers as with the finance ministers. They were utterly incapable of dealing with the situation, mainly because of political obligations and entanglements. As a last resort, Caillaux, long regarded as a financial miracle man, was called in. His old magic was gone and he failed like all the rest. Through all the financial turmoil the senators and deputies did nothing but argue or play politics. As someone has well said, "They lost themselves in a labyrinth of talk."

Midsummer of 1926 registered ebb tide. Panic-stricken investors dumped short-term securities on the government faster than they could be taken up. The floating debt became a sea of trouble. What is not generally known is the astounding fact that in this most tragic period of modern French financial history the treasury balance with the Bank of France fell to less than 10,000,000 francs. At par the franc is worth about twenty cents. Amid an orgy of selling it went to fifty to the dollar, the lowest level it had yet registered. Everywhere in the republic was the conviction that national bankruptcy impended. Incidentally, the Mellon-Berenger debt agreement was held above the heads of the populace to confuse the issue. Its sixty-two-year vista of payments further terrified the French mind.

In such times as these a people usually seek an alibi for their misfortunes. They want a goat and almost invariably this goat is an innocent bystander. So with the French in their financial extremity. They nominated the United States as the source of their troubles, quite ignoring the fact that at the very moment the franc stood at fifty to the dollar, their earning power, their habit of thrift, their capacity for work and their entire national resource were no less reduced than in this present hour of hope, solvency and confidence. As I have already indicated, the underlying cause was mental.

At the Helm for a Day

AS A RESULT of the panic state of mind, anti-Americanism developed. Tourists were insulted and there was widespread press abuse of our debt attitude. We were suddenly conceived of as a nation of Shylocks ruthlessly trying to gouge France while she hovered on the brink of fiscal collapse.

A final complication grew out of a strong radical movement entrenched in the Chamber of Deputies. Communism always thrives on unrest, and France was a hotbed of political and fiscal turmoil. To inflation was added the possibility of a capital levy. Big business rose up to defy it and the class issue threatened.

The dark hour found its light in Poincaré. The final episode that projected him into the new authority was typical of the tumult that had plunged the republic into such costly confusion. Herriot had hurled the Briand government down and assumed the premiership, only to have his ministry survive a bare twenty-four hours. France wabbled rudderless, while the people, for once, rallied against the political dissension that had brought them to such a pass.

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An Ovation to Colonel Lindbergh at a Paris Automobile Factory

THE KIND WOMEN LIKE

"Oh, Male"—a Musical Giggle
Floated Over the Quiet Lake—
"You Simply Slay Me!"

By DAY EDGAR

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

BECAUSE tradition had for the past ten months denied him the use of white trousers, Mr. Malcom Mott, as he closed the door of his study, could not help feeling a trifle self-conscious. And yet his flannels were, he knew, perfect in their creamy, sophisticated fullness—as perfect as his brown tweed coat or the yellow-saddled sport shoes now carrying him soundlessly down the dim stairway. The landing below was flooded with dazzling sunshine; and here Mr. Mott, framed in a Gothic doorway, stopped and looked out upon the world.

The noonday sun spread brilliant light over wide green lawns; tall trees stirred in the wind with a pleasantly liquid murmur; and from a distant part of the campus drifted the music of brass bands, a lively blended music that filled the June air with a spirit of carnival. But Mr. Mott, stepping down to the gravel path, gave exit to a large sigh of distress.

He cut across a level area of grass and approached a dormitory whose walls of mellowed brick were almost wholly covered by glistening ivy. In other times of trouble he had similarly turned his steps toward this building; for here, in a room on the ground floor, lived Stumpy Frothingham, a somewhat older cousin in whom Mott had found a sage adviser and a faithful friend. The friendly door stood open now and he discovered Frothingham resting in an easy-chair, his plump hands holding a motion-picture magazine which he lowered as Mott came into the study.

"Where's the hearse?" he asked cheerfully. But Mott slumped into a chair and expelled another gusty sigh.

"Gosh, Stumpy, but I've got the blues!"

Over Frothingham's rounded features there came at once an expression of concern, and his eyes, while he dropped the magazine to the floor, anxiously studied his cousin's face.

"You mean about Anita?" he asked. "I saw you watching her at the dinner party last night, but I didn't know things had gone this far."

"She certainly is a beautiful girl," said Mott morosely.

"That's no reason for feeling sunk, Male," Frothingham pointed out. "Did you prove anything on the rumble seat?"

Mott shook his head. He experienced no pleasure at this reminder of the drive on the previous night—a drive during which Stumpy Frothingham had sat up front with the young lady who owned the runabout, while Malcom Mott, on his third of the rumble seat, had passed the most depressing two hours of his nineteen years.

"I didn't get a chance," he said. "Bill Crawford kept her laughing the whole trip. Couldn't you hear her up front?"

"Well," explained Frothingham modestly, "there was a good deal of giggling going on up there too."

"You've got to hand it to Crawford," interrupted Mott, in a grudging tone. "He's one smooth proposition—has a wise-crack ready for everything. I thought some of 'em were pretty old, but they all went over big with Anita."

Anita

"She'd laugh anyway, of course," said Frothingham calmly. "Didn't your stuff rate just as much applause?"

"I didn't try any."

Frothingham regarded him with a puzzled frown. "You sat back there all that time and never chirped once?"

"What chance would I have against a senior?" protested Mott. Frothingham's eyes narrowed and he looked mysteriously at his cousin.

"Nevertheless," he said, enunciating slowly, dramatically, "you can take that girl away from Crawford."

"I can?" asked Mott, sitting erect.

"You can, if you follow the right tactics."

"What do you mean?" Mott insisted; and Frothingham, visibly pleased by the effect his words had produced, lit a cigarette, settled back in his chair and explained about women. The whole secret, he pointed out, lay in the attitude of the male. The average man made the mistake of being polite to women, sending them flowers and presents, looking up to them and trying to please their vanity. Whereas the effective attitude for the man, Frothingham's dissertation made clear, was one of masterfulness tinged at times with something approaching brutality.

"I'll never forget the first time I worked it," he said. "I was up at Lake Placid during mid-year vacation, and there was a stunner there from Poughkeepsie. She was one of these tall, stuck-up queens with her black hair slicked down over her ears—you know the type—and so frosty that if you jabbed her with a pin she'd 've bled ice water. All the fellows were afraid of her and she high-hatted the whole crowd—until one day I got her alone." He paused while a cruel smile played across his buxom features. "Well, sir, I talked to her like a football coach between the halves. It sort of makes me ashamed even now to think how I browbeat that woman."

"And what happened?" asked Mott, when the other paused tantalizingly.

"She crawled at my feet like a whipped dog," said Frothingham quietly. "You see, there was just one thing troubling that girl: She wanted a master; and she got one, my boy, when she met me!"

"Gosh!" breathed Mott, to whom new vistas had begun to open. "Does it always affect 'em like that?"

Frothingham nodded emphatically. "And the reason," he explained, "is because it all goes back to nature. A woman never picks the man; it's the man that picks her."

"I don't know about that," said Mott doubtfully. "I was reading the other day where Bernard Shaw says women are really the ones ——"

"Hell, what's Shaw know about it?" interrupted Frothingham scornfully. "I took that course in English myself, and Shaw's dope about women really being the pursuer is all hooey. Aren't you always hearing that a woman can never make up her mind? Well, that's just it—the man makes it up for her. I suppose it's because women don't look ahead the way us men have to. Or maybe," he added

thoughtfully, "it's because a man is always more grown-up than a girl of the same age."

"Yes," agreed Mott shrewdly, "I've noticed that."

"But no matter what the reason is," Frothingham continued, "it's an absolute fact that every woman likes to be mastered. It takes real courage, I'll admit, but the man that's got the nerve to show her who's boss can land any girl he goes after."

For a time the two were silent; and while the sound of distant brass bands floated in through the open casement Malcom Mott stared at the red rug in front of his feet.

"Stumpy," he began, looking up, "that must be why some fellows go over so big with the girls. I don't mean handsome fellows, but some of the wet drips that make you wonder how the devil they get by." Frothingham removed the cigarette from his mouth.

"Of course you got to remember," he said composedly, "that there's a special class of men that women just naturally like."

"There is?" asked Mott, looking in astonishment at the oracle. "How can you tell 'em?"

"You can't," said Frothingham promptly. "There's no explanation. For instance, Lee Barber's got looks, but he's not the kind. Sax Witherspoon has the smoothest line of gossip on this campus, but he's not the kind. I've been accused of having the old sex appeal pretty potent"—he watched his stubby finger flip the ash from his cigarette—"and yet I'm not the kind, either. There's not many such men, but nothing they do is wrong. They don't have to follow any special tactics with women because they just happen to be the kind women like."

"Would you say Bill Crawford's the kind?"

"Crawford's smooth and good-looking," replied Frothingham, "but still he's not the kind, either."

A slight relief filtered through Mott's dense unhappiness; in his mind's vision he dwelt wistfully upon a pretty face with blue eyes that were bright and restless. If only that pair of eyes would settle admiringly upon him he felt that he would gladly forfeit all the other girls in the world.

"But the thing for you to remember," Frothingham was saying, "is what I've been telling you."

"You mean I ought to ——"

"I mean if you're masterful with Anita," Frothingham announced, "you can have her sitting up and begging in no time." Mott's fists, as he rose, clenched convulsively.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed in blended hope, fear, doubt, determination. "And today's my last chance!"

"Why is it?" Frothingham asked.

"She's starting home tomorrow."

"Rats," remarked Frothingham calmly. "Why do you suppose Ethel invited her to spend the week-end here? Why do you suppose she gave her that dinner party last night? So Anita could meet some college men, you boob, and get a bid to the prom!"

Mott stared at his cousin. "Do you think she'd go with me, Stumpy? I'll ask her at the game this afternoon; I'll ask her the first ——" He stopped, disconcerted by the scornful expression on the face of the man in the easy-chair.

"There you go," complained Frothingham disgustedly. "Ask her? Make her stay!" he shouted, bringing his fist down on the chair arm. "Tell her she's going to that prom—and going with you!"

"I see," said Mott slowly; and from afar there came a burst of music like the call to battle.

II

THE runabout, shiny and impressively nickeled, stood in the graveled drive; beside it stood Malcom Mott. Eagerly he raised his eyes to the colonial porch as two girls emerged from the big white doorway. Mott, oblivious to the hostess, saw only the week-end guest—saw how beautiful her face was, snugly framed by a hat of brightest red; saw how graceful her slender body was in a dress, equally red, that reached just to her pretty, rounded knees; saw how gracefully animated her movements were as she pointed at the car and whirled to her hostess.

"Oh, Ethel!" she cried. "Let's put the top down. I think it's divine to ride with the top down!"

Ethel, descending the steps, nodded agreeably. "All right," she said; and presently, having lowered the top with Mott's assistance, she slid beneath the wheel. His hand on the open door, Mott turned deferentially to the young lady in red.

"Do you want to get in next, Anita?" he asked. "Or shall I sit in the middle?"

Her right hand made a little shooing gesture. "You next," she ordered, and he hastily clambered in. The car swung slowly out the curving drive, sped along shady suburban avenues and a few minutes later was moving at a turtle's pace amid sustained bustle and uproar.

But He Saw Her—Saw Her, Clad in Lacy Green, as She Danced by in Bill Crawford's Arms

The main street of the town, bordered on one side by the campus, on the other by shops that served the undergraduates, was crowded with cars, pedestrians and with an occasional beribboned float, one of which held the place in line just in front of Ethel's runabout. It was an open flat-bodied motor truck bearing a steam calliope painted gold and circus red. At the keyboard labored a solemn middle-aged alumnus garbed as a toreador; and now, above the shouting and the tumult, rose, in shrill melodious toots, the university's rallying song:

Going back, going back,
From all this earthly ball,
We'll clear the track as we go back ——

Without interrupting his playing the toreador raised his head and allowed his bored gaze to wander. He saw the runabout and his glance rested upon Anita, whose lips were parted and whose blue eyes sparkled with excitement. Bowing with infinite ceremony, he steadily ogled her while he finished the rallying song and slipped, without pause, into another tune:

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ——

Near-by paraders, following the toreador's undeviating stare, observed the pretty face in the runabout. Some smiled broadly and one gave a wordless shout of approval. At this Anita, seeming suddenly embarrassed, relieved her self-consciousness with a giggle.

"He simply slays me," she murmured gleefully, lowering her eyes while a change in the traffic carried away the toreador and his calliope. The runabout continued to creep forward and stop by turns until, at last, Ethel found an unoccupied space in a row of cars parked along a side street. A minute later the three, their elbows linked, were walking rapidly past a towering, half-built chapel toward the front of the campus.

The place they approached was an expansive lawn above which elm trees spread leafy branches; but now, instead of a peaceful grove, these branches hung over a scene of camaraderie, confused and colorful. For alumni, gathered in their annual reunion, milled around in a dazzling variety of costume. Chinese coolies, attired in holiday blue and yellow, mingled with white-clad sailors who rakishly tilted their hats; Mexicans in sombreros borrowed cigarettes from Confederate soldiers; an artist lost his béret and set his blue smock flowing in the breeze as he darted across the lawn to greet a friend garbed in the snowy apron and starched hat of a French chef.

"It's just too divine for words!" exclaimed Anita, viewing the riot into which they were moving. They pressed forward until they stood near the high ornamental iron fence at the front of the campus. Here Mott, whose interest did not extend to the alumni, observed that Anita continually raised herself on tiptoe for a better view; he also

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"It Sort of Makes Me Ashamed Even Now to Think How I Browbeat That Woman"

SEVENTH 'LEVEN

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

BOX cars!" snarled Pernicious Smith, and retired from the game, a sadder but not a wiser man.

The other players viewed Mr. Smith's withdrawal with vast satisfaction. Pernicious was a stranger to Birmingham, and a thoroughly unpopular one. He had jimmied his way into this very exclusive dice game and proceeded to inform the universe just how deft he was with the ivory cubes.

Immediately thereafter he had attempted to breast a storm of ill luck such as no colored person in the city remembered having witnessed before. Double sixes haunted him. A meager accumulation of currency flowed from his possession into the pockets of the other players, and through the flood of disaster Pernicious howled and raved and swore that he was the best dice manipulator in the world.

Having been divorced from his ultimate nickel, the players pointedly suggested that Mr. Smith's place was in the dim background. Pernicious made a few derogatory remarks and retired from the magic circle, and in the rear came upon a slim and elegant figure.

Florian Slappey's disgust at his own ill luck was tempered somewhat by satisfaction at the disaster which had overtaken Pernicious Smith. Mr. Slappey had dropped in casually, en-route to a formal dance at the home of Lawyer and Mrs. Evans Chew. The click of ivory, the tinkle of silver money and the sight of much currency had conspired to afflict him with the gambling itch. He horned into the circle of players, hazarded a dollar, won, and shot the two. Then he lost.

But he had been trapped. And now, a brief half hour later, Florian Slappey stood back cursing his luck and nursing a single silver dollar—all that remained to him of the considerable money which had been in his pockets at the commencement of the evening.

Despite the gloom that sat largely upon Mr. Slappey's countenance, he was an impressive figure. He was garbed in faultless dinner dress. His collar and shirt front gleamed, his coat and trousers were creased to razor edge. A black ribbon spanned his shirt front and a large white flower smiled from the lapel of his coat. His socks were of sheerest silk and his patent-leather dancing pumps glittered. On his rather small head was a silk hat and he carried a whippy little Malacca cane.

Pernicious Smith, ranging forlornly beside Mr. Slappey, was a distinct contrast. Mr. Smith was far from a sartorial delight. He wore a frayed shirt which was open at the throat, threadbare trousers, no socks, and a pair of dilapidated brogans.

He was nearly twice Mr. Slappey's size; a huge, well-muscled man with pugnacious jaw and small, glittery eyes. He emitted a stream of vituperation which had to do directly with his luck and indirectly with the players who had absorbed his last dollar.

"You Gits My Deep an' Hotfelt Thanks, Florian. An' Now, Ise Got to be Goin', on Account ——"

"Ise right, Brother Slappey," he mourned. "Ise right tonight, but I didn't git no chance to show it."

"Shuh! Was you righter, you'd be in a poorhouse."

"Man, you don't know nothin' an' you talks about it constant. I was born with a pair of dices in my mouf. I eats nachels fo' breakfas' an' converses with my dice at dinner."

"They sho th'owed you down tonight."

The game was waxing lively. Keefe Gaines, the genial undertaker, was rolling a hot hand. He had made six successive passes and pyramided his original stake. Pernicious Smith's mouth watered.

"Look at that, Florian. Tha's the way I usually shoots all the time."

"Was I as lucky as you claims," sneered Mr. Slappey, "I'd buy myse'f a new pair of pants."

"Pants is nunconsequential. Besides, it di'n't seem to me that you shot so good."

"I was rotten. Dice ain't my meat. Ise a poker houn'."

"Tha's a dude's game. Craps is fo' men." The face of Pernicious Smith took on a pleading expression. "If I on'y had one mo' dollar. Honest, Florian, I never was mo' right in my life. I feel it all over. My fingers is itchin' to roll them bones again."

He eyed Mr. Slappey speculatively, but that gentleman seemed colossally uninterested. Pernicious probed into his pants pocket and produced a pair of dice. He rattled these insinuatingly in a large, horny paw. He rolled them out on a near-by table with an expert twist of the wrist.

"'Leven!" exulted Pernicious. "Didn't I tell you I was right, Florian?"

Mr. Slappey nodded without particular interest. Pernicious picked up the bones and rolled them once again.

"'Leven repeats! Two nachels in a row. Florian, I would win a millium dollars if I had a stake."

"Hmph! What's nachels?"

Pernicious flung the dice. A six-four showed.

"Ten-shun! Now watch." He threw a five; then a four. The next roll disclosed a pair of fives. "Ain't that correck, Brother Slappey? I asks you. There's th'ee passes. An' just cast yo' eyes on this!" The bones clicked across the table and came to rest with the four-trey uppermost.

"Hot ziggity dam!" ejaculated Florian, impressed in spite of himself. "You sholy has got them dices dancin' to yo' chune."

"Man! You ain't even speakin' half the troof. If I on'y had one measly dollar." His hand opened again and the dice danced out to exhibit a five-deuce. "Five passes. . . . Loaned me some money, Florian."

"Nos-suh."

"Look! Nine's my point. If I buck it, does you stake me? I splits all winnin's fifty-fifty with you."

"You cain't buck no nine."

"Hmph! Watch! Yonder's a trey-deuce. C'mon, Nina. Five-ace! Gimme a five-four! An' yonder she is, Florian! Five-four! Six straight passes. Leave me have a li'l' cash. I crave to git back in that game an' show them fellers that Pernicious Smith ain't to be treaded on."

Florian was impressed, but uncertain. "You sho has been hot, Pernicious. But I ain't got on'y one dollar."

"Loaned me that. I wins all the money in the game an' splits even with you."

"No-o-o."

"Aw! C'mon. S'pose you lose. 'Tain't on'y a dollar. An' if you win ——"

"I got to go," announced Florian hurriedly. "A'ready Ise late fo' the dance at Lawyer Chew's house." He turned away, but the hamlike hand of Mr. Smith wrapped around his slender forearm.

"Please, Brother Slappey. A good sport like you woul'n't keep a feller fum gittin' rich all on account of one dollar, would he? An' think of all you git ——"

"If I could stay ——"

"Just leave me that dollar. An' tomorrow mawnin' I comes to you with a couple hund'ed. Florian, Ise so right this evenin', Ise plumb correck! I got all my bad luck out of my system. Money out yonder is just achin' to be took by me. Leave me have that dollar—please, Florian ——"

Mr. Slappey weakened. After all, a lone dollar was little more than a financial tantalizer. And Pernicious had given an exhibition of plain and fancy dice rolling which could not fail to impress so inveterate a lover of chance as Mr. Slappey. He placed the silver dollar in the avid hand of Mr. Smith. "Remember, Pernicious, us divides yo' winnin's fifty-fifty, if any."

"Sweet papa! Don't say no if anys, 'cause fum now on Brother Smith rides the injine of a rich freight. Just stick aroun' a minute, brother, an' listen to my toots!"

"Cain't do it, Pernicious. Anyhow, Ise a jinx."

Mr. Slappey departed, light of foot and pocket. Mentally, he kissed his dollar farewell and gave it not another thought. His brain turned toward the immediate future: The gala social affair at Lawyer Chew's residence, where terpsichorean activity was to be enjoyed to the tickling strains of Professor Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra.

Meanwhile, in the smoky, fetid room, Pernicious Smith shouldered his way into the magic circle which hovered tensely over the dancing cubes. He clutched Florian's dollar in his right hand and there was a glint in his eye. The other players glanced at him indifferently. It was a fast game and they considered Pernicious completely eliminated.

Five men remained in the game: There was Semore Mashby, the attenuated money lender, who knew just when to drag his winnings; Director Julius Cæsar Clump, of the Midnight Pictures Corporation; Opus Randall, ponderous star of the same organization; Keefe Gaines, the undertaker; and Percy Yeast, an elongated gentleman who was a pants presser by trade.

Clump shot, won, rode, got a point, and fell off. He handed the bones disconsolately to Percy Yeast, but Pernicious intercepted them.

"Shoots a dollar," he announced.

Opus Randall scrutinized him. "Thought you was broke, big boy."

"Was ain't is. I chances one berry."

The dollar struck the floor and Director Clump hastened to fade it.

Mr. Smith massaged his cranium with the dice, rattled them affectionately and prepared to shoot:

"Heah comes ol' man mis'ry. Heah comes the biggest ol' nachel Bumminham ever saw. Look out, fellers, 'cause when I completes passin' there won't even no almshouse take you to board."

He cast the dice with a side-arm gesture which sent them spinning across the rug. Pernicious followed them with his eyes.

"Ada fum Decatur! Yonder's my point, an' I makes eights fo' dinner ev'y day. Gimme them dices. Rattle-rattle-roll! Six it is. What comes 'tween six an' eight don't bother me. Four! Double up this time. Whang! Eight she is, an' I shoots the two dollars."

Again Cæsar Clump faded the bet.

"This time," prophesied the giant, "I ain't gwine worry with no points. Watch them cubicles. Zowie! 'Leven she is, an' I gambles the fo' dollars. Who fades'? You again, Mistuh Clump? Boy, you is plumb careless with yo' wealth! Listen at me, dices! I craves action—action I says! There they goes, an' stop at—hot dam! 'Leven repeats an' I shoots the eight bucks."

The other players were watching the inspired custodian of the dice. Pernicious grinned at them. "Better not fade me, pikers. Ise so hot I sizzles. I ain't even started rollin'. Tomorrow mawnin' I buys me a limmysine. Who furnishes the gas? Eight dollars, I shoots. You again, Clump? What you has got in yo' haid is foolishment."

The cubes rattled in his tremendous paw. He flung them through the air and they danced across the rug. "Seven! Third straight nachel. Sixteen dollars is mine an' I shoots it all. What crazy man fades the sixteen?"

"I do," snapped Clump. "That luck cain't keep on all night."

"Nope. Co'se it cain't. Ain't nobody gwine have no money to fade me with, time I finishes. Gather 'roun' an' git yo' spectacles on. Nine's my point. Big Nina! Rolls a Phœbe! They is sisters! Big Dick comes now! Keepin' 'em scattered, I is. Box cars! Twelve don't hurt me none an' Ise got it out of my system. An' yonder comes a six-trey and Mistuh Pernicious Smith lets the thirty-two dollars ride."

The others were crowding closer. "Boun' to fall off," muttered Semore Mashby. "I fades ——"

"You don't fade nothin'," snapped J. Cæsar Clump. "Ise suffocatin' with his heat an' I fades the thirty-two."

"Right you is," chuckled Pernicious. "Not so brainy, but a good sport. Heah comes a message fum the infernal regiums. Read that, Cæsar: Seven she is again, an' I shoots sixty-four dollars. What says you?"

Cæsar hesitated. He extracted his wallet and eyed it doubtfully. With horrid, reluctant deliberation, he produced three twenty-dollar bills and four ones. "You is faded, lucky."

"Thank you, Mistuh Director. Sorry you ain't lettin' none of yo' friends cumtribute. Stan' back an' listen to some mournful music. Dices, strut yo' stuff! Read 'em, Mistuh Clump. Seems like it says six-five. An' 'leven means that I shoots one hund'ed an' twenty-eight dollars. Any idjit cravin' to fade me?"

They glanced inquiringly at J. Cæsar Clump. That gentleman, distinctly limp and languid, was mopping at his mahogany forehead. He shook his head. "I know when Ise got enough," he announced. "Never seen nothin' like that feller."

"Ain't you talkin'! Ise the shootinest man what ever manicured a pair of dice. Who fades?" He glanced about the circle. But he did not have long to wait. The others were convinced that the run of luck was ended and each was eager to climb aboard the band wagon. Opus Randall faded seventy-five dollars; Percy Yeast took twenty-five and Keefe Gaines annexed the remaining twenty-eight as his share.

Semore Mashby was trembling. "What you gwine do if you wins this, Pernicious?"

"Shoot it all, skinny man! I aims to buy the Penny Prudential Bank buildin' tomorrow. Ise gwine make ev'y las' man of you resign fum the business of craps."

"If you win this roll," quivered Semore, "Ise gwine fade you on the next."

"Welcome, says I. An' now, customers, is you prepared to witness this big shot? 'Cause it's gwine be short an' sweet. Gimme room, air an' attention. 'Cause there they go, an' they read six-deuce. Ol' frien' Ada again. I prefers her this time in a double-fo', but is willin' to assept a five-trey. Watch close. Double deuce! Li'l' Joe! Six-fo'! An' whango! Read that six-deuce an' pay me. Mistuh Mashby, suh, I shoots the two hund'ed an' fifty-six dollars!"

There was an audible, awed intaking of breath. Pernicious Smith was riding high, wide and handsome, but there was no denying that he was a magnificent sport. Semore looked at the others.

"I takes all or nothin'," he announced.

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"I Rolls 'Em Par an' Pair," He Announced With Gusto

WINGS OF SONG

Bellosguardo, Caruso's Villa, Overlooking the City of Florence

THE STORY OF CARUSO

By Dorothy Caruso and Torrance Goddard

ON MAY 4, 1919, we sailed for Naples. The voyage was quiet and uneventful, so when the ship stopped for a few hours at Gibraltar I was glad to go ashore and stroll through the streets, looking in at the shop windows and enjoying to the full the privilege of being unnoticed and unknown. In one shop Enrico bought several hundred yards of pongee, which he said vaguely might be used for something, sometime. I know he had no definite idea of using it in any particular way, but, like the White Knight in Alice in Wonderland, he wanted to be prepared for anything. From Gibraltar we went on to Algiers, and again we wandered about the town in search of a coffeehouse that had been highly recommended to us. As we entered, the doorman glanced at us; at once his expression changed and he dashed forward. I knew our peace was at an end when he told us that he had been for some time the doorman of the Biltmore Hotel in New York. When we came out of the coffeehouse an hour later, a crowd had collected around the door and remnants of that crowd followed us from place to place all day until we returned to the ship.

At Naples we were met by Enrico's brother, Giovanni Caruso, his wife and two children and Enrico's stepmother, Donna Maria Castaldi. She had brought him up after his own mother's death, and had always shown him so much kindness that Enrico was devoted to her. As none of the family spoke English and I did not speak Italian, our greetings were confined to "nods and becks and wreathed smiles." They presented me with a bouquet of flowers and a set of corals. When Enrico saw these gifts he said, "Why do you spend your money so foolishly?" I thought of the bolts of pongee that had been filling every available space in our cabins and smiled to myself.

The Journey's End

WE SPENT only a day at the hotel in Naples, for Enrico was anxious to go on and meet his son, Enrico—or Mimmi, as his father called him. When we reached Genoa and found him waiting for us, I was embraced by a tall, handsome boy of fourteen, who, somewhat to my dismay, called me mother. With Mimmi was his governess, Miss Saer, who had brought him up and to whom, I am sure, he owed his perfect English and his beautiful manners. It was quite evident that Enrico was immensely proud of this son of his.

We made only one more stop, and that was in Pisa. We visited the Baptistery; and there to amuse himself, Enrico tried his voice. The church is famous for its echo and for the unusual length of time that elapses between the sound of the voice and its repetition. Enrico sang a few notes at a time and then listened with great interest as his own voice came singing back to him through the air. After Enrico's death I stopped there once while motoring, and the old guide recounted to me how Caruso had once come into the church and sung, and how he had said it was the only time that he had ever heard his own voice without the aid of a machine.

Caruso in Carmen. Above—In Forza del Destino, the First Opera in Which He Appeared After His Marriage

At last we approached the little town of Lastra a Signa and the end of our journey was in sight. Enrico's villa, Bellosguardo, stood high on a mountain overlooking the city of Florence. As we drove up the steep road the cypress trees stood intensely black against the sunset, and all about us hung the mountains of Tuscany, covered with the soft purple bloom of twilight. I thought happily that this lovely land was my adopted country, and that among her quiet hills I was going to pass my first Italian summer in peace and contentment.

Caruso, the Gentleman Farmer

WE ENTERED the park surrounding the villa and drove for fifteen minutes through tall sentinel trees that edged the road, until we reached the terrace of the house, where the *fattore*—steward—his wife and the house servants were waiting to receive us. The house was divided into two wings connected by a long gallery. At one end was the *fattoria*, where the head farmer, or steward, lived, and the other wing was the villa occupied by the owner. As it was still being repaired when we arrived, we were to stay for a few days in the *fattoria*. The floors of this old part of the house were of stone, the furniture of dark wood, simple and massive in its construction; the linens were coarse and unbleached and the china was heavy earthenware. We were served with good Italian food at a deal table under the grapevines. I would have been quite happy to have spent the rest of the summer alone with Enrico in that primitive household.

During the first few days I accompanied Enrico as he drove over the estate, which consisted of forty-seven farms. Since he had bought it from the Baron Pucci he

had added to the lands, built more houses for the peasants, improved the old ones and beautified the gardens and park. The house, which was formerly the Villa Campi, was four hundred years old. The new part was now the *fattoria*. The restoration of the house had been done with the greatest care, and every endeavor had been made to follow the original lines and plan of the building. Almost everything used on the estate was either made or raised on the farms. Besides fruits and vegetables, there were miles of olive groves and acres of vineyards. The lower part of the *fattoria* was filled with great vats of wine and kegs and bottles of oil. In another cellar were long shelves, reaching to the ceiling, where lay the bottled wines. Enrico had an arrangement with the farmers to work the farms on half shares—*mezzadria*. Most of the workers were peasants whose families had been on the land for generations.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF "LA [illegible]

Toscanini Conducting, by Caruso

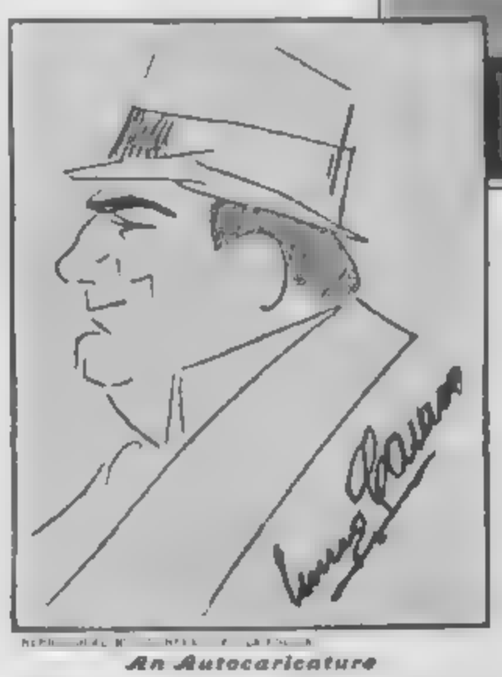
Singing Italy

ONE sunny day we walked through the meadows where the *contadini* were threshing. The best threshing machines had been sent from America, but they stood unused in the barns, their bright machinery covered with rust; the peasants clung to the old and familiar implements. The men swung scythes as they walked across the yellow fields, and in place of the rasp and whir of machinery one heard the music of soft Italian voices singing as they worked. Enrico asked me if I had noticed how much of the life in Italy was set to music. "Everyone sings, whether he is at work or at play or making love, because it is a natural expression of happiness and freedom. When they work they sing, because it frees the heart of the weariness that is put upon the arms and the legs and the back; when they are making love it bursts from their hearts and expresses their feelings better than words."

As I watched the workers under the hot June sunshine the scene was so beautiful it seemed as if it had been arranged as a stage setting. The swarthy smiling men with bright handkerchiefs about their heads, driving pairs of white oxen over the dark rich furrows, laughing and calling to one another, flourished their whips and sang. In another field men walked slowly across the meadow, singing as the grain fell in a golden pathway behind them. Under the trees a group of women rested; several of them lay full-length, and one leaned against a tree, nursing a baby.

The vivid colors in their caps and aprons, glowing under the dark tree shadows, the yellow grain that flowed like a river of gold almost to their feet, the white oxen plodding across the heavy blackness of the fields, and above all, the mountains that rose clad in purple to the summits, where little villages seemed to have spilled out of the tops and trickled down the sloping sides into the valley. And everywhere singing—the lusty tones of the men singing and bursting into occasional laughter, the soft crooning of the mother who was cradling her babe in her arms, the shrill voices of the girls lying on their backs, singing and giggling as the men swung by with the scythes. It was all one with the sunshine, the warm earth, the shimmering heat—it was Italy, free, unconsciously beautiful and poetic.

Those first days of wandering together over the farms were as blissful as I had imagined in my happiest dreams. Although Enrico had little to do with the actual running of the farms, he was kept informed of everything that went on by his superintendent, Martino. This man had been Enrico's valet for more than twenty years, and because he was entirely trustworthy he had been placed in charge of the estate during Enrico's long absences. He was so honest and good that one liked him at first sight.



An Autocaricature

One day when Enrico was calling on the mayor of Signa, I sought out Martino to have a talk with him. He could speak English, and I soon discovered that what he enjoyed talking about more than anything else was the time he had spent traveling with his master. We talked first of the war, for it was then only about six months after the Armistice. Martino shook his head sadly as he spoke of Germany's part in it. "They are such friendly people. I do not understand how they could go to war. But in Germany they loved the *commendatore*," he added, his face brightening. "Ah, I could tell you stories, *signora*."

"Oh, do, Martino!" I coaxed, and sat down beside him on the steps. He looked at me doubtfully. I could almost read his thoughts. Would this American girl appreciate a story of Caruso? I said, "You know, Martino, I love to hear anything about the *commendatore*—even the smallest thing. And you took such good care of him and were so close to him ——" I stopped, for the brown eyes were filling with tears. He took my hand and kissed it respectfully.

"And now you take care of him for all of us," he said, "and you like to hear about him, eh? Well, we were speaking about Germany. You know, there in that country they love music—yes, I can say it—as it is loved in no other country. They love food, but music is more to them than food. Even with the students you see eating so enormously in the beer gardens, this is true. Once in Berlin the students bought standing room to hear the *commendatore* sing. Oh, *Madonna mia!* What crowds there were that night! Even up to the dressing-room door they roll like waves, and when the house is full they overflow into the streets and nothing can pass by the opera house."

At East Hampton, July, 1920

A Roomful of Flowers

"WHILE the *commendatore* was singing, there came for him an immense horseshoe of flowers that took up all the dressing room, and I think to myself I must put it in the hall, which was already full of bouquets. At the moment I was moving it Caruso came from the stage, tired and excited as always after a performance, and he stopped to look at the card, which read: To the Greatest Singer, From the Students.

"'Let it stay,' he say, and begin to change his costume. So to help him I have to jump around that mountain of flowers whenever I move.

"Some gentleman come in at that moment and look at the card and say, 'Too bad, because the students did not hear you sing after all.'

"The *commendatore* stop smoking a cigarette. 'Why not?' he asks. 'Don't I sing loud enough?'

"'They didn't get into the opera house,' answered the gentleman.

"Caruso's dressing room opened onto the street, and there sounded so much noise out there that I went to push down the window, thinking he might be disturbed; but he stopped me, saying 'Martino, what is the noise?'

"Listening, I hear a sound like humming and people calling, so I raise the window and look out again, and there all the students are in the street. 'Those are the students,' I say, 'and I think they wait for you to come out.'

(Continued on Page 149)

The Entrance to the Park at Bellosguardo

MARACOT DEEP

By Arthur Conan Doyle

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"But He Was Running—Running With an Agility Which I Should Have Thought Impossible for a Man of His Habits"

III

WHEN I came to myself I could not at first imagine where I was. The events of the previous day were like some blurred nightmare, and I could not believe that I had to accept them as facts. I looked round in bewilderment at the large, bare, windowless room with drab-colored walls, at the lines of quivering purplish light which flowed along the cornices, at the scattered articles of furniture, and finally at the two other beds, from one of which came the high-pitched strident snore which I had learned aboard the Stratford to associate with Maracot. It was too grotesque to be true, and it was only when I fingered my bedcover and observed the curious woven material—the dried fibers of some sea plant—from which it was made that I was able to realize this inconceivable adventure which had befallen us. I was still pondering it when there came a loud explosion of laughter, and Bill Scanlan sat up in bed.

"'Mornin', bo!' he cried amid his chuckles.

"'You seem in good spirits,' said I rather testily. 'I can't see that we have much to laugh about.'

"'Well, I had a grouch on me the same as you when first I woke up,' he answered. 'Then came a real cute idea, and it was that that made me laugh.'

"'I could do with a laugh myself,' said I. 'What's the idea?'

"'Well, bo, I thought how durned funny it would have been if we had all tied ourselves onto that deep-sea line. I allow with those glass dinguses we could have kept breathing all right. Then when old man Howie looked over the side there would have been the whole bunch of us comin' up at him through the water. He would have figured that he had hooked us, sure. Gee, what a spiel!'

"Our united laughter woke the doctor, who sat up in bed with the same amazed expression upon his face which had previously been upon my own. I forgot our troubles as I listened in amusement to his disjointed comments, which alternated between ecstatic joy at the prospect of such a field of study and profound sorrow that he could never hope to convey his results to his scientific confreres of the earth. Finally he got back to the actual needs of the moment.

"'It is nine o'clock,' he said, looking at his watch. We all registered the same hour, but there was nothing to show if it was night or morning. 'We must keep our own calendar,' said Maracot; 'we descended upon October third. We reached this place on the evening of the same day. How long have we slept?'

"'My gosh, it may have been a month!' said Scanlan. 'I've not been so deep since Mickey Scott got me on the point in the six-round tryout at the works.'

"We dressed and washed, for every civilized convenience was at hand. The door, however, was fastened, and it was clear that we were prisoners for the time. In spite of the apparent absence of any ventilation, the atmosphere kept perfectly sweet, and we found that this was due to a current of air which came through small holes in the wall. There was some source of central heating, too, for though no stove was visible, the temperature was pleasantly warm. Presently I observed a knob upon one of the walls and pressed it. This was, as I expected, a bell, for the door instantly opened and a small dark man, dressed in a yellow robe, appeared in the aperture. He looked at us inquiringly, with large, brown, kindly eyes.

"'We are hungry,' said Maracot. 'Can you get us some food?'

"The man shook his head and smiled. It was clear that the words were incomprehensible to him. Scanlan tried his luck with a flow of American slang, which was received with the same blank smile. When, however, I opened my mouth and thrust my finger into it, our visitor nodded vigorously and hurried away.

"Ten minutes later the door opened and two of the yellow-clad attendants appeared, rolling a small table before them. Had we been at a first-class hotel we could not have had better fare. There was coffee, hot milk, rolls, delicious flatfish and honey. For half an hour we were far too busy to discuss what it was we ate or whence it was obtained. At the end of that time the two servants appeared once more, rolled out the table and closed the door carefully behind them.

"'I'm fair black and blue with pinching myself,' said Scanlan. 'Is this a pipe dream or what? Say, doc, you got us down here, and I guess it is up to you to tell us just how you size it all up.'

"The doctor shook his head. 'It is like a dream to me, also, but it is a glorious dream. What a story for the world if we could but get it to them!'

"'One thing is clear,' said I. 'There was certainly truth in this legend of Atlantis, and some of the folk have in a marvelous way managed to carry on.'

"'Well, even if they carried on,' cried Bill Scanlan, scratching his bullet head, 'I'm darned if I can understand how they could get air and fresh water and the rest. Maybe if that queer duck with the beard that we saw last night comes to give us a once-over, he will put us wise to it.'

"'How can he do that when we have no common language?'

"'Well, we shall use our own observation,' said Maracot. 'One thing I can already understand. I learned it from the honey at breakfast. That was clearly synthetic honey, such as we have already learned to make upon the earth. But if synthetic honey, why not synthetic coffee or flour? The molecules of the elements are like bricks, and these bricks lie all around us. We have only to learn how to pull out certain bricks—sometimes just a single brick—in order to make a fresh substance. Sugar becomes starch or either becomes alcohol just by a shifting of the bricks. What is it that shifts them? Heat—electricity—other things perhaps of which we know nothing. Some of them will shift themselves and radium becomes lead or uranium becomes radium without our touching them.'

"'You think then that they have an advanced chemistry?'

"'I'm sure of it. After all, there is no elemental brick which is not ready to their hands. Hydrogen and oxygen come readily from the sea water. There are nitrogen and carbon in those masses of sea vegetation, and there are phosphorus and calcium in the bathybic deposit. With skillful management and adequate knowledge, what is there which could not be produced?'

"The doctor had launched upon a chemical lecture, when the door opened and Manda entered, giving us a friendly greeting. There came with him the same old

gentleman of venerable appearance whom we had met the night before. He may have had a reputation for learning, for he tried several sentences, which were probably different languages, upon us, but all were equally unintelligible. Then he shrugged his shoulders and spoke to Manda, who gave an order to the two yellow-clad servants, still waiting at the door. They vanished, but returned presently with a curious screen, supported by two side posts. It was exactly like one of our cinema screens, but it was coated with some sparkling material which glittered in the light. This was placed against one of the walls. The old man then paced out very carefully a certain distance and marked it upon the floor. Standing at this point, he turned to Maracot and touched his forehead, pointing to the screen.

"'Clean dippy,' said Scanlan. 'Bats in the belfry.'

"Maracot shook his head to show that we were nonplused. So was the old man for a moment. An idea struck him, however, and he pointed to his own figure. Then he turned toward the screen, fixed his eyes upon it and seemed to concentrate his attention. In an instant a reflection of himself appeared on the screen before us. Then he pointed to us, and a moment later our own little group took the place of his image. It was not particularly like us. Scanlan looked like a comic Chinaman and Maracot like a decayed corpse, but it was clearly meant to be ourselves as we appeared in the eyes of the operator.

"'It's a reflection of thought!' I cried.

"'Exactly,' said Maracot. 'This is certainly a most marvelous invention, and yet it is but a combination of such telepathy and television as we dimly comprehend upon earth.'

"'I never thought I'd live to see myself in the movies, if that cheese-faced Chink is really meant for me,' said Scanlan. 'Say, if we could get all this news to the editor of the Ledger he'd cough up enough to keep me for life. We've sure got the goods if we could deliver them.'

"'That's the trouble,' said I. 'By George, we could stir the whole world if we could only get back to it! But what is he beckoning about?'

"'The old guy wants you to try your hand at it, doc.'

"Maracot took the place indicated, and his strong, clear-cut brain focused his picture to perfection. We saw an image of Manda, and then another one of the Stratford as we had left her.

"Both Manda and the old scientist nodded their great approval at the sight of the ship, and Manda made a sweeping gesture with his hands, pointing first to us and then to the screen.

"'To tell them all about it—that's the idea,' I cried. 'They want to know in pictures who we are and how we got here.'

"Maracot nodded to Manda to show that he understood, and had begun to throw an image of our voyage, when Manda held up his hand and stopped him. At an order the attendants removed the screen and the two Atlanteans beckoned that we should follow them.

"It was a huge building, and we proceeded down corridor after corridor until we came at last to a large hall with seats arranged in tiers like a lecture room. At one side was a broad screen of the same nature as that which we had seen. Facing it, there was assembled an audience of at least a thousand people, who set up a murmur of welcome as we entered. They were of both sexes and of all ages, the men dark and bearded, the women beautiful in youth and dignified in age. We had little time to observe them, for we were led to seats in the front row, and Maracot was then placed on a stand opposite the screen, the lights were in some fashion turned down and he had the signal to begin.

"And excellently well he played his part. We first saw our vessel sailing forth from the Thames, and a buzz of excitement went up from the tense audience at this authentic glimpse of a real modern city. Then a map appeared which marked her course. Then was seen the steel shell with its fittings, which was greeted with a murmur of recognition. We saw ourselves once more descending and reaching the edge of the abyss. Then came the appearance of the monster who had wrecked us. 'Marax! Marax!' cried the people, as the beast appeared. It was clear that they had learned to know and to fear it. There was a terrified hush as the creature fumbled with our hawser, and a groan of horror as the wires parted and we dropped into the gulf. In a month of explanation we could not have made our plight so clear as in that half hour of visible demonstration.

"As the audience broke up they showered every sign of sympathy upon us, crowding round us and patting our backs to show that we were welcome. We were presented in turn to some of the chiefs, but the chieftainship seemed to lie in wisdom alone, for all appeared to be on the same social scale and were dressed in much the same way. The men wore tunics of a saffron color, coming down to the knees, with belts and high boots of a scaly tough material which must have been the hide of some sea beast. The women were beautifully draped in classical style, their flowing robes, of every tint of pink and blue and green, ornamented with clusters of pearl or opalescent sheets of shell. Many of them were lovely beyond any earthly comparison.

"There was one —— But why should I mix my private feelings up with this public narrative? Let me say only that Mona is the only daughter of Scarpa, one of the leaders of the people, and that from that first day of meeting I read in her dark eyes a message of sympathy and of understanding which went home to my heart, as my gratitude and admiration may have gone to hers. I need not say more at present about this exquisite lady. Suffice it that a new and strong influence had come into my life.

(Continued on Page 120

"A Moving Patch Appeared in Front of Us, Which Broke Up as We Approached It Into a Crowd of Men, Each in His Vitrine Enselope, Who Were Dragging Behind Them Broad Sledges Heaped With Coal"

THE ALTERNATE

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY R. FALLEN COLEMAN

PAULA had only an upper berth for a refuge, and she could not avail herself even of that until the lady from Bluestone, who had the lower one, should decide that it was bedtime. So there was nothing to do except to sit close to the glittering, night-blackened window, riding along backward and trying to keep her feet off the tipsy clutter of the other woman's luggage which lay on the floor between the two seats. Paula kept her eyes firmly on her magazine, for she knew that the moment she looked up her companion would be upon her again like a conversational wolf. It was not that Paula was commonly unsociable, but already they had discussed many things, and thirty-six hours of sharing this section were still ahead. There would have to be some respite and Paula felt that it was time to set a precedent for it. Somehow she had failed to picture this journey as it actually would be, when she had decided to take the special train with the other delegates to the national convention. She had imagined that the trip would be like other transcontinental ones she had taken, a quiet business of keeping to herself when she wished, now and then meeting important politicians and talking with them perhaps, but going at her pleasure into that comfortable lethargy of travel which she always enjoyed. She was beginning to see how badly she had miscalculated. For most of the delegates, men and women, the party had already begun, but it was a divided party. The men were having one of their own in the smokers and club car, and the women in these two crowded Pullmans were kept by themselves as strictly as if their virtue depended on it.

It seemed a long month to Paula since she had first taken up that slogan of "practical politics" and Vernon Culver, coming to dinner one night, had suggested that she go to the national convention as a delegate. This apparently was practical politics that she was in for now, this hot jumble of women who seemed to be as naïve about travel as they were about conventions, who wore stupid hats that didn't fit their heads, and large florid badges, and acted like schoolgirls on a holiday, though they were all well on into middle age except herself. Paula wasn't at all sure that she was going to like practical politics. She had been growing steadily less sure ever since she had been defeated at the state convention.

The fat brown suitcase on the floor was being opened again. It had released a number of things already and was beginning to show signs of disorganization. Each time it seemed to close more reluctantly over a frilled lavender kimono which lay on top of a pile of clothes within it.

"Wouldn't you like a chocolate?" suggested her neighbor.

Paula looked at the outsize chocolates in the proffered box and was very sure she wouldn't. But she took one, none the less, and smiled her thanks. Paula could not help looking friendly, even when she did not mean to be. She had that kind of mouth.

"My husband gave me this box just as I was getting on the train. He's been teasing me about the convention right along, and today, when he gave me this, he said, 'Well, Daisy, when the men begin to pass the cigars around you'd better have something to pass too.' He was so funny about it!"

It Was Late June and the Moon Would be Shining on the Garden Borders, on Canterbury Bells and Sheaves of Cinnamon Phlox and Narrow Lines of Pansies and Forget-Me-Nots

Paula's humor failed to measure up to that witticism, so she covered her lack of appreciation with a question.

"Didn't your husband want you to come?"

"Oh, yes. As a matter of fact, it was Mr. Bennett himself who really talked me into it. It seemed to me that it was such a long trip and all. But of course my husband's quite a politician himself, and when the men came to him and said that they wanted a woman as well as a man from our district and suggested me, he was agreeable to everything. He said he was sure I'd get along all right. Mr. Hackney, the other delegate from our district, is such a lovely man."

Paula looked vague. She did not know Mr. Hackney and her recent experiences with politicians had not convinced her of their generic loveliness. Once again she jeered at herself for getting tangled in this absurd position, rushing eastward to a political convention that seemed to concern her less and less as she neared its time and place. It all came from being obstinate and allowing herself to get so angry. She ought to have dropped the whole business after they turned her down. Or, in the first place, she shouldn't have allowed her name to be used. A couple of men passed down the aisle looking about them with thinly overlaid amusement and Paula was conscious of the opened box of stout chocolates and the ingenuous, middle-aged face of Mrs. Bennett opposite her, fairly beaming with politics and travel.

"They say the entertainment for the women delegates is going to be wonderful," she remarked. "I was talking to a lady who was at the last convention, and she said that the local committees spare no expense and that the nicest people open their homes and all that. I think it's going to be a real education, don't you? In more ways than one."

"I hope so," said Paula politely, feeling just a little queer at being among those for whom homes were opened. She was usually so completely on the other side of the fence, opening the Calderwood home for something or other.

"You look so young to be a delegate," said Mrs. Bennett, evidently fearful that Paula might revert to the magazine again and trying flattery to keep her from it.

"I'm not so young," Paula told her; "but I'm not a delegate. I'm only an alternate."

"Oh, I see." A faint superiority came into Mrs. Bennett's tone. "An alternate. Well, you have all the fun without any of the work, I guess. You don't even have to vote, do you?"

"Not unless something happens to the man I'm understudy for. And he looks terribly healthy."

She was about to lift her magazine again, but the approach of the gray-haired woman with the boyish bob forestalled that. Mrs. Bennett welcomed her warmly and introduced her to Paula as Mrs. Hahn, the lady who had been at the last convention and knew all about them.

"Oh, not quite all," said Mrs. Hahn archly, sitting on the arm of Mrs. Bennett's seat and looking Paula over. Paula wore nothing that was homemade; her gloves were French and she had less luggage than any woman on the train. But there was something more that set her apart from the rest. It was that civil aloofness which had not worn off in four hours on the train.

"Well, we girls are going to see plenty of excitement in the next few days, I guess," said the veteran, observing Paula's slippers closely. "They tell me that the senator is getting on at Milwaukee."

"What senator?"

"Senator Carle, of course."

"Is he a delegate?" asked Mrs. Bennett.

Mrs. Hahn smiled indulgently. "He's delegate at large and due to be national committeeman. Didn't you know that? But I wouldn't be surprised if a little opposition developed right here on this train. Though please don't quote me as saying so. I guess your people up north are still supporting him, aren't they, Miss Calderwood?"

Paula said that she thought so. She disliked middle-aged women who called themselves girls and repeated news

out of the corners of their mouths with a request not to be quoted. All she needs is a back fence to gossip over, thought Paula, regarding Mrs. Hahn and looking friendly in spite of herself.

"That was a great pity about you, Miss Calderwood," remarked Mrs. Hahn. "I was awfully sorry to see you beaten."

"It didn't matter."

"Well, it's politics, of course. They'll put a man in every time if they can! That's always been my experience and I guess I'm not the only one. Don't you think so?"

"I haven't had much experience," said Paula. "This was my first fight."

"So I heard. Well, it's live and learn. When I was appointed postmistress in Shenango fifteen years ago, I'll never forget ——"

Charlie Bunn saved Paula that reminiscence. He came through the car just then looking for her. He had promised to look her up on the train. Charlie always went to all political conventions and no one was ever quite sure what he was about or whom he was looking after. There was sure to be someone or something in the background needing his easy, competent guidance, and able and willing to pay for it. The two women warmed at the very sight of a man.

"Well," he asked, smiling, "are you ladies deciding how to run the convention?"

"I don't think the men are going to give us much chance, if you ask me," said Mrs. Hahn in a manner wise but still coy. Mrs. Bennett, who must have been dimpled twenty years before, wrinkled her face in a cordial smile. Obviously she was quite prepared to find Charlie Bunn another lovely man.

"Don't you believe it," said Charlie. "We'd turn the whole show over to you in a minute if it weren't going to be so hot down there that we hate to wish it on you. We'd be sure it would be well managed if we did."

Paula looked at him with an irony that he met cheerfully.

"Want to look for some air, Paula? If you come out in the club car I can find a breath of it for you, maybe."

Paula went willingly enough, and Mrs. Hahn settled down by Mrs. Bennett to tell her the full and not-to-be-quoted inside story of what had happened to Paula Calderwood at the state convention and who she was and any other minor decorative details. Mrs. Bennett, who had been simply and naturally railroaded through as a delegate at the county convention in her own locality, had not been at the state meeting. Paula guessed at the nature of the conversation she left behind her. She told Charlie what it would be as they swayed through the crowded Pullmans, which were beginning to be hung with green curtains that were sticky with heat and cinders.

"They're talking about my great debacle."

"What if they are? You aren't self-conscious about a little trimming like that, are you?"

"No. But I keep wanting to tell just how it happened, and of course I can't. I wonder what I'm here for anyway. I seem to be sticking out like a sore finger."

"Oh, you'll have a good time," he promised. "I'll keep you posted as to what's happening. Only don't tell the other girls."

"What do they take them along for anyhow?"

"For the auto rides," he said, grinning, "and the beauty contests. You would have your suffrage."

"Not my suffrage. I never raised a row about it."

"Well, their suffrage then. Those old girls are all right, Paula. They're going to have the time of their lives and they all get their names in the paper and everything. And they'll take orders—which is the main thing. They're probably all hand-picked for that."

"I suppose so."

"Sure they are. You've got to have it that way at a national convention."

They reached the club car and Charlie found a chair for Paula. The man next to it vacated his place with an obliging nod. Most of the men seemed to know Charlie, and they looked Paula over casually. She had the same feeling that she had at the state convention, of having strayed into men's territory and finding that a good many of the usual gallantries might be waived. One couldn't be sure of them anyway.

"Ginger ale?" asked Charlie.

"No, thanks. It only makes me hotter."

"I'm Not So Young," Paula Told Her; "But I'm Not a Delegate"

"Sorry I can't do you any better. There are oases in some of the drawing-rooms. Too bad I can't take you in where things are happening and drinks aren't soft, but the boys don't stand much on ceremony."

"Are things happening already?"

"Sure. A lot of things have to be settled before we leave this train. National committeeman for one thing, and some of the committees settled. It has to be lined up anyway. By the time the delegation gets there it has to have some sort of shape. Carle's getting on the train tonight. His fences aren't standing up very well."

"That's all right with me," said Paula. "I've never met him, but I understand that he was one of the men who threw me to the lions."

"He had to. He hasn't any too much strength with this delegation, and if Wilson hadn't gone in in your place, several friends of Wilson's were going to take it out of Carle's hide. He was saving his own skin. You made a grand fight, Paula. You haven't anything to regret."

Paula's fine brows drew together. "I wish I could tell you how it happened, Charlie."

"I can pretty well guess."

She shook her head. "Nobody knows except me and a couple of others. And I can't tell."

Charlie's chronic look of amusement deepened. He was rather epicurean in his politics and liked the variation and flavor Paula was giving to it at the moment. He knew all about the Calderwoods, and his acquaintance with Paula traced back to her childhood, though not to his. This convention episode had given him more than a little delight. He approved of Paula, not because of any principles she might have or lack politically, for Charlie did not bother much with any excess baggage of principles, having learned that it was better simply to arrange things so that they came out all right. His approval was because she was good-looking and spirited and Charlie's own kind of person. A girl with such connections—the kind of connections that always played the game from under cover—who had swung out in the open for herself and nearly upset the state convention was a rare and pleasing diversion. Pleasing in her dark blue suit and perfectly fitted shoes, and rare because she didn't know yet what it was all about. Her deliberate mystery was the crowning touch for Charlie. As if everyone hadn't seen Vernon Culver's hand in it. There wasn't a politician of any account who didn't understand exactly what Paula had been up against.

"Well," he said, "maybe I'm all wrong. But if anyone asked me I'd say you stumbled on this political stuff, Paula. I know you've been fooling around with billboard ordinances and that

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Senator Carle Came Down Himself Shortly and Escorted Paula Up to the Vacant Place in the Delegation

A SAGA OF THE SWORD

The Last Charge

Another Ten Yards! Crash! He and Kerouet Were Slashing Like Maniacs at Spike-Helmeted Heads of Men Who Screamed and Shrank

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

À BERLIN! À Berlin!" Audible above the languorous triple time of the Waldteufel *valse*, the roar of the mob perambulating the Paris streets once more invaded the crowded ballroom. Under the chandelier clusters of white gas globes pendent from the gilded ceiling, an élite of the glittering *haut monde* of the Second Empire danced bright-eyed and excited in the collective excitement with which the entire city had gone mad. Ladies white-shouldered in low-cut dresses, their flower-garlanded coiffures brought to a massy *chignon* at the nape or permitting one fascinatingly loose curl to descend upon the neck, their voluminously long, heavily frilled skirts tucked up in a bustle behind—a year ago the lingering tyranny of the crinoline had at last been ended—partnered by bearded and mustachioed officers in uniforms variously splendid, or by bearded and mustachioed civilians.

It was Friday, July 15, 1870. That day the Legislative Assembly had, by 247 votes to ten, in a frenzied enthusiasm voted for war with Prussia. Madame la Duchesse de Florenville had seen no reason to cancel her ball. It had gained, indeed, an added social brilliancy as an appropriate if fortuitous celebration of the intoxicating news. One swift campaign to crush those upstart Prussians, and the Napoleonic régime, of late disintegrating in the intrigues of pestilent demagogues, would be consolidated for yet another generation of splendor and facile wealth.

Capitaine the Vicomte Henri de St.-Eustache, handsome in the uniform of the 1st Hussards—sky-blue tunic, black-tressed and silver-buttoned; vivid red trousers with a sky-blue stripe down the seam—stood at the wide portal between the ballroom and the adjoining salon. Amid all those diversely lovely ladies who revolved lightly with their cavaliers to the seductive melody of the *valse*, he saw only one—Mademoiselle Sylvie de Marsaguet, girlish, modestly beautiful, giving him a little pain at his heart every time she passed on the arm of the elderly colonel with whom she danced. Only yesterday he had written to his father, requesting him to make the formal demand for her hand—he could imagine the delight of his mother in the pepperbox-turreted Normandy château, piously grateful that her prayers were answered, that at last the long chapter of a dashing cavalry officer's multitudinous amours was at an end.

Now—already the walls outside were placarded with the preliminary order of mobilization, already in his hotel his servant was packing up. Together with his comrade, Capitaine Jean Kerouët, similarly uniformed, standing side by side with him watching the dancers, he would take the midnight train from Paris. It was an irony, he thought, that this so long ardently desired war should come precisely now—snatching him away from a scarcely credible happiness all but attained; a happiness he had approached in an unwonted diffidence of strangely intense emotion wherein existence had been transformed for him. For the first time in his life, Capitaine de St.-Eustache was genuinely in love. He felt sure—almost sure; not yet had he dared to ask her—that she reciprocated in a shy sincerity, exquisitely in contrast to the brazen sophistication of those cynically witty *grandes dames* with whom he had so long philandered. If only this war could have come a month ago, or a year hence! He was filled with a savage exasperation at the mismanaged scheme of the universe.

"*Tu as bien choisi, mon vieux,*" said Jean affectionately. "She is an angel!"

He loved his comrade for the words; cadets together at the Saumur cavalry school, they had been like brothers ever since. Jean's approbation—he had brought him to the ball that he might see the enthusiastically described object of his choice—completed his happiness—would have completed it had not this ill-timed suddenness of war dissipated every certainty. There remained scarcely an hour before they must leave. Arrived late, he had not yet spoken with her. If only this *valse* would finish. Maddeningly, it was still in its familiar first movement.

"Jean," he said, in a low tone, "if she refuses me, I shall get myself killed"

There were emphatic voices close behind them in the salon. It was General de Marsaguet—Sylvie's father—with another general and two civilians whom he recognized as members of the government.

"It will be another Jena!" exclaimed General de Marsaguet, an old cavalry officer of imposing presence, a pointed white beard in contrast to his ruddy complexion, wearing on his uniform the decoration he had gained for bravery in the Crimea. "The army is ready to the last gaiter button—Marshal Leboeuf assured the emperor of it in my presence—*prêt et archi-prêt!* We shall hurl ourselves across the frontier, surround them and annihilate them before those goose-stepping Prussians realize the war has commenced!"

"Bravo, general!" The taller of the two politicians swelled pompously behind the fanlike, carefully tended beard he caressed with plump manicured fingers. "And then once more a peace dictated in Berlin! It is time we showed our strength. The arrogant Monsieur Bismarck has long needed a lesson!"

"Would you believe it?" cried his colleague, rotund and heavy-cheeked, blinking behind his spectacles in his excitement. "Even now the emperor is reluctant! He is the only man in France who does not want this war. If it were not for the empress ——"

He left his sentence unfinished, in an expressive gesture.

"Bah!" said the tall one. "He is a sick man! The empress saves the dynasty. Let us hope he does not interfere. He is no longer the man of Solferino."

"*Quand même!*" laughed the other general. "Our generals are still the generals of Solferino—*heureusement!*"

"And even of the Crimea!" murmured St.-Eustache into his friend's ear. "Most of them have learned nothing since. I trust Monsieur Bismarck will have no lessons to teach them!"

Capitaine Kerouët turned to his comrade in surprise. "But surely," he exclaimed, "you do not doubt that we shall overwhelm these clumsy Prussians?"

St.-Eustache shrugged his shoulders. He hardly knew why he had spoken. It was a symptom of his accumulated exasperation.

"*Mon cher Jean!*" he smiled. "It would be unpatriotic to doubt it."

General de Marsaguet swung round to him formidably. "What's that, young man? Does a French officer suggest that there is any doubt whatever of our victory?"

St.-Eustache kept his smile. General de Marsaguet was the last man he wished to offend.

"*Mon général,*" he replied respectfully, "like every French officer, I am positive of victory. It would be a crime to be otherwise. I merely suggest that the victory will perhaps not be so easily won as our civilians believe. I was talking yesterday with one of our military attachés who was in Germany ——"

General de Marsaguet flared at him. "To the devil with your military attachés! They are all croakers. I have a shelf full of their jeremiads in my room at the Ministry of War; we have been throwing them in the waste-paper basket for the last five years—the Prussian staff—the Prussian artillery—the Prussian this!—the Prussian that! Bah! Have the Prussians the chassepot rifle, outranging the needle-gun by five hundred yards? Have the Prussians the *mitrailleuse?* They will be scythed down in sheaves!"

Some irrational perversity impelled Capitaine de St.-Eustache to argue even while he continued to smile agreeably.

"*Sans doute, mon général,*" he said. "But I could wish that we also had the equivalent of the Prussian artillery and the Prussian staff, or better ——"

General de Marsaguet's features went congestedly red under the thin white hair.

"The Prussian staff! *Palatras!* Heaven preserve our glorious army from a staff like the Prussian, with its machine-made plans and its railway time-tables! In war it is always the unexpected that happens—victory comes to him who is quickest to improvise. Our most precious asset is our tradition of *Débrouillez-vous!*—every man using his wits to get along whatever the difficulties! Have no doubt of it, young man!—in a month's time you will be charging sword in hand to give the *coup de grâce* to Prussian armies entangled in the clumsy pedantry of their great Frederick and demoralized by our chassepots and *mitrailleuses! I* envy you that glory of the cavalry charge across the battlefield!"

Still that irrational perversity possessed him. He spoke, surprising to himself, in a defiance of all his own training.

"Like the cavalry of Murat!" he smiled. "Only Murat did not have to face breech-loading rifles. I wonder ——"

"You wonder, what, sir?" The old general's voice was sharply interrogative, shot with an undertone of anger.

"I wonder whether the rôle of cavalry in the future is not merely that of reconnaissance"—a fatality dominated his tongue—"whether cavalry charges across a battlefield are not henceforth impossible—merely glorious suicide."

General de Marsaguet stared at him, incredulous, inexpressibly outraged. Many a thunderingly headlong cavalry charge had he made against the Arabs of Algeria. For what purpose were the magnificent masses of cavalry which were the pride of that French Army consciously renewing all the traditions of the first Napoleon, if not to charge as glitteringly they charged on review days, as they had charged under Murat? There was, indeed, not an army in Europe—French, German, Austrian, Russian or British—which did not hold it as a vital article of faith that the supreme function of cavalry was to charge overwhelmingly in decisive intervention at the crisis of battle. Who would deign even to read about the recent titanic struggle in America?—citizen amateurs! To General de Marsaguet, it was monstrous, utterly unforgivable, heresy.

"Silence, young man!" He was vehement in an annihilatory indignation. "You are a traitor to the arm of the service to which I as well as you have the honor to belong! You deserve to be placed under instant arrest!"

He swung round, turned his back upon him, deliberately, crushingly. The young man stood appalled. What had possessed him to talk so insanely—to offend this worthy old gentleman of all others? This cursed war!

Jean Kerouët touched him on the shoulder.

"That lady there seems to know you, Henri," he said. "*Une beauté, quoi!*" he added, admiratively.

St.-Eustache glanced round, saw a lady whose black velvet dress somehow gave piquant vividness to her almost startling beauty, dark-eyed, red-lipped, dazzlingly white under her dark jewel-sparkling hair. Evidently she had but just entered, was still looking toward him with that smiling expression of acquaintance which had caused Kerouët to draw his attention to her. Of course he knew her! Twelve months back, when he had been a lieutenant in a cavalry regiment quartered in Paris, he had known her well—in fact, very well indeed—Madame Cecchetti—Nina Cecchetti! He bowed correctly, hoping earnestly that she would pass on in that formal recognition; with only one woman in the world did he desire conversation—with Sylvie de Marsaguet still dancing in the ballroom. The beautiful Cecchetti smiled at him, beckoned him imperiously with her fan. He had no option but to go to her, once again to bow, with a neatly phrased felicitation on her loveliness that evening. She continued to smile at him with eyes that appreciated sophistically the insincerity of his compliment.

"Do I come too late for a partner?" she said.

The faint irony in her voice reminded him subtly of nights when they had danced together insatiably, nights when—he refused to think of those nights of infatuation. Confound the woman! He had better get it over.

"Madame, you see I await you!" he replied gallantly. "We have still more than half this *valse* ——" Anything was better than that they should stand conspicuously there in talk, with Sylvie perhaps noticing them, and later on asking innocent questions of people who would be far too well informed—very recently from her convent was Sylvie de Marsaguet, and intractably intolerant in certain matters! Amid the throng that danced they might mingle comparatively unobserved. The Cecchetti smiled in acquiescence, and they glided off together, revolved to the music as all around them the couples were revolving.

Despite her smile at him, her murmur of his Christian name, it seemed impossible to him that he could ever have known this woman intimately. An immense gulf seemed to sunder them. Who the devil was she in reality? All Paris knew her—the wife of a complaisant Signor Cecchetti of uncertain origins, surely not wealthy enough to provide for her expensive tastes. A phrase of that friend of his, the military attaché recently returned from Germany, flashed into his mind. "The Parisian policy of Monsieur Bismarck," that friend had said, "consists in paying the dressmakers' bills of ladies to whose personal appearance he is profoundly indifferent." Was the Cecchetti one of those ladies? She had an entrée everywhere—even to the Tuileries; even—considerably more difficult—to the salons of the Duchesse de Florenville. Bah! What was the matter with him tonight? He saw everything *en noir*. He forced himself to superficial politeness, saw Sylvie girlishly charming in a ruched robe of pale blue lavishly embroidered with pink flowers—glance at him in surprise as they passed each other in the dance.

The Cecchetti was speaking to him. "This magnificent news! How I envy you, soldiers riding off to war and glory! You must be radiantly happy, Henri!"

He fenced with her. "Of course! I join my regiment tomorrow."

"And where is that?" she asked.

"At Niort," he replied. Even as the answer came, automatically, from his tongue that suspicion again flashed in him. He glanced at her, saw only her dazzling beauty, her limpid dark eyes, the curve of her red mouth smiling at him. Once—it was extraordinary!—he had been in love with that loveliness which now left him so indifferent.

"In Poitou! *Mon pauvre ami*, the war will be almost over before you are at the frontier! How long will it take you to reach the Rhine?"

He shrugged his shoulders as they turned in the *valse*, the orchestra close to them and loud.

"*Ma foi*, I have no idea!"

"You don't know which corps you will join?"

"Not yet. War was decided only this afternoon. We shall receive our orders in due course."

"The emperor himself is going to take supreme command of the Army of the Rhine," she said. "It is in the newspapers this evening. The Prince Imperial will accompany him. I am feverish with impatience for news of the first victories! My husband accuses me of being more French than the French themselves!" She laughed, a well-remembered fascinating little laugh. "Where do you think the army will cross into Germany? I am told it will be at Strasburg." Her fine eyes came up to his inquiringly.

"My dear lady, I am only a simple captain of hussars. No one tells me these important things." He smiled at her again over that flash of irrational suspicion.

Her eyes were on his, flatteringly tender in their potentialities of passion.

"Henri!" She sighed. "It does not seem all these months since so foolishly we parted!" She sighed again; he could feel a subtle pressure of her slim figure against the arm lightly embracing her; there was something peculiarly heady in the scent she used. "You can forgive me? I have often thought of you—blamed myself—looked forward to seeing you again. And now you are riding off to war, to glorious victories, but to who knows what of danger! I shall be anxious

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An Angry Voice Startled Them, the Voice of General de Marsaguet Suddenly Come Upon Them Between the Palms. "Sylvie, Your Mother Awaits You!"

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 22, 1927

Cecil and Disarmament

THE resignation of Viscount Cecil of Chelwood from the British Cabinet is an event of international importance. Cecil comes from a prominent line of British nobility; his father was a distinguished statesman of the Victorian era. Early in life he became prominent in British politics. Ten years ago Lord Robert Cecil was in charge of the British blockade of the Central Powers. With the advent of peace he became an outstanding advocate of the League of Nations. He has served the League of Nations in important capacities, part of the time as a Dominion representative. He was the leading British delegate to the recent naval limitation conference, held in Geneva with representatives of the United States and Japan, that ended in failure. The resignation from the British Cabinet was the direct result of the failure of the conference at Geneva.

Cecil's letter of resignation from the cabinet was quite as significant for what was implied as for what was stated. It is now evident that Viscount Cecil went to Geneva dissatisfied with his instructions and with the British policy embodied therein. Nevertheless, like a true Britisher, he endeavored to carry on, and served on the conference in the hope that some achievement for peace might be attained. Following the fiasco, the world is now left by Cecil to understand that the position of Great Britain gave little ground for hope of agreement on naval limitation by the three countries concerned, but that a different policy might have led to agreement and still conserved the vital interests of the British Empire. The resignation, in effect, represented a protest against a British policy which we are now warranted in interpreting either as half-hearted from the standpoint of real disarmament or as the expression of political jingoism. The resignation of Cecil comes as no surprise to readers who have followed, in such periodicals as The Economist, the Liberal criticisms of the British position at Geneva.

We may be sure that in the background of Viscount Cecil's mind lay also considerations on which frank expressions have been voiced in recent meetings of the Assembly of the League of Nations. Despite the disarmament of Germany, Europe is still pursuing the system of competitive armaments. The combined military budgets of Europe, outside of Russia, are practically as large as before the war; the aggregate number of men serving in all branches of military service is about as large as before the war. To this lamentable state of affairs the breakdown of the conference at Geneva has made further contribution.

This state of affairs, one is regretfully compelled to believe, lends some support to a feeling that seems to have become general among the small countries of Europe holding membership in the League of Nations, and more freely expressed as time passes. This runs to the effect that the great European powers regard the League of Nations as an instrument through which the policies of the great powers are applied to the affairs of the smaller countries, while the great powers tend more and more to hold their conversations in private and to adjudicate their affairs directly and outside of the League of Nations. It is becoming felt that only small questions, or questions involving small countries, are allowed to be brought before the League of Nations. Viscount Cecil, as an ardent and uncompromising protagonist of the League of Nations, is clearly out of sympathy with this state of affairs. Therefore, his resignation from the British Cabinet carries for the outside world a twofold significance—one directed at Tory policy in Great Britain, the other at the concert-of-powers trend in the conduct of the League of Nations.

The French War Debt

IF ONE takes a recent writing of André Tardieu at its face value, there are influential French circles which are convinced that French and American types, temperaments and reasonings are fundamentally different. To them, being opposed to Germany in war is about the only thing that France and the United States have had in common. We regard the contrast between France and America, as drawn by Tardieu, as exaggerated to the point of distortion; but the postwar relations between the two countries have been a contrast to those during the war.

Failure to ratify the debt settlement, if it occurs, will be ascribable largely to bloc politics in France. No matter how much one may disapprove of suppression of personal liberty and of freedom of the press in Italy, Fascism has established a continuity of policy to which the Italian ratification of the American debt agreement may reasonably be ascribed. The flippant notion that the Italian debt-funding delegation inveigled the American debt-funding commission into a proposition so favorable to Italy that all parties jumped at the chance to ratify may be dismissed. The Dawes Plan was accepted by Germany as a result of temporary suspension of bloc politics—whether as expression of *forces majeure* internally or externally does not concern us here. The British debt to the United States was funded as the expression of soundness of financial views quite generally current in Great Britain, where the public is inclined to listen to the expert; but this action was aided by the fact that in financial questions there are only two major parties in the British Parliament. But in France the debt agreement could not run the blockade of the blocs.

The French opponents of ratification of the American debt agreement range themselves into several groups. One group is totally opposed to any payment of war debts, which they call political debts, regarding the World War as the common burden of the Allied nations. A second group regards the American war-debt agreement as indissolubly tied up with reparation payments by Germany. A third group regards the terms of the American debt settlement as too onerous, in excess of demonstrated capacity to pay—a position maintained despite the fact that the British debt settlement with France is relatively still more onerous. In particular, it is contended that the Italian debt settlement with the United States was much more moderate and gracious, more in accordance with demonstrated capacity to pay. The French feel chagrined that what they regard as a better bargain was driven by the Italians. It is common knowledge that the objective and discriminating behavior of the Italian delegation in Washington was calculated to secure the most equitable terms of settlement. But, after all, it seems to be the consensus of opinion that, on the basis of established capacity to pay, the terms of settlement offered to Italy were not overly light compared with those offered to France, nor the terms of settlement offered to France overly heavy compared with those offered to Italy. On the basis of present cash values, the terms accepted by Great Britain represented eighty per cent of the principal of the debt, those not yet accepted by France represented fifty per cent of the principal, while those accepted by Italy represented twenty-five per cent of the principal. We regard these as equitably representing the capacities to pay.

A fourth group in France bases its opposition to ratification of the debt settlement on the state of the French currency. The French are temporizing in the matter of revaluation of the franc, and this temporizing has been encouraged by the success attending the refunding of the internal debt during the past year. A widespread redistribution of wealth occurred as the result of the depreciation of the franc. It is doubtful if the franc could be revalued at more than six cents without entailing another redistribution of wealth, but one in no sense compensatory to the first, since different sets of creditors and debtors would be involved. Intelligent and tenacious classes exist in France who strive to bring the French franc back to par, cent by cent, year after year. But we cannot believe that the French working classes could endure a continuous and progressive appreciation of the franc, or indeed a revaluation much above the present quotation. Pending decision on the revaluation of the franc, there is objection in France to the ratification of any debt settlement to be paid in dollars corresponding to an unknown future number of francs. But to argue that funding of foreign debts should be deferred until all domestic debt has been refunded is an extreme position.

As stated above, bloc politics in France is largely responsible for failure of ratification. The proposition has scarcely been discussed on its fiscal merits. Not what France as a unit could or could not do, but what the numerous French blocs feel it to their political interests to do—that will make the decision. The American war-debt funding commission has passed out of existence. It will be up to the Congress, following recommendation by the Administration, or independently, to determine what official attention should be paid to nonratification by France, in what terms and in furtherance of what policy. There will be no blocs in the American Congress. Even the most ardent friends of France, those who believe the war debts of France should be canceled, can hardly feel that French nonaction has supported the national dignity.

In our judgment the French would act wisely, from the standpoint of their own political and commercial interests, if their parliament were to ratify the American debt agreement. It ought to be possible for Poincaré to continue his Sunday speeches in the provinces following, and despite, acceptance of the American terms by his government. Ratification of the agreement and punctilious execution of the terms—in themselves insignificant during the first decade—would tend to create a privilege for later rediscussion of capacity to pay. If Germany should ever protest the burden of reparation payments under the Dawes Plan, her prompt acceptance and punctilious observance of the terms of the plan will give her the right to request a rediscussion of her capacity to pay. By doing nothing the French deprive themselves of their best chance of making out a case for revision of the terms. In view of the circumstances of the French budget, it is absurd to suggest that the government could not by taxation raise the francs corresponding to the small payments required during the early years, and equally absurd in the present state of the French international account to suggest that France would have any real difficulty in transferring the francs into dollars. With sympathetic appreciation of the war losses of France, most Americans feel that a reduction of the French debt to half the cash value of the principal, with very low payments during the first decade, is a considerate settlement. The German trial of reparation payments under the Dawes Plan has not been easy; the French trial of debt payment under the American plan would be easy. Under these circumstances the continuing nonaction or the definitive refusal to ratify will not serve the political or commercial ends of France.

The International Economic Conference—By Alonzo E. Taylor

IN THE preceding article were described the organization of the conference and the deliberations of the section on industry. It remains to describe the transactions of the sections on agriculture and commerce and to undertake a tentative appraisal of the results of the conference.

The committee on agriculture was presided over by Frangesch, an agricultural expert from Agram. A section devoted to agriculture represented an innovation in international conferences, since for the first time agriculture occupied a position of parity with industry and commerce. The delegates representing agriculture took this seriously, and laid a great deal of emphasis upon the solidarity between agriculture and industry. To hammer the lesson home, Loucheur, the French industrialist, was brought in to deliver an emphatic address on it.

To demonstrate disequilibrium between agriculture and industry the disparities in the prices of agricultural products and manufactures were emphasized. This led to bias in the discussion, because the disparity is really between raw materials and manufactures, not merely between farm products and manufactures. An implication was involved in undertaking to contrast agriculture as a unit with industry as a unit; nevertheless, a surprisingly informing picture of agricultural depression the world over was laid before the committee. From practically every country represented came the same story. Labor costs were high; taxes and interest charges heavy; farm equipment had been allowed to run down. Saving had become difficult or impossible, reserves had been reduced or wiped out. Bank credit had been abused in some countries, but was scarce in others. The prices of farm products quite generally—in terms of farm prices—were low in comparison with the prices of the goods and services used by agriculturists.

Apparently European peasants raising food for adjacent cities have had as much difficulty in securing prices that exceed costs as have farmers thousands of miles away, raising produce for the same cities. Comparisons of prices and index numbers between countries are hazardous, but a tabulation prepared for the conference suggested that the world over the purchasing power of farm products had been reduced something like one-quarter for much of the time since the war. The exact extent of reduction in gross or net returns it was impossible to show. The important part was that the situation, in this regard, seemed to be more or less the same in the different hemispheres and continents. In short, agriculturists practically everywhere were reported to have found that the costs of operation and the prices farmers paid had risen more than the prices they received. From many parts of the world came the cry for equality of agriculture with industry, incoherent, but nevertheless impressive.

The section on agriculture did not undertake an exhaustive analysis of the causes of this disequilibrium. The delegates hesitated to ascribe to overproduction any responsibility for the relatively low prices of farm products. A contrast of the attitudes of agriculture and industry toward control of production was not given the attention it deserves. A great deal was said about the waste and costliness of current methods of marketing farm products and about the costliness of distribution of finished goods.

As a practical position the postulate of the solidarity between agriculture and industry was overdrawn. Both European and oversea agriculturists are endeavoring to drive up prices in Europe. Bread is by far the most important foodstuff in Europe; the price of bread is the most important single price. A decrease of one cent a pound in the price of bread involves for European and oversea wheat growers a considerable reduction in returns, but an increase of one cent a pound in the price of bread is a vastly important social fact in the cities of Europe.

Talk as the agricultural delegates would about the solidarity of agriculture and industry, their interdependence, and the purchasing power of each for the products of the other, the bare fact remains that agricultural policy to secure higher prices for farm products means driving up the cost of living in European cities. This is resented by industrial capital and labor, and their opposition is not mitigated by assurance that if farm products were priced

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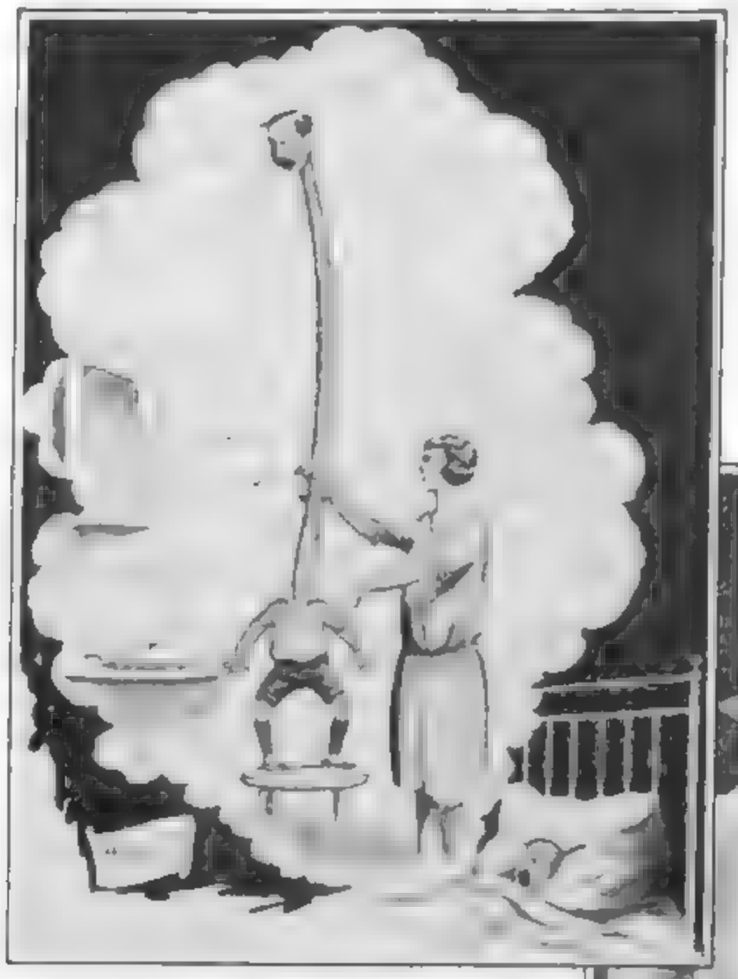
ONLY A WORKING GIRL

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



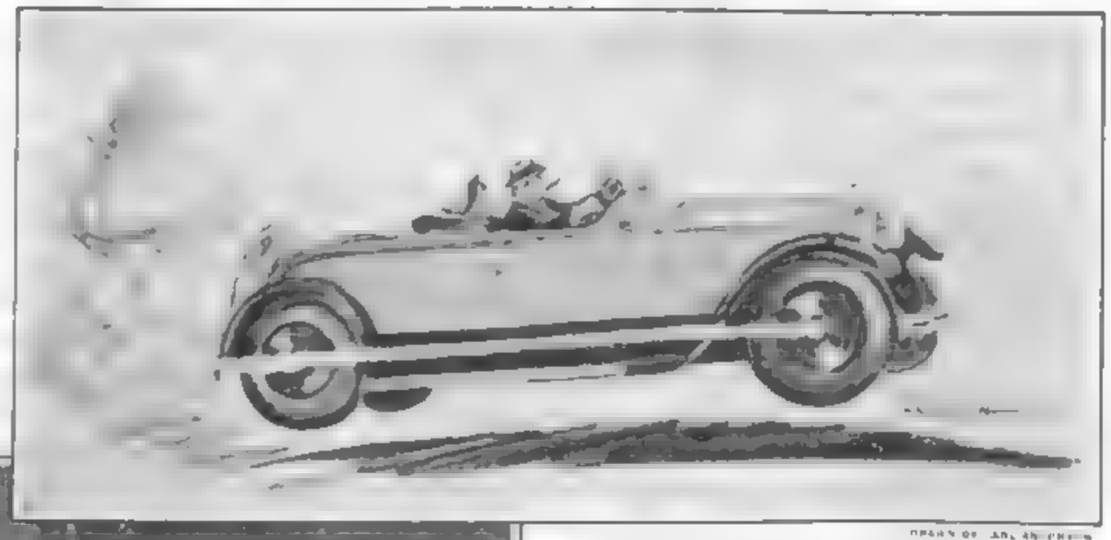
The Little Boy Who Went to the Zoo Dreams That Night That He Has His Neck Washed

House Cat

LOVE comes to us, a little cat
With soft and grateful purr;
How trustful seems its drowsy head,
How soft its fur!

Love seems a little pet to us,
A small and helpless thing;
But love is a tiger,
Crouching to spring.

Mary Carolyn Davies.



"Say, Pollak! If You Were Not the Image of My Old Mother You'd Never Get By With That Sour Look"

The Stranger

IN ALL that crowd no one took notice of him. It was the first day of college and hundreds of students were on the campus, talking in excited little groups, hurrying to their rooms with suitcases and golf clubs and musical instruments, shaking hands with old friends. But no one shook hands with him. There was no one who even nodded casually to him. It was as if he did not exist.

Yet he was no callow, green freshman from the country; his hat, though not exactly the type the other boys were wearing, was nevertheless of a stylish cut; his clothes were neat and well pressed; and he himself looked like a good enough fellow, if you only knew him. What was the matter?

He was the president of the college.

—Norman R. Jaffray.

"Papa, What's a Pedestrian?"
"That We Just Hit Was One"

Give Her Credit

WAILING mistress of the home: "My beautiful furniture that goes clear back to Queen Anne!"

Man removing household goods: "No, ma'am, this goes back to Smithers Credit Company."

Abner, Don't Take That City Train!

Showing That They Don't Give Away Railroads Any More

"SAVE her—save my little girl!" the Opulent Banker cried,
Emerging from the Astor House, terribly terrified.
His daughter Belle, that Bonny Gell, was having a helluva ride.
Conventional, her favorite mare, had shied.

Young Ben the Country Boy was there, freshly arrived in town.
Barefoot he'd trudged from way upstate, determined to win renown.
And when he spied that devilish steed, around his freckles brown
There spread a manly, cornfed frown.

The city fellers shrieked and fled—oh, what a craven lot!
One dastard even rushed uptown and hid in his sailing yacht.
But Ben stood fast and waved his cap and hollered that he would not

(Continued on Page 182)

Bridegroom: "Heavens! I've Got Into the Wrong Church!"

Tired Father: "My! How They Advertise Nowadays!"

America's favorite hearty soup!

Campbell's Vegetable Soup has won a reputation with the women of America enjoyed by no other soup.

When they want a soup that contains a generous amount of solid food, this is their selection almost every time.

Every spoonful "heavy" with diced or whole vegetables, alphabet macaroni and barley, fresh herbs, invigorating broth of choice beef—blended and seasoned to the utmost deliciousness.

Fifteen different vegetables culled from the finest gardens. Thirty-two ingredients in all!

This vim and dash I always flash
When on my way to dinner.
With Campbell's fare to greet me there
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Add an equal quantity of water, simmer a few minutes, and serve!

32 ingredients

12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

THE BELLAMY TRIAL

"I Was Halfway Across the Room Before I—Before I——"

By Frances Noyes Hart

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

VII

THE reporter cast an anxious eye at the red-headed girl.

"You've been crying," he said accusingly.

The red-headed girl looked unrepentant.

"Of all the idiots! What's Sue Ives to you?"

"Never mind," said the red-headed girl with dignity. "I can cry if I want to. I can cry all night if I want to. Keep quiet. Here she is!"

"Mrs. Ives, what made you decide to go on to the cottage?" Lambert's voice was very gentle.

"I think that it was Stephen's idea, but I'm not absolutely sure. I was at my wit's end by this time, you see. But I believe that it was Steve who suggested that maybe she had been taken ill or perhaps even fallen asleep at the cottage. I remember agreeing that it was stupid of us not to have thought of that before. At any rate, we both agreed to go on to the cottage."

She stopped again and sat for a moment locking and unlocking her fingers, her eyes fixed on something far beyond the court-room door.

"What time did you arrive at the cottage?"

"At about quarter past ten, I believe—twenty minutes past perhaps. It isn't more than a five-minute drive. We drove the car up through the lodge gates and then turned off the little dirt road to the cottage. We drove it right up to the front steps, and then I said, 'It's no good; there's no light in the place. She isn't here.' Steve said, 'Maybe she left a note saying where she was going,' and I said, 'That's perfectly possible. Let's go in and see.' He helped me out, and just as we got to the door, I said, 'Well, we'll never know. The place will be locked, of course.' Steve had his hand on the door knob, and he pushed it a little. He said, 'No, it's open. That's queer.' I said, 'Probably she thought that he might come later.' And he opened the door and we went in."

She sat staring with that curious, intent rigidity at that far-off spot beyond the other closed door, and the court room followed her glance with uneasy eyes.

"And then?"

"Yes. And then when we got in there wasn't any light, of course. Steve asked, 'Do you know where the switch is?' And I told him, 'There isn't any switch. Douglas has always been talking about putting electricity in these cottages, but he never has.' Steve said, 'Well, there must be a light somewhere,' and I said, 'Oh, of course there is. There always used to be an old brass lamp here in the corner by the front door. Let's see.' It was right there on the same table. There were matches there, too, and I struck one of them and lit it. Steve had stepped by me into the room; he was standing by the door, and he stood aside to let me pass. There was a little breeze from the open door, and I had put up one hand to shield the light and keep it from flickering. I was looking at the piano, because I'd never remembered seeing a piano there before. I was halfway across the room before I—before I ——" The voice shuddered slowly away to silence.

After a long pause Lambert asked, "Before you did what, Mrs. Ives?"

She gave a convulsive start, as though someone had let fall a heavy hand across the nightmare. "Before I—saw her." The voice was hardly a whisper, but there was no one in the room beyond the reach of its stilled horror.

"It was Mrs. Bellamy that you saw?"

"Yes, I ——" She swallowed—tried to speak—swallowed again and lifted a hand to her throat. "I'm sorry. Might I have a glass of water? Is that all right?"

In all that room no one stirred save the clerk of the court, who poured it with careful gravity and handed it up to her over the edge of the box. She drank it slowly, as though she found in this brief respite life itself. When she had finished it she put it down gently and said "Thank you" in a voice once more clear and steady.

"You were telling us that you saw Mrs. Bellamy."

"Yes. . . . I must have dropped the lamp immediately; all I remember was that we were standing there in the dark. I heard Stephen say, 'Don't move. Where are the matches?' He needn't have told me not to move. If I could have escaped death itself by stepping aside one inch I could not have moved that inch. I said, 'I have them here—in my pocket.' He said, 'Strike one.' I tried three times. The third time it lit, and he went by me and knelt down beside her. He touched her wrist and said, 'Mimi, did it hurt? Did it hurt, darling?' The match went out and I started to strike another. He said, 'Never mind. She's dead.' I said, 'I know it. Dead people can't close their eyes, can they?' He said, 'I have closed them. She's been murdered. I got you into this, Sue, and I'll get you out of it. Where are you?' I tried to say 'Here

(Continued on Page 38)

SWIFT

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Swift & Company

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(Continued from Page 36)

but I couldn't. And then I thought that I heard something move—outside—in the bushes—and I screamed.

"I'd never done that before in my life. It didn't sound like me at all. It sounded like someone quite different. Steve whispered, 'For God's sake, be still.' I said, 'I heard someone moving.' He said, 'It was I, coming toward you. Give me your hand.' His was so cold on my wrist that it was horrible.

"I put my hand over my mouth to keep from screaming again, and he pulled me through the hall and onto the porch. I said, 'Steve, we can't leave her there like that—we can't.' He said, 'She doesn't need us any more. Get in the car.' I pulled back, and he said, 'Listen to me, Sue. It doesn't make any difference how innocent we are, if it is ever known that we were in that room this evening we'll never be able to make one human being in God's world believe that we aren't guilty—and we'll have to make twelve of them believe it. I've got to get you home. Get into the car.' So I got in and he drove me home."

She was silent, and the court room was silent too. To the red-headed girl it seemed as though for a space everyone had forgone even the habit of breath and held it suspended until that voice should finish its dreadful tale. She could see Patrick Ives in his corner by the window. A long time ago he had buried his black head in his hands, and he did not lift it now. His mother had placed one small gloved hand on his knee. It rested there lightly, but she was not looking at him; her eyes had never wavered from Sue Ives' white face. Long ago the winter roses had faded in her own, but it was as gravely and graciously composed as on that first day.

"Did you drive straight home, Mrs. Ives?"

"Straight home. Stephen spoke two or three times; I don't remember saying anything at all. He told me to say that we'd driven over to Lakedale, and then he said that everything would be all right, because no one would know that Elliot had spoken to me, and no one could possibly know that we had gone to the cottage. I remember nodding, and then we were at our gate. Stephen said, 'You might as well give me that signal that we decided on before to let me know whether Pat's there; will you, Sue?' I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'You might ask him whether he heard from her this evening.' I said, 'Steve, it isn't us that this is happening to, is it? It isn't us—not Pat and you and I and Mimi.' He said, 'Yes, it's us. I'll wait right here. Hurry, will you?'

"I went into the house. All the lights were out except one in the hall, but I went out through the study and the dining room to the pantry. It connects with the servants' quarters and I wanted to make sure that none of them were about, as I had to go up and unlock the day nursery, and I was afraid that Kathleen Page might make a scene. It was all dark and quiet; there wasn't anyone there. I passed the ice box as I came back and I could see the fruit through the glass door. I remembered that Pat couldn't have taken it to Mother Ives, and I put some on a plate and went upstairs. Her door was open; she always left it open so that we could say good night if we came in before eleven."

"Were you with her long?"

"Oh, no, only a minute. I told her that Steve and I had driven over to Lakedale instead of going to the movies, and kissed her good night. Then I went around the gallery and on up to the nursery wing. I unlocked the door and pushed it open, but I didn't go in. Pat was sitting by the table, reading. The door to Miss Page's room was closed. He sat there looking at me for a moment, and then he stood up and came into the hall, pulling the nursery door to behind him. He said, 'I didn't know that you had it in you to play an ugly trick like that, Sue.' I said, 'I didn't know it either.' I went down to the study and lit the light—twice. I waited until I heard the car start and then I went up to my room and took off my clothes and went to bed. There were several lights in the room and I kept every one of them burning until after the sun was up. In the morning I got up and dressed and went to church, and it was just a little while after I got home that we heard that Mimi's body had been found. And Monday evening both Stephen and I were put under arrest."

She was silent for a moment, and then said in a small, exhausted voice, "That's all. Must I wait?"

Lambert said gravely and gently, "I'm afraid so. When was the first time that you told this story, Mrs. Ives?"

"Night before last—to you—after they found my finger print, you know."

"It is the full and entire account of how you spent the evening of the nineteenth of June, 1926?"

"Yes."

"To the best of your knowledge, you have omitted nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Thank you; that will be all. Cross-examine."

Mr. Farr advanced leisurely toward the witness box and stood staring thoughtfully for a long moment at its pale occupant. Under those speculative eyes the sagging shoulders straightened, the chin lifted.

"You were perfectly familiar with the gardener's cottage, were you not, Mrs. Ives?"

"Perfectly."

"You remembered even where the lamp stood in the hall?"

"Yes. I used to go there often as a child."

"Nothing had been changed since then?"

"I don't know. I was only there for a few seconds."

"Not long enough to notice a change of any kind whatever?"

"There was the piano; I remember that."

She sat very straight, watching him with those wide, bright eyes as though he were some strange and dangerous beast.

"Were you familiar with the back entrance from the River Road—to the Thorne estate, Mrs. Ives?"

"Yes."

"You could have found it at night quite easily?"

"You mean by the lights of the automobile?"

"Exactly."

"Yes."

"Were you aware that it was a shorter way to reach the Orchards than going back by way of Rosemont?"

"Oh, yes; it was about three miles shorter."

"Why didn't you take it?"

"Because when we were in Lakedale we had no idea of going to the cottage. We didn't think of it until long after we had returned to Rosemont."

"But why didn't you think of it before? You knew that in all probability Mrs. Bellamy was waiting for your husband at the cottage, didn't you?"

The question was asked in tones of the gentlest consideration, but the sentinel watching from the dark eyes was suddenly alert.

"No, I didn't know that at all. In the first place I wasn't sure that she had gone there; in the second place I wasn't sure that she had waited, even if she had gone."

"There was no harm in making sure, was there?"

"I thought there was. My idea in seeing Stephen was to get him to talk to Mimi; I hadn't the faintest desire to take part in the humiliating and painful scene that would have been inevitable if I had confronted her."

"I see. Still, you were willing to confront her in her own home, weren't you?"

"Yes." She bit her lip in an effort to concentrate on that. "But that wouldn't have been tracking her down and spying on her, and by then ——"

"'Yes' is an answer, Mrs. Ives."

"You mean that it's all the answer that you want?"

"Exactly."

"You didn't really want to know why I did it?"

Under the level irony of her glance the prosecutor's eyes hardened. "For your own good, Mrs. Ives, I suggest that you do not attempt to bandy language with me. You were not only willing to see her in her home but not long after you went to seek her in the cottage, did you not?"

"Yes. By that time we were both desperately worried and I put my own wishes aside."

"You wish us to understand that you went there on an errand of mercy?"

"I am not asking you to understand anything. I was simply telling you why we went."

"Exactly. Now when you got to the cottage, Mrs. Ives, you say there was no light?"

"There was no light."

"But you fortunately remembered that this lamp was in the hall?"

"Fortunately?" repeated Susan Ives slowly. "I remembered that there was a lamp in the hall."

"How long has it been since you were at the Orchards?"

"I have not been there since my marriage—not for seven years."

"How long since you were in the cottage?"

"I'm not sure—possibly a year or so before that."

"Were you a child nine years ago?"

"A child? I was over twenty."

"I thought you told us that it was as a child that you went to the cottage."

"I went occasionally after I was older. I was very fond of the old gardener and his wife. They were German and very sensitive after the outbreak of the war. We all used to go down from time to time to try to cheer them up."

"Very considerate indeed—another errand of mercy. But about this lamp now that you remembered so providentially after nine years. You are quite sure that it wasn't in the front parlor?"

"Absolutely sure."

"It couldn't have been standing on the little table that was overturned by Mimi Bellamy's fall?"

"How could it possibly have been standing there?"

"I was asking you. You are perfectly sure that it wasn't standing on that table, lighted, when you came in?"

"I see." The unwavering eyes burned brighter with that clear disdain. "I didn't quite understand. You mean am I lying, don't you? I have told you the truth; the lamp was on the table in the hall."

"Your Honor, I ask to have that reply stricken from the record as unresponsive."

"It may be stricken from the record to the point where the witness says, 'The lamp was on the table in the hall.'" Judge Carver stared down with stern, troubled eyes at the clear, unflinching face lifted to his. "Mrs. Ives, the court again assures you that you do yourself no service by such replies and that they are entirely out of order. It requests that you refrain from them."

"I will try to, Your Honor."

"Mrs. Ives, you have told us that when you were standing in darkness you heard a sound that frightened you. Was it someone trying the door?"

"Oh, no; the door was open. It wasn't anything as clear as that. I thought first that it was someone moving in the bushes, but it was probably simply my imagination."

"You didn't hear anyone whistling?"

"No."

"You are quite sure that neither of you locked the door?"

"Absolutely. Why should we lock the door?"

"I must remind you again, Mrs. Ives, that it is I who am examining you. Now you say that you went into the room ahead of Mr. Bellamy?"

"Yes."

"How far were you from the body when you first saw it?"

In the paper-white face the eyes dilated, suddenly, dreadfully. "I don't know. Quite near—three feet—four feet."

"You suspected that she was dead?"

"I knew that she was dead. Her eyes were wide open."

"You did not go nearer to her than those three or four feet?"

"No." She forced the word through her lips with a dreadful effort.

"You did not touch her?"

"No—no."

"Then how did the bloodstains get on your coat?"

At the sharp clang of that triumphant cry she shuddered and turned and came back to him slowly from the small, haunted room. "Bloodstains? There were no bloodstains on my coat."

"Do you still claim that the coat that you smuggled out of your house Sunday morning was stained with grease from Mr. Bellamy's car?"

"No—no, I don't claim that."

"That's prudent of you, as Sergeant Johnson has testified that there was no grease whatever on the car."

"I meant to explain that before," said Sue Ives simply. "Only there were so many other things that I forgot. It was kerosene from the lamp—the coat was covered with it. I didn't know how to explain it, so I thought that I had better get rid of it."

"I see," said the prosecutor grimly. "You're a very resourceful young woman, aren't you?"

"No," said the clear, grave voice. "I don't think that I'm particularly resourceful."

"I differ from you. . . . Mrs. Ives, you didn't intend to tell this jury that you had been in the gardener's cottage on the night of the nineteenth of June, did you?"

"Not if I could avoid doing so without perjuring myself."

"You decided to do so only when you were literally forced to it by information that you found was in the state's possession?"

"It is hard for me to answer that by yes or no," said Susan Ives. "But I suppose that the fairest answer to it is yes."

"You had decided to withhold this vitally important information because you and Stephen Bellamy had together reached the conclusion that no twelve sane men could be found to accept the fantastic coincidence that you and he were in the room in which this murder was committed within a few minutes of this crime, and yet had nothing whatever to do with it?"

"I think that again the answer should be yes."

"You are still of that opinion?"

"I no longer have any opinion."

"Why should you have changed your former opinion that twelve sane men could not possibly believe your story?"

"I do not know whether they will believe me or not," said Sue Ives, her eyes, fearless and unswerving, on the twelve stolid, inscrutable countenances raised to hers. "You see, I don't know how true truth sounds."

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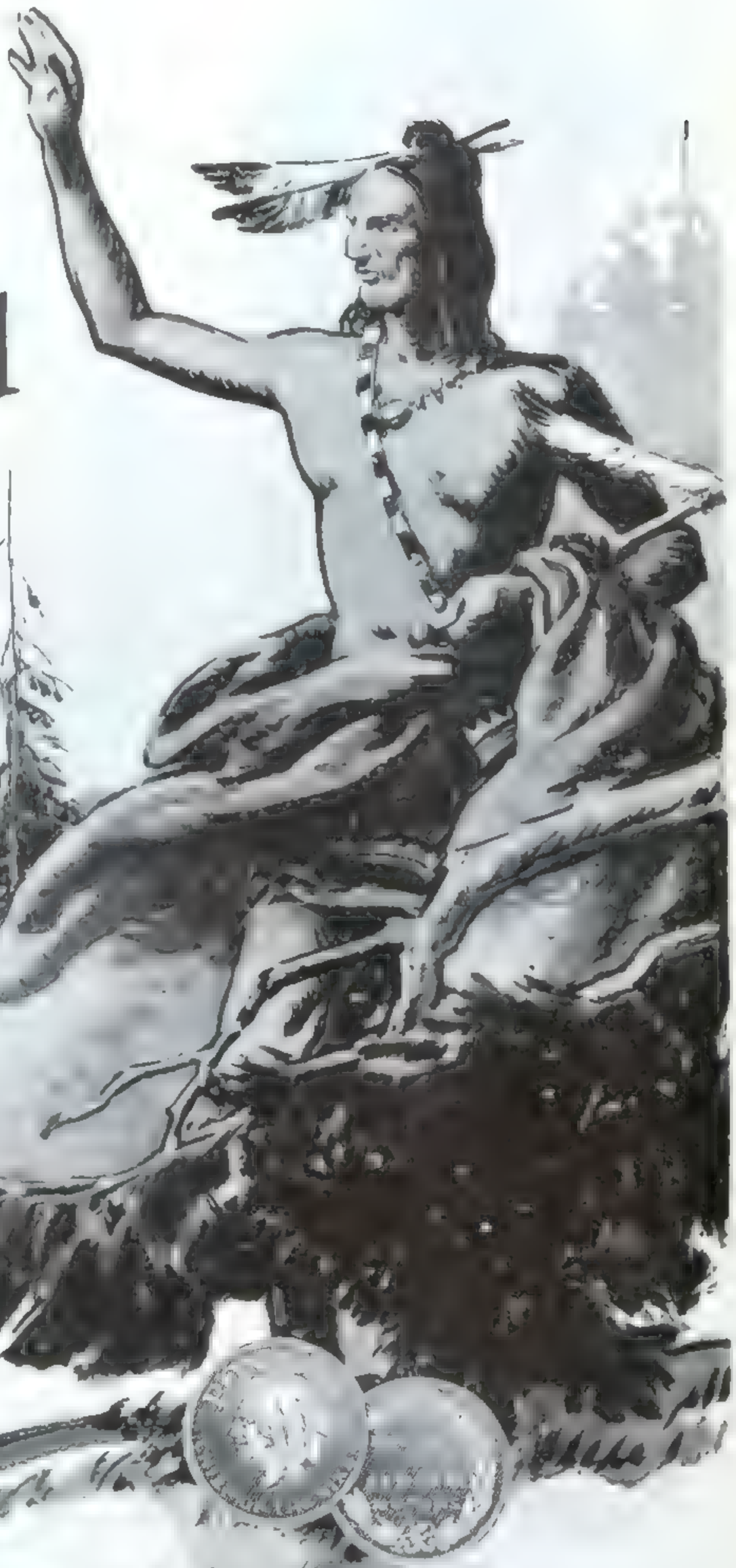
Surpassing Its Own World Record



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Les Américains Toujours Pressés

By GILBERT SELDES

ON THE day the United States declared itself in a state of war with the German Empire I lunched with a special-feature writer on the staff of one of Lord Northcliffe's papers. The moral effect of American participation was discussed at some length. And then I heard these words, as I recall them after the lapse of years:

"Of course you will not be of any immediate help at the Front. Your standing army is used only to prevent uprisings among the Indians." It was not a question, but as my eyelids flickered—I suppose—he added, "Isn't it?"

I told him that it isn't, but I wondered then and for long after about the sources of his information. He was not an ignorant man; he spoke several languages, he was a novelist of some distinction, his reading was exceptional. And in the year of grace 1917 he confidently believed that. When he said "Oh-hee-oh" and "Connect-i-cut," I let it pass, because he let it pass when I said "Cirencester"—which is the way the name of the pretty town is spelled—instead of "Sissiter"—which is, for some reason, the way the name is pronounced. But that he should still be in the dark ages of Custer's Last Fight was a little too much. It seemed to me that the old textbooks about America ought to have been revised, and that new travel books ought to note the changes which had come over America since, say, 1875.

To put it bluntly, and subject to revision later on, the changes have not even been noticed. After reading any quantity of visitors' literature about America, I am convinced that most of the reporters merely rewrite the books written a hundred years ago. Or—which amounts to the same thing in the end—they still see the things seen a century ago because they are so mercilessly prepared to see those things and no others.

Americans are no longer given to writing character studies of foreign lands, but the average American tourist returns home with a set of convictions about England, France, Italy or Germany which correspond closely to the ideas inculcated by the geographies and history books of five generations ago. The French are frivolous, fond of dancing and light wine, according to a "moral geography" of 1830; and the average tourist sees frivolity, dancing and light wine as the principal features of the French social landscape. The British are taciturn, reserved and undemonstrative, according to a legend which they themselves have spread; and the French or American visitor finds the British taciturn, reserved and undemonstrative, as faithfully as he finds the sun rising in the east. The Italians are volatile, Spanish women are dark beauties, the Germans are heavy—all the general categories of national character which were established centuries ago are still in use. We see what we expect to see, and the unexpected distresses us; so that we usually dismiss it as "the exception which proves the rule," without wondering whether the rule really exists.

We are, in relation to other countries, as guilty as our visitors are in relation to us. We are not really observant; we simply go by the book. I have found some Englishmen emotional and eloquent to the point of garrulity, and Frenchmen sober and cold, Germans light-minded as vaudeville, and some rather unattractive Spanish women. Every tourist has had similar experiences. But in the back of our minds remains the original pattern into which the picture must fit.

The Propensity for Writing About America

AND yet it gives one a start to read in Chevalier's account of his trip to the United States in the year 1834, that "*les Américains sont toujours pressés*"—the Americans are always in a hurry, precisely the words which you can find in any French newspaper today when the Americans are mentioned. In my mind's eye I can see these words in the leading editorial of Le Temps on Lindbergh's flight. Changeless as if the phrase were holy writ, it bobs up in a century of comment on America: "*Les Américains toujours pressés.*" The only time it was allowed to lapse was between 1914 and 1917. After that it occasionally seemed to foreign military gentlemen that we were a little in a hurry, even to win the war.

Chevalier was an engineer who came to this country to study our railroads, and was quite favorably impressed; he was intelligent and he noted down some of the enduring characteristics of our country. At about the same time scores of other travelers took the trouble to visit these strange shores and to report to their fellow countrymen—English travelers and French, Polish, Swedish and German. Some of their reports became famous—Captain Basil Hall's and Mrs. Trollope's because they were so bitter against the Americans; Captain Marryat's and Harriet Martineau's because they were more reasonable. All of them agreed to one thing: That chewing tobacco and "constant showers of tobacco saliva squirted on the floor" was an abominable habit to which a vast majority of Americans were enslaved. As that is one of the few things which the observers of 1927 fail to repeat, it is worth noting. But glance at some of the other statements made about the America of 1820 to 1840, not to question their accuracy, but to see how precisely the same phrases are repeated to this day:

George Combe traveled through the country for three years as a lecturer on phrenology. He was well received, liked the country, and nothing he says is influenced by envy or hostility. In 1839 he found the "locomotive propensity" of the American people startling; they were always dashing from place to place. The jargon of his profession led him to discover "propensities" everywhere, and another he noted was in the "insane excitement of the propensity for wealth," of which the current translation is that the Americans are dollar chasers. There was talk of a war with Great Britain while he was here, and he notes that it is the general opinion in England "that the Americans are so intensely devoted to gain . . . that they are not a warlike people." For later models consult European newspapers of 1914, 1915 and 1916. Americans were always asking "How do you like our country?" he says, and notes the publication of a book with these words as a title, remarking that it is generally the first question put, and is embarrassing. In Philadelphia people bolt their meals and there is no ease of social intercourse, because the men are too occupied with business, having neither "vivacity, ideas, nor feelings for passing the evening in easy conversation." The Americans ridicule their governors and are afraid of public opinion.

A Far-Sighted Critic

CHEVALIER, a little earlier, found us a lucky people, but devoted to "make-money"—he uses the English words. Railroads at that time had become a fad, a passion, a mania; we had them on land, under water, up in the air and in the bowels of the earth. He was acute enough to note that the adoration of railroads was not due entirely to our "supreme happiness in the precipitation which devours time and annihilates space," but because the railroads were appropriate to a vast territory over which cheap transportation was a necessity. But we were already slaves to business, and the commercial philosophy of Benjamin Franklin had made him the patron saint of America, with Poor Richard's Almanac as the fifth gospel. From the moment the American wakes he is at work, with eating a disagreeable interruption and the evening spent in "recapitulating the operations of the day or preparing those of the morrow." In a hurry, of course; Chevalier saw fellow travelers rise at four A.M. for debarkation at one P.M., and says that an American would hurry to the execution block for fear someone else would be executed first. The Yankee never looks at the scenery through which he is passing, he is lawless, and his boasted liberty is only a liberty of movement, for if liberty be measured by the number of actions permitted or tolerated, the French have vastly the advantage.

Mrs. Trollope, who wrote a two-volume account of her year in Cincinnati without ever letting out the secret that she was "in trade," detested the Americans and said so. She corrects Captain Hall, who said that the chief difference between the English and the Americans was the American "want of loyalty"; Mrs. Trollope says it is "want of refinement." The men do not walk or stand well—English tailors still moan about this. At sixteen education ends and money-making begins, to continue through life as the sole preoccupation. People eat in perfect silence and "with such astounding rapidity that their dinner was over literally before ours began"; there is no conversation; "the gentlemen spit, talk of elections and the price of produce, and spit again. . . . The ladies look at each other's dresses," and use cosmetics to excess. One never hears Americans conversing without hearing the word "dollar" pronounced between them, and New Englanders are proud of being called sly, grinding, selfish and tricky.

Miss Martineau, much less irritated, reports that New Englanders pry into one another's morals, and that they live in constant fear of what people will say. She was probably the first reporter to note that American business and professional men are wearied by work and success, and long for a leisure which they do not know how to acquire or enjoy. The men are too anxious, the women too vapid. Frederika Bremer found that we married too hurriedly—it was beginning to be chic to run off to Indiana to be divorced. Edward S. Abdy, another Englishman, thought Americans too anxious to make money and too apt to spoil their children, who became their own masters at an absurd age. Adam Gurowski set down the oft-repeated statement that American women are more cultivated than the men. By 1867 a Frenchman settled once for all the question of America's future, when he wrote that the American women's greatest ambition is to marry a title.

There is hardly a word in the above account which is not being repeated a hundred times today. The variations are of the slightest. A century ago it was tobacco, now it is chewing gum; then it was the speed mania of the railroad, now it is the motor car. The words change slightly, but the tune remains the same. Compare Morris Birkbeck of 1818, who said "Gain! Gain! Gain! is the beginning, the middle and the end, the alpha and omega of the founders of American towns," with the latest critic of America—who disliked the country so much that he never even came here, but wrote the book out of common report: "The power of money has so permeated every stratum of American society, that to the American no other object of desire seems conceivable. His standard of value measures solely in terms of wealth." Birkbeck protested against the lack of privacy and his belated follower echoes the protest. As early as 1854 the American hotel was held up as a marvel by William Chambers; today it is still considered a marvel, but in an evil sense.

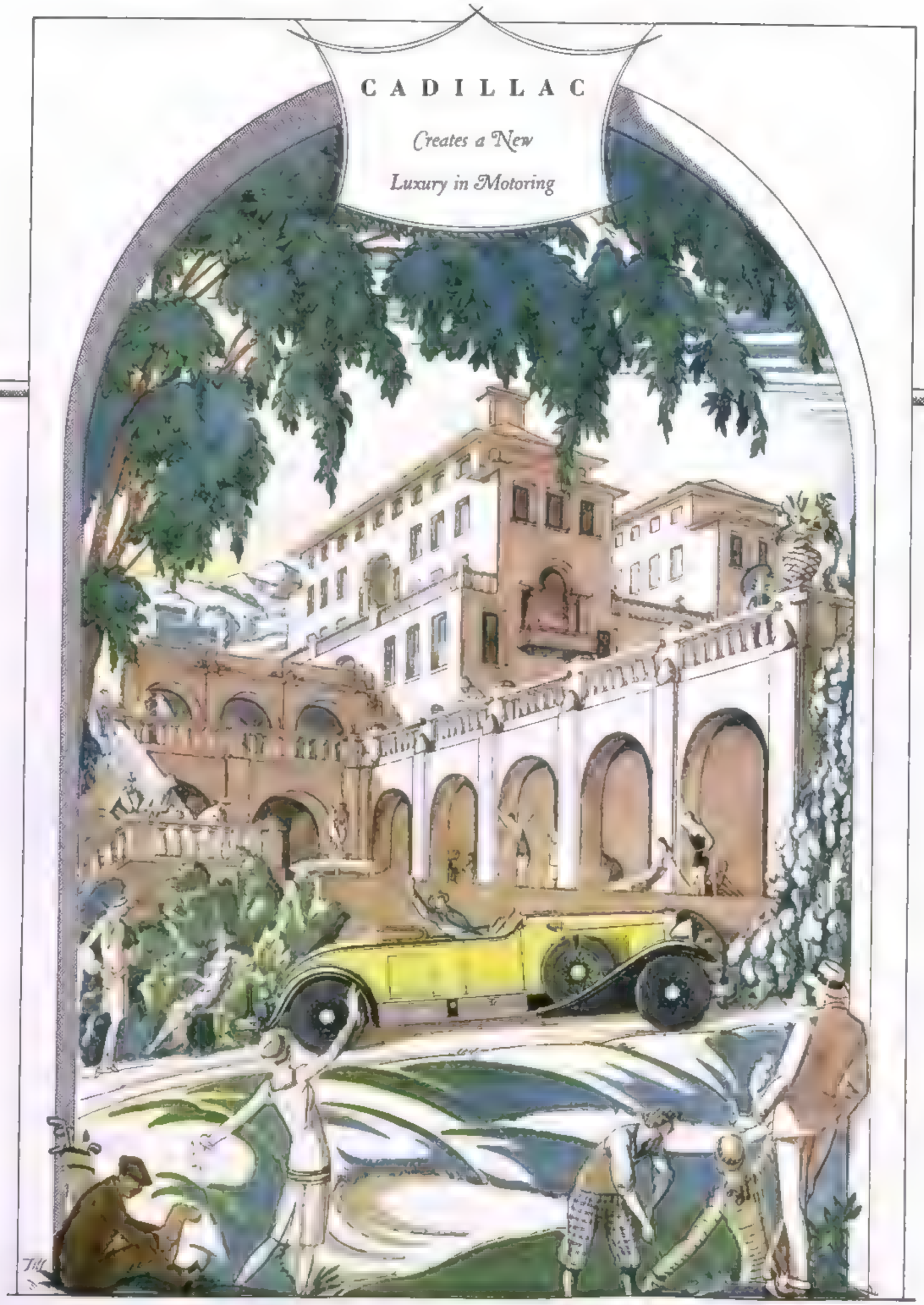
The book alluded to above is better than any single traveler's report, because it is a summary of what the English of the present day actually think of America. The hundreds of lecturers have gone back and reported, many of them with less friendliness than their success here would lead one to expect; superficial and profound observers have written about us at length; every great English paper has a correspondent or two in America, and publishes any amount of material about the United States. Yet a respected writer on politics, morality, religion and philosophy is able to sum up the picture in the British mind which reduces the morals of America to those of a single episode at Hollywood. The unfairness of the method is obvious, but the entertaining thing is that nearly every significant thing which Mr. C. E. M. Joad says about America was said a hundred years ago. For example, that the American worships machinery, is bent on material success, is always hustling, never looks at the scenery, is immature, mistakes size for quality, is afraid of public opinion and seeks a level of uniformity, and believes his country perfect. It seems to be the belief in England that Wall Street business men spend the noon hour listening to lectures on cultural subjects; and the only source of this belief, obviously, is the fun poked at Bostonians in 1840 for the endless lectures they attended.

Materialists First, Last and Always

THE same thing is true of French commentators. The acute Chevalier wrote that the American's single thought was to dominate the material world around him; eighty years later André Siegfried writes that we are dominated by the philosophy of production, and even in its sleep America is saying to itself, "Produce! Produce!" The first visitors noted our indifference to the arts; the latest ones repeat it. To be Americanized, according to the painter Nevinson, is to care for nothing but hot baths and internal-combustion engines, luxury and movement, and to despise art. In the days of the gold rush, when the pioneer, the farmer and the city swell existed side by side, visitors spoke of our uniformity; Mr. St. John Ervine says today that we are as well standardized mentally as materially. Mr. Combe, in 1840, was a little offended by the loudness of our advertisements; the words "Boots! Boots! Boots!" in type hardly bigger than a capital letter on this page, seemed to him ostentatious. Our publicity is still the source of great pain to our visitors.

It is not necessary to continue the catalogue of deadly parallels. Enough has been cited to justify the suspicion

(Continued on Page 96)



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ALL discussions end the moment the exquisite design and lavish luxury of the new Cadillac are revealed—to be obliterated forever when the power of its 90-degree, V-type, eight cylinder motor begins to manifest itself. As this car is acclaimed first among the fine automobiles of America and Europe in newly created beauty of design—so the immensely advanced V-type engine records itself as the most perfect performance factor in the world today.

More than 50 exclusive body styles by Fisher and Fisher-Fleetwood

CADILLAC

A Notable Product of General Motors

A SAGA OF THE SWORD

(Continued from Page 31)

for you. You will write to me sometimes—tell me all you are doing?"

"I am afraid the hussars will have but little time for writing letters," he renewed his smile at her. "At least, if they use us as they should."

She still smiled also, but the magic went out of her smile. He could sense that she accepted the rebuff; highly intelligent was Nina Cecchetti. He noticed Jean watching them, eyes upon the beauty of his partner. They continued to dance until the music terminated in the last slow chords of the *valse*.

"Who is the comrade of your regiment with whom you were talking?" she asked as he led her to a seat at the side of the ballroom.

"My oldest friend," he replied. "We obtained a transfer together to the same regiment when we were promoted. He was formerly in the Spahis, and came from Africa only a month ago."

Her beautiful face brightened in a sudden new interest. "From Africa! I adore the desert! Present him to me, Henri!"

Thankful for this opportunity to rid himself of her, he hastened to obey, brought the fair-bearded captain of hussars across to her. Jean's blue eyes lit up as he was introduced, as he bowed over the delicate white hand. She smiled at him ravishingly and made a place for him by her side on the settee.

"Capitaine de St.-Eustache tells me you are his oldest friend," she said. "That is already a recommendation! And that you come from Africa! Africa! Romance——"

St.-Eustache left them in this auspicious beginning of acquaintanceship, and hurried off to find Sylvie de Marsaguet.

The elderly colonel had but just returned her to her mother, white-haired and dignified, a cameo-pinned fichu round her neck. The old lady beamed in welcome. His sentiments were no secret to her, and a very acceptable *parti* was the Vicomte Henri de St.-Eustache.

"You permit that I take Mademoiselle Sylvie to find some refreshment, madame?" he asked.

"But certainly, Monsieur Henri!" Madame de Marsaguet was more than benevolent. "It would be a kindness!"

He bowed to his beloved. "Your mother permits, Mademoiselle Sylvie!" he said, offering her his arm.

She took it, and they went from the ballroom toward the refreshment buffet where the gold-laced lackeys of the Duchesse de Florenville, in knee breeches and powdered hair, majestically served the chattering throng of guests. How exquisitely sweet she was, grave-featured, true-eyed, girlishly beautiful, a little shy, only just an adept in the management of her long skirt! What a contrast to the Cecchetti! He was humbly conscious of his unworthiness.

"Who was the beautiful lady with whom you were dancing?" she asked, with her shy smile. He thrilled at that little touch of jealousy subtly implicit in her tone. "Everyone was admiring her."

"Merely an acquaintance, Mademoiselle Sylvie," he replied, smiling also. "But for me, there is only one person whom I admire, and you know who that is!"

She blushed charmingly. They found a little alcove behind tall palms, were waited upon by the knee-breeched footmen.

He leaned forward to her. An unwonted nervousness paralyzed his normal crisp fluency of speech, made him stammer absurdly, earnestly.

"Mademoiselle Sylvie, tonight I rejoin my regiment. I expect we shall go to the front immediately ——" He paused, saw her gray eyes fill with sudden tears. "Mademoiselle Sylvie, you know what I would ask of you—what I feel for you—what assurance I would carry away with me ——"

She looked at him. Her eyes brimmed. Her lips trembled. It was a moment for utter sincerity. She nodded, speechlessly.

He seized her hand. "Sylvie!" He felt, miraculously, her little hand reciprocate his pressure, watched—while the chattering throng, the orchestra in the ballroom, faded from his consciousness—her innocently girlish face troubled in the avowal, in the poignancy of that menace of separation, perhaps forever, which overhung their discovered love.

"Henri!" She could not more than faintly breathe his name. He pressed her hand to his lips. They repeated again those magic words:

"Sylvie!"

"Henri!"

What was there more to say? Those two words said everything. They sat in a silence that was like music—a silence wherein the specter of war, wrenching lovers apart, breaking hearts, rose dreadfully.

"I shall come back to you!" he said, defying it. "Sylvie, I shall come back!"

She forced a smile through those imminent tears. "I lend you to France—for victory," she answered. "I shall pray for you, day and night."

"Sylvie!"

"Henri!"

It was their betrothal. In that ineffable silence, he vowed himself to perform wonders in the war which at once must part them, to return to her for her fond pride, laying his glory at her feet. It must be so! It could not be otherwise. Her love would be a talisman; his love for her an inspiration, amid whatever extremity of peril——

"Sylvie!" In that poignant sincerity, his aforetime facile eloquence in love-making was gone from him.

Her large gray eyes, liquid with tears, looked into his. "Henri!"

An angry voice startled them, the voice of General de Marsaguet suddenly come upon them between the palms.

"Sylvie, your mother awaits you!" He turned to the young man, now instantly upon his feet. "Capitaine de St.-Eustache, I must beg that you will consider yourself a stranger in my house!"

"Mon père!" Sylvie's startled cry brought sharply curious glances from the people in the crowded room. "But why?"

Old General de Marsaguet was formidable in his harsh severity.

"My daughter, Capitaine de St.-Eustache has tonight uttered sentiments unworthy of a French officer—and particularly of a French cavalry officer! Sir, we will renew our acquaintance after you have charged at the head of your squadron! And I shall inform myself of your colonel's report!"

He gave his arm to his daughter, led her off. Capitaine de St.-Eustache stood as though the universe had collapsed around him. Within the ballroom the orchestra struck up another *valse*. From outside came again the roar of the Paris mob: *"À Berlin! À Berlin!"* To a tramp of thousands of feet, audible even here, came the blood-thrilling chorused beginning of The Marseillaise, for eighteen years forbidden as revolutionary, but that afternoon commanded by the Empress Eugénie herself from the band in the Tuileries Gardens:

"Allons, enfants de la Patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé ——"

It was the evening of Sunday, August twenty-eighth. The light-cavalry division commanded by General Margueritte—three regiments of Chasseurs d'Afrique in one brigade, the 1er Hussards and the 6me Chasseurs in the other—descended from the plateau where, in an incessant driving rain, it had all day long protected the passage of the Army of Chalons. Soaked to the skin, faint with hunger—nevertheless, fortunate was it that they had been stationed in the midst of potato fields—Capitaine de St.-Eustache led his squadron down the miry slippery ways into the deep little valley where they were to bivouac; a little way to his left Capitaine Kerouët similarly conducted his cavaliers, whose horses slithered on their haunches in the sharp descent. Thank heaven, with the sunset the rain was ceasing.

He set his teeth over an immense discouragement, almost a despair, as he guided and restrained his horse sliding nervously on the precipitous path. Appalling had been the spectacle presented by that army marching interminably, with here and there a beat of drum, through the rain. Only the artillery, defiling in a long procession of greenish bronze cannons and tarpaulin-covered wagons, whose exasperated drivers cursed and thrashed at the stumbling teams, and a few long-service infantry battalions, tramping steadily under their streaming capotes, conserved a nucleus of discipline in that horde of men whose military organization had all but dissolved. Hour after hour they had passed in great, irregular bands of stragglers, every regiment intermingled, who plodded wearily onward in a dejection indifferent to all but the vague necessity of keeping with their fellows, or who, intoxicated from the bottles they waved tumultuously—there had been a wild disorder in every *auberge* on the road—shouted vile insults at the officers hopelesaly impotent to control them.

A little after midday the emperor himself had passed on horseback, his great mustache still waxed out above the pointed chin-tuft, his face like that of a corpse. The stragglers on the roadside had yelled *"Badinguet!"* at him, had screamed obscenities. The squadron of Cent-Gardes behind him, their magnificent uniforms hidden by their long cloaks, their plumes of their silver casques draggled in the rain, had made no attempt to enforce respect. A little while later the *fourgons* of the emperor had also passed, white-capped chefs sitting wretchedly on the kitchen wagons, while their attendant escort plunged their horses and smote with the flat of their swords amid the howling mob of uniformed men who fought frenziedly to pillage them. Watching from the height above the road, the light cavalry troopers had muttered to each other in anger and dismay. This was the army which was the last hope of France!

In a little more than a month, incredible disaster after incredible disaster had shattered the speciously splendid façade of the Second Empire, had revealed the fatuous incompetence, the profound corruption, it so long had masked. The right wing of that great Army of the Rhine which was overwhelmingly to have invaded Germany had been defeated in detail of its scattered corps; the left wing, paralyzed under the unique ineptitude of Marshal Bazaine, was already blockaded in Metz. The emperor himself—the government of the country delegated to the regency of the empress, the supreme command of the army resigned to Bazaine, forbidden by his wife to return to Paris—had escaped thence on the eve of Gravelotte to take refuge, a pathetic supernumerary, with the new army formed at the Camp of Chalons under Marshal MacMahon. The famous maxim of *"Débrouillez-vous!"* had proved synonymous with a fearful chaos.

Half starved in the immediate breakdown of an improvised commissariat, mutinously insubordinate in the patent futility of its chiefs, fatigued with useless countermarches and long halts as the columns crossed inextricably, provided only with maps of Germany "useless for the moment," the generals and staffs flurriedly ignorant of the elements of their profession, since August twenty-first that army had drifted slowly northward in a perpetual oscillation between two projects. Its commander, feebly holding to a correct military appreciation of a campaign already all but hopeless, wished to retire westward on Paris. The empress vehemently reiterated her orders to advance eastward to the relief of Bazaine. What mattered it that the immensely superior German armies, maneuvered with a machine-like precision, marching from triumph to triumph, were between them and that goal?

The desperate, chloral-haggard woman in Paris could think only of the certainty of revolution should the emperor and the army return thither in inglorious retreat; concerned now only that her darling son should reign, implacably she held her husband to the two alternatives—victoriously extricate Bazaine, or die at the head of his troops. The day before yesterday Marshal MacMahon had recoiled from that mad thrust into disaster, had ordered the army to a last-moment retreat northwestward to Mézières; the huge confused columns had commenced their countermarch.

Yesterday two telegrams had come from Paris: "Abandon Bazaine and the revolution is in Paris" and "In the name of the Council of Ministers and the Privy Council, I demand that you relieve Bazaine." Marshal MacMahon had weakly submitted, had cried "Very well! Let us go and smash ourselves!" had issued his counterorders; once more, in yet worse confusion, the army had countermarched. It was now endeavoring to elude the German masses by a northeastward circular movement close against the Belgian frontier, which, by a miracle, might bring it into contact with Bazaine's army, hoped and rumored to be breaking out to the northward of Metz. Away to the south two German armies—"on information received"—had abruptly swung northward from their march on the enemy capital.

In the rain-sodden valley, the horses of the 1er Hussards were watered at the brook, were tethered in long lines of steaming animals greedy at their nose bags. The little *tentes abri* were unfastened from the saddles, were erected in the long wet grass. From the adjacent hamlet peasants patriotically excited at this martial irruption into their solitude brought trusses of straw. Fires began to smoke and then to glow in the damp twilight. There was no distribution of rations. Hungry men roamed along the stream, gathering watercress, digging out crayfish from the mud. Others philosophically contented themselves with potatoes saved from those foraged for on the plateau during their long halt.

Capitaine de St.-Eustache shared one of those little bivouac tents with his comrade, Jean Kerouët. He sat now at its entrance, on a log of wood, drying himself at the pungently smoking fire his orderly failed to stimulate into a blaze. A yard or two distant, seated on his saddle, his sabretache placed as a support upon his knees, Kerouet was writing a letter. A bitter disgust with life filled Capitaine de St.-Eustache as, aching with his day-long immobility in the rain, impatiently famished for the chicken, bought from the village for its weight in silver, which Kerouët's servant was now cooking, he sat and stared at the little flames trying to establish themselves on the green wood of the fire. His existence was empty of all save an immense hopelessness wherein the cumulatively increasing disasters to that French army erstwhile so confident in its ancient glory—he had not until now realized his own lifelong pride in it—were almost an appropriate accompaniment to the intimate disaster still an anguish in him.

He had not again seen Sylvie de Marsaguet; had not heard from her. She was forever lost to him. He wondered what General de Marsaguet, at the Ministry of War in Paris, was thinking now. He was probably still vehemently maintaining that a great charge of cavalry—an overwhelming mass of horsemen—could and should break through the German masses to Bazaine. Bah! To charge recklessly, suicidally, like the cuirassiers at Froschweiler, was all their cavalry was good for! General Margueritte's light division had indeed carried out some reconnaissances—clumsily, by squadron or regiment, not by little hard-riding adventurous troops like the ubiquitous Uhlans—but the bulk of the cavalry

had not been employed at all, had followed massed in rear of the army! And now surely, inevitably, they were drifting to catastrophe. He almost welcomed it as a final extinction of that once so brilliantly gay epoch which had crumbled into such universal ruin.

Sylvie was lost to him—he would not think of her. But there was another sadness at his heart. Of late, Jean Kerouët—his boyhood's comrade—had been oddly different in his manner. A peculiar constraint had replaced his oldtime affectionate easy frankness; often he had been snappily bad-tempered when they had sat together in their miserable rain-soaked bivouacs. St.-Eustache had forced himself to attribute that change to the fatigues of the day's march, loyally denying admission to an instinctive uneasy feeling that it was due to nothing so superficial. He tried to think of some adequate reason for it. Had he offended him? He could remember no occasion of offense. It dated back—it dated back to that week's leave in Paris which Jean had obtained just before the army had marched from Chalons. He had returned subtly altered, had been vague as to how he had spent his time; with a Breton stubbornness, his blue eyes impenetrable, had refused to discuss it. What had happened on that leave? Suddenly it flashed into him—Nina Cecchetti!

Of course! In the train all the way to Niort, when they had rejoined their regiment after leaving the salons of the Duchesse de Florenville, he had insisted on talking of her. Kerouët had been infatuated—intoxicated with her beauty, with that dazzling charm she knew how to make so magical—even as, twelve months ago, he himself had been infatuated and intoxicated. Then they had been furiously busy with the regiment's preparations for departure; he himself had thought of Sylvie, had forgotten Madame Cecchetti. He remembered now that this morning he had overheard one of Kerouët's subalterns laughingly telling how his squadron commander was so enamored of some fair lady in Paris that every day on the march he had stopped at some little town or other to dispatch a telegram assuring her of his passionate fidelity. To Nina Cecchetti, of course! Kerouët was probably writing to her now, as every evening he had written. But why should this sudden amour, however fervent, disturb a friendship which had already solidly survived so many such? Jean knew about Sylvie—he could have no thought of rivalry.

He sat puzzling over it, his disquietude obscurely mingled with his professional disquietude for the safety of this army launched on so temerarious a mission—the disquietude which haunted every soldier in that host. The two trains of thought were almost simultaneous, superseded each other alternately in his fatigued brain. Had those vaguely formidable Prussians, they who seemed to know everything, heard of this last decisive change of direction? Were their columns still directed on Paris—"confident in its own defenses"? Or had they turned to overtake and enmesh them? The word had been passed through the army that they had thirty-six hours' start in that desperate race toward Bazaine—that the enemy was still ignorant of the move. Was it the fact? Those Prussians had spies everywhere—in the army, in Paris. In Paris—that sudden instinctive suspicion of Nina Cecchetti returned in him—the remembrance of those telegrams sent every day to her by Kerouet! It was absurd! His suspicion had no foundation. Besides, those telegrams would convey merely love messages. Military intelligence would be stopped, even if, unthinkably, Jean should send it. Yes, but—the thought leaped into his mind, startlingly, those telegrams would be postmarked with the place and hour of dispatch! From them, and particularly if correlated with others—he remembered how the Cecchetti had tried to inveigle him into writing to her, "tell her all he was doing"—could be followed the march of the army from day to day! He almost sprang up in alarm. What was Jean writing now? Telling her "all they were doing"? A perspiration came on his forehead.

At that moment Jean finished his letter by the firelight, put it into an envelope, stuck it down, addressed it in pencil. St.-Eustache rose to his feet. He found that he was trembling.

"Jean," he said quietly, "please do not send that letter."

His comrade looked up at him. "And why, if you please?" His tone was cuttingly hostile.

St.-Eustache preserved a voice of reasonable persuasion. "Because, *mon ami*, it is dangerous to send letters to anyone just now—while the army is engaged in this critical move."

A stronger flame from the fire illuminated Kerouët's fair-bearded face. There was, unmistakably, disconcertingly, a sudden fiercely cold hatred in those blue eyes.

"Bah!" he exclaimed. "Concern yourself with your own affairs! . . . *Ordonnance!*"

The orderly stepped out of the obscurity, saluted. Kerouët handed him the letter. "Ride to Le Chesne—the place where you went yesterday—put this letter in the civil post," he commanded curtly.

The man saluted again. "*Entendu, mon capitaine!*" He moved to depart.

St.-Eustache raised his voice. "Halt!" he ordered.

The man stopped, glanced irresolutely at his own officer, precisely equal in rank to this captain who interfered. Kerouët had jumped up in a sudden fury.

"What do you mean?" he cried. "This is an outrage!"

St.-Eustache mastered himself to calm moderation. Was he not speaking to Jean—to his oldest, his dearest friend?

"I mean merely, *mon ami*, that you have forgotten the order that all letters must be sent through the army post," he said. "There is a postal wagon in the camp."

Jean glared at him. "What is it to do with you? I want that letter to arrive—not to wait in the army wagons for a week! . . . *Ordonnance*, obey!"

Again the man made to move. Something rose within Capitaine de St.-Eustache. He suppressed it.

"I cannot be a party to deliberate disobedience of orders," he said, with a quietly firm voice surprising to himself. As he spoke he took a quick step toward the orderly, plucked the letter from his hand. "Dismiss!" he commanded him, in a tone that brooked no hesitation. The orderly stepped back out of the firelight. He glanced at the letter, saw the superscription: "Madame Nina Cecchetti."

"Give me that letter!" Jean was quivering with rage, his eyes suddenly maniacal.

"Certainly, *mon ami*, but presently, when you are calmer. Or I will myself post it for you in the proper receptacle." It was an agony to him to see that fury in his friend's face.

"Give me that letter!"

Was Jean going to spring at him? He crumpled it tight in his hand. "*Mon ami*, for the moment I must refuse!"

He saw Jean's hand go to his sword hilt. Plainly, with an immense effort, the furious young man restrained himself.

"Capitaine de St.-Eustache, you have insulted me before my men! I will at once appoint my seconds! We shall have time in the morning!"

St.-Eustache gasped at the strange concentrated hatred in that voice.

"Jean, you are mad! You know not what you say!" How could they fight—he and Jean! It was fantastic. "I only wished to warn you—it is dangerous to write to Madame Cecchetti—I know her better than you do!"

Jean laughed, shortly, horribly. "Yes, of course! You know her better than I do! Much better! You should! . . . Be good enough to send your seconds to mine!"

"Jean, it is impossible! We cannot fight—not you and I—we are friends—have always been friends ——" He was desperate, bewildered, in that suddenly revealed incredible enmity.

Jean laughed again—a laugh that was a mockery of laughter.

"Friends! Capitaine de St.-Eustache, for the last fortnight I have hated you as in all my life I have never hated any man. I do not know why I have not already killed you. Do you understand? Please consider yourself the challenged party—you have the choice of weapons!"

For the last fortnight! Suddenly, incredulously, he understood. Jean was jealous—was retrospectively jealous of that dead intimacy with Nina Cecchetti! It was too insanely absurd!

"Jean, I cannot—I will not! Never will I fight with you!"

Jean stepped close to him. The cold hardness of his voice was itself an insult.

"Capitaine de St.-Eustache! It is already understood in Paris that your alliance with the family of General de Marsaguet was broken off on account of your confessed pusillanimity! I repeat that charge! Coward!" With the last word, he struck him sharply in the face.

Capitaine de St.-Eustache felt the hot surge of blood rush up in him, controlled himself with an extremity of effort in that stinging shock. He spoke in a voice he had never before heard from himself.

"Capitaine Kerouët, for the moment our lives belong to France. On the morning peace is declared my seconds shall wait upon you!"

He turned abruptly away, ordered his servant to remove his gear from Capitaine Kerouët's tent.

It was the early morning of the fourth day thereafter, the first of September. In a dense autumnal fog the light cavalry division of General Margueritte stood on a plateau near a stone Calvary, above the village of Illy where they had bivouacked. Yesterday, in a blazing heat, the army, surprised the previous day at Beaumont by a German attack, had been herded over the Meuse into a narrow space around the picturesquely antiquated fortress of Sedan. Those rare officers who had seen a map said there was just a chance that, renouncing its desperate purpose, abandoning all its baggage, it might yet escape northwestward through the three-mile-wide gap between a great buckle of the river and the Belgian frontier. Dismounted by their horses, they listened now to a thudding thundering cannonade that had begun to the south, beyond Sedan, in the neighborhood of a village called Bazeilles—a cannonade that crept gradually upward to right and left of them, was reënforced by an increasing rifle fire, was vividly ripped by the violent sudden discharges of *mitrailleuses*.

The hours passed and the fog began to clear. Capitaine de St.-Eustache stood on the flank of his squadron of black-busbied, sky-blue-tunicked, red-trousered hussars; the entire division was mounted on white or gray horses—for the most part nervous Arabs—and the cavaliers caressed and soothed them as they whinnied restlessly. In rear of him—the regiment was in column of squadrons—Capitaine Kerouët stood similarly by his own. They had not exchanged a word since that fatal evening. Farther away, as the fog wreathed and broke, he could see the other regiments of the division, the 6me Chasseurs of their own brigade, the three regiments of the other brigade commanded by the just-promoted dare-devil General de Gallifet, already celebrated, the darling of Parisian salons. The horse-artillery battery attached to the division became visible, the gunners immobile in readiness at their unlimbered pieces.

A battery of *mitrailleuses* came up at a gallop, their incased multiple barrels short between normal artillery wheels, established itself for action. He could hear a confused murmur of more distant voices, of sharp commands as unseen infantry regiments deployed on the slope of the plateau. The fog cleared totally in a warmish sunshine. They waited, waited. Still the cannonade continued, extended upward on each flank, ever louder; puffs of smoke, rounded and white against a pleasantly blue sky, rising from the wooded hills to the right, from the low ground far away to the left beyond the Meuse. There was a sudden menacing whistle in the air, a violent detonation, a spout of black fumes from the earth.

They looked eagerly for its origin. Away to the northward—closing them in—rose other drifting smoke puffs—from three positions! Three German batteries were firing. Their shells came quickly one after the other in a moan that changed to that ugly whistle as they approached and exploded viciously. Most of them fell on the infantry, out of sight save for suddenly active red-trousered stretcher bearers. The horse-artillery battery opened in six deafening crashes; they could see its shells bursting hopelessly short. Presently, from the direction of Illy, came a quickly reiterated, continued series of musketry volleys. A passing staff officer told Capitaine de St.-Eustache that some cuirassiers of another division had charged, had been decimated still far from their objective. General Margueritte came galloping back to his division, waved his telescope. There was a succession of trumpet calls. "Mount!" Capitaine de St.-Eustache leaped on his horse, went to the front of his squadron. But his regiment did not move; the Second Brigade was to remain in support. Only the three regiments of Chasseurs d'Afrique went galloping down the slope, trumpets sounding, the men shouting, toward those German batteries.

The charge of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, made with no reconnaissance whatever, tumbling into a sunken road at its worst place, received by little knots of rapidly shooting Prussian riflemen, had failed to get anywhere near the batteries. With blown horses, they came galloping up again in disordered groups, in ones and twos and threes, mounted and dismounted men here and there supporting a wounded comrade, riderless animals still faithfully accompanying their troops and sections, rallied to the trumpet calls near the Calvary. The Third Chasseurs d'Afrique had lost one squadron out of four. A deluge of shells, arriving from north, east and west, burst upon the plateau, continued to arrive in an inferno of whistles and explosions and violent spouts of black smoke that revealed men and horses prostrate when they dispersed. A long line of German batteries had come into action to the northward, had added themselves to the ever-more-numerous batteries to east and west, were concentrating their fire on this high ground which was the key of the French position.

The horse-artillery battery replied furiously, desperately, in a whelm of smoke from its own discharges, from the shell bursts that sprang up ceaselessly in and around it, strewing its gunners upon the earth. Other adjacent French batteries were also replying violently, in rapidly repeated crashes that mingled with the now thunderous roar of artillery on every side. The watching cavalrymen could see their shells persistently bursting in the air, far short of the enemy; years before, in some fatuous theory of the Minister of War, the French shells—originally fused to explode at adjustable intervals of 200 meters—had been altered to burst only at 2900 and 1400 meters! The German projectiles were percussion-fused and burst on impact.

It was target practice for those steel Krupp guns to which the French had given a prize at the Paris Exhibition of 1367. From the northward slopes of the plateau, red-trousered infantrymen—insulting the officers who strove to restrain them, or white-faced and deaf to everything save the thundering, crashing, imminent menace of death—came streaming back. The light cavalry division of General Margueritte dismounted again, stood stolidly in position. It was a little after nine A.M.

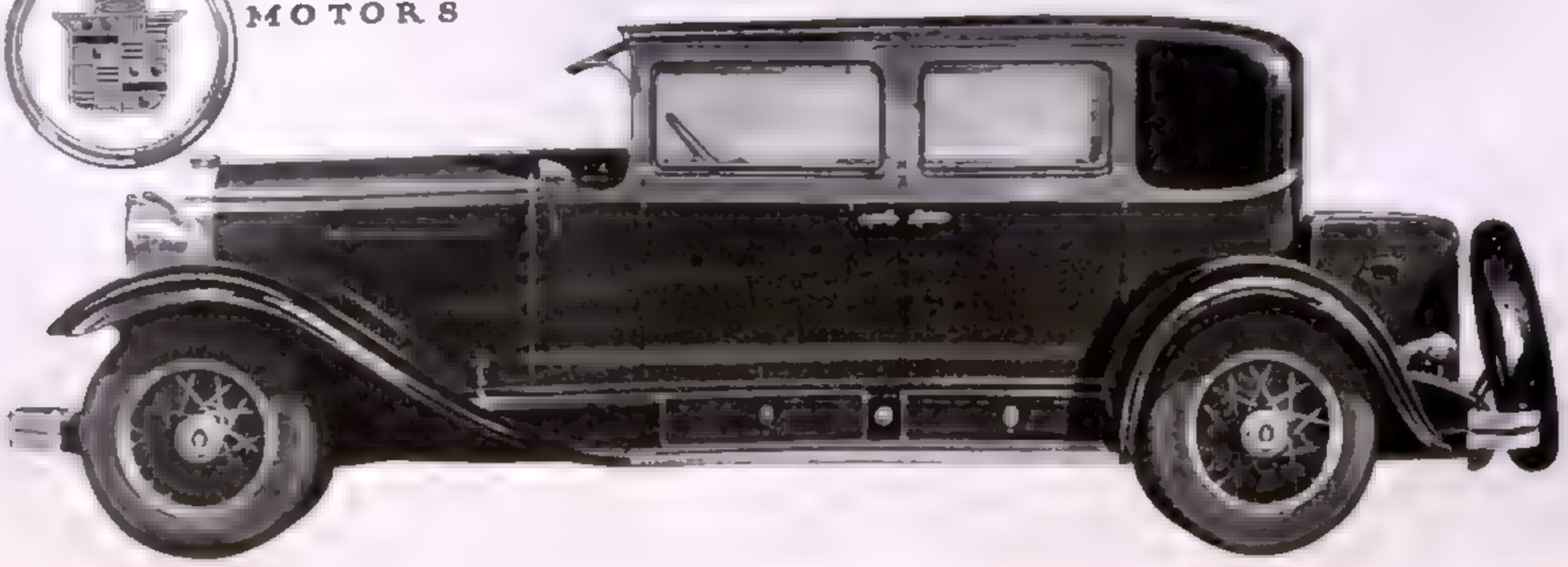
For nearly two and a half hours they had stood there, impotent to do more than

(Continued on Page 46)

IT is deeply gratifying to the Fisher Body Corporation that Bodies by Fisher and Fisher-Fleetwood play a major part in the brilliant success of the New Cadillac. Presenting a radical departure from past design, the new cars are unmistakably the most luxurious and distinguished ever created for the fine car owners of America. The bodies of the New Cadillac cars are the finest creations of master custom body artisans. But Fisher resources and manufacturing efficiency enable Cadillac to present them without the usual price-penalty—a fact which contributes to making the New Cadillac incomparably the greatest investment value in the fine car field.

Body by FISHER

GENERAL MOTORS



(Continued from Page 44)

watch, but, miraculously, very little damaged by the never-ceasing hail of shells. In front of them, the horse-artillery battery had been all but annihilated, had been forced to retire. Behind them, at the other side of a deep little ravine, a brigade of cuirassiers had been drawn up; and the Prussian shells, passing overhead, had burst among them devastatingly, in a curious noise of clattering iron, oddly audible in this deafening chaos of sound, as the fragments struck the steel breastplates, flung the men from their saddles. Those cuirassiers had now disappeared. A long time back they had learned that Marshal MacMahon had been wounded, that General Ducrot was in command. General Ducrot had decided to break out to the northwestward, had commenced a concentration on the plateau of Illy, had ordered the evacuation of the hitherto stubbornly defended village of Bazeilles.

Then General de Wimpffen had produced an authority from the ministry in Paris, had superseded General Ducrot, had ordered a diametrically opposite movement, had ordered Bazeilles to be recaptured. It was of a piece with the vacillations on the march from Chalons—a final exhibition of fatuous incompetence. Capitaine de St.-Eustache set his teeth over his bitterness of soul as he watched the infantry dissolving, disbanding, screaming insults at every general they saw, yelling that they were betrayed, vituperatively asserting that General de Wimpffen was now trying to earn a mythical but firmly believed-in three millions promised by the Germans to Marshal MacMahon. Those panic-stricken infantrymen swarmed back in desperate search of a rear that would be safe, but there was now no rear; the German armies completely encircled them in a ring of thundering guns. Bah! They could but die stubbornly at their posts, preserving what they might of individual military honor. For himself, he would be glad to die, to finish with a life that no longer held professional pride, or love, or friendship. He spoke to his squadron, coolly, phlegmatically, as the men winced and cursed at the near-by shell bursts. "Steady, hussars, steady!"

The storm of projectiles was suddenly intensified, doubled in violence. From the direction of Illy came a fury of rifle fire, the harsh spasmodically renewed discharges of *mitrailleuses* in hot action. The brigade commanders galloped back from the crest whence they had been watching the battle, met General Margueritte galloping back from a reconnaissance through a large wood in rear, halted together amid a fantastic inferno of exploding shells. From the northeast the German infantry was moving to the attack of the Illy plateau, was covered by the fire of twenty-four batteries in front and more batteries than could be counted on each flank.

Once more the trumpets sounded through the din. "Mount!" The orders were passed through the division—retreat by independent troops through the wood in rear, rally at the other side. Troop by troop they turned, galloped madly across a field that spouted smoke and flame, a field that was plowed in long scars by almost horizontally arriving shells, that was filled with panic-stricken artillerymen slashing at rearing jumbled teams, with panic-stricken Zouaves running blindly, their rifles abandoned. In the wood were sudden flashes of red flame, great upward founts of black smoke. They arrived, without semblance of order, at its edge, forced their horses to enter, to break a passage through the thick undergrowth.

It was one o'clock. The cavalry division, less half the 4me Chasseurs d'Afrique lost in the frightful confusion, had rallied at the other side of that accursed wood. Passage through it had been a nightmare of hell. It had been filled with crazed fugitives of every arm, who had shrieked like damned souls as the German shells burst ceaselessly, pitilessly, in an appalling concentration of fire upon it, the trees splintering, crashing, in flame and smoke and demoralizing noise. The cavalry had burst through desperately, leaving men suspended from overarching branches—men who were wounded, who screamed vainly for succor, screamed that they did not want to die thus helplessly hanging.

General Tilliard, commanding the 2me Brigade, had been eviscerated. Colonel de Bauffremont, of the 1er Hussards, took over the brigade as gradually it reformed from the scattered horsemen emerging from the woods, cantering toward the sound of the trumpets. Capitaine de St.-Eustache, grimly calm, his face blackened by a near explosion, vociferated to his squadron to dress its ranks, ordered the roll call. A little way in rear, Capitaine Kerouët was similarly active in a calm efficiency. In that wide glade where they were halted—the only disciplined body amid maddened hordes of officerless men who surged here and there, no longer knowing where to run—the shells burst as pitilessly as ever, arriving from all sides at once. They stood there for yet another hour.

There was a sudden sounding of trumpets. Out of sight beyond the woods, yet other great masses of German infantry were advancing from the village of Floing, to the westward, for the final combined attack on the Illy plateau. General de Wimpffen had ordered General Ducrot to stop them at all costs. General Ducrot had decided to unite all the cavalry, to cover it by all the artillery available, to send it forward in a great charge that should open a road to the infantry following with leveled bayonets. There was no man in that light-cavalry division who did not know what those stirringly brazen trumpets implied. They were going to be sacrificed. "Forward!" Regiment after regiment, at a hard canter, they went round the southern edge of the wood, through yet more hordes of fugitives, up again to the plateau of their original position, shells falling all about them.

"Halt!" St.-Eustache's trumpeter repeated the call, as he held up his hand, reined back his excited gray horse. "Dismount! Tighten girths!" Feverishly the men leaped to the ground, tightened the girths, made sure that all the multifarious packages on the saddle were firmly attached. St.-Eustache noticed that the teeth of some of them were chattering even as, oddly, they laughed. Only one or two cursed. There were those who muttered a prayer. He himself was desperately calm, felt glacial. He tied a handkerchief round the wrist of his sword hand. General Margueritte had gone forward in a last-minute reconnaissance of the long slope toward Floing. The men stood by their horses, their faces pale, beaded with perspiration, awaiting the order. Capitaine de St.-Eustache swung himself back into his saddle, trotted back to Capitaine Kerouët behind him at the head of his squadron. He saluted formally.

"Capitaine Kerouët," he said in a cold voice, "we are about to charge. You called me coward. I challenge you to a death ride—satisfaction to him who rides farthest!"

He half thought he saw a hesitation in Kerouët's fair-bearded face. Then the blue eyes glared at him again.

"I accept," Kerouët's voice was curt. "But if we both survive, I shall still expect your seconds!"

"Of course!" He replied with equal curtness, over that last bitter pang. He returned to his squadron, drew his sword. The trumpets sounded, "Mount!"

General Margueritte came back, supported in his saddle by two officers, his face bloody. He had been shot through the jaw. Unable to speak, he waved his arm toward the enemy. The cavalrymen yelled in vengeful fury, flourished their sabers in the air, their horses jostling nervously in the ranks. All around them the rifle fire was terrific, almost blotting out the cannonade whose shells still hurtled upon them. General Margueritte passed to the rear. General de Gallifet, coquettishly handsome, conspicuous with an immense red-and-white striped silk scarf around his body, was in command of the division.

There was a fanfare of trumpets. The 1er Chasseurs d'Afrique shouted, brandished their swords, galloped off in succession of squadrons, disappeared down the slope in a sudden yet more violent intensification of that furious rifle fire. Again trumpets sounded. Their own? No. The 3me Chasseurs d'Afrique shouted in their turn, their gray and white horses bounded suddenly forward, were lost in a whelm of smoke and dust as they also went down toward those rapid crashing volleys. Quivering oddly, his mouth suddenly dry, assuring his grip upon his sword hilt, Capitaine de St.-Eustache glanced toward Colonel de Bauffremont, on the left, between the two regiments of his brigade. He saw him turn in an order to his trumpeter, heard faintly through the din the thrilling call instantly repeated by every trumpeter of the Hussars.

He waved his sword, yelled at the top of his voice: "Squadron! Charge!"

They were racing down the slope in a creaking of knee-gripped saddlery, in a multitudinous thudding of hoofs, the gray and white horses straining frenziedly in the gallop, the men vociferating incoherently, the officers shouting, "Spur! Spur!" A few shells exploded among them. In front came the savage claps of musketry volleys, the incessant crackling detonations of independent fire. They swerved a little from the path of the 3me Chasseurs d'Afrique preceding them, met disordered horsemen of the 1er Chasseurs d'Afrique galloping up in retreat. "*En avant! En avant!* Spur! Spur!" Capitaine de St.-Eustache shouted it in a suddenly maddened intoxication, a recklessness that was almost joyous. The bullets came whistling among them in sheets, struck here and there in an ugly dull thud. Horses and men went down headlong. They passed into a furnace-like heat, a mist of rifle smoke.

Through that mist he could see the long lines of dark-uniformed Prussian skirmishers running together in knots, could see dark infantry masses farther away. The shells ceased. There was only that incessant crashing of rifle volleys—those sheets of whip-cracking whistling bullets under which men and horses collapsed in groups, bringing down those who immediately followed in a mass of frantically kicking animals. "*En avant! En avant! Vive la France! En avant!*" They raced onward. If only they could reach those rapidly firing infantrymen! From the commencement of the charge, those quickly assembling groups had been only five hundred yards distant. They were now two hundred yards away—one hundred yards—crash! Behind him, Capitaine de St.-Eustache heard shrieks and screams, the tumult of horses suddenly stricken down. "*En avant! En avant!*" He could see those dark-uniformed Prussians grinning as they aimed. Crash! The thudding of hoofs behind him all but ceased. He glanced round, reined back—the squadron had all but vanished. There were only rows of stricken men and horses—there was only a wild confusion of independent riders wheeling in the smoke. The Prussian infantry shouted gutturally: "Hurrah! Hurrah! *Cavallerie! Prisonnir!* Hurrah!" Crash! Another volley whip-cracked past him. He heard the trumpets sounding the rally all over the slope. Where was Kerouet? He saw him—already galloping back, rounding up his men. It was time for him to do likewise.

He was once again at the summit of the slope. "*À vos rangs! À vos rangs!*" Breathless, smoke-blackened, half of them wounded, the remnant of that gallant cavalry obeyed, reformed its ranks under an infernal fire. Hussars mixed up with Chasseurs d'Afrique, with the 6me Chasseurs. Untouched, still chic, General de Gallifet sat his horse in front of them. St.-Eustache looked for Kerouet, saw him on his horse a little distance away. He almost made him a friendly sign, remembered that it might be misinterpreted; Kerouët had galloped back—dutifully answering the call—before he had. General Ducrot came galloping up to their commander.

"Now, then, *mon petit Gallifet!*" he cried. "One more effort! If not for success—for honor!"

General de Gallifet raised his kepi. "As much as you like, general!" he replied gayly. "So long as one remains!"

Once more the trumpets blared the thrilling call. Once more, in a headlong-thundering, madly vociferating mass, they raced down the slope strewn with corpses. The Prussian infantry had advanced. It was certain death, but they had not so far to go to it. Away on a height beyond the Meuse the old king of Prussia watched them through his field glasses and cried: "Oh, the brave fellows!" Crash! The volley sent half of them to the ground in a jumbled disorder of suddenly precipitated horses and men. The rest raced on, General de Gallifet, conspicuous in his unregimental sash, waving his sword. Crash! The Prussian infantry was now quite close—a series of little groups that aimed and fired. "*Cavallerie! Cavallerie!* Hurrah! Hurrah!" St.-Eustache could hear their shouts, craved to slash among them murderously with the long bright blade he held already poised. Crash! Would any be left alive to charge them? He glanced round, saw Kerouët riding almost stirrup to stirrup with him. Crash! They were still both unhurt, were followed by yet a score of almost independently galloping horsemen.

Another ten yards! Crash! He and Kerouët were slashing like maniacs at spike-helmeted heads of men who screamed and shrank. He saw another of those dark uniformed men raise his rifle, aim straight at him from a yard away. Even as the flash and smoke spurted from the barrel, he saw Kerouët fling his body in front of him—saw him throw up his hands, reel in the saddle. He snatched at him before he fell, dragged him across his own pommel, spurred his horse round. At a little distance away, General de Gallifet was rallying the last few survivors. He joined him, maintaining that limp body with his sword hand.

De Gallifet rode straight past a company of Prussian infantry in formation. The rifles came down to the level. A Prussian officer vociferated "*Nicht Feuer! Nicht Feuer!*" chivalrously saluted with his sword that cavalry which had saved its honor. General de Gallifet coolly acknowledged the salute, cried for the last time: "*Vive l'empereur!*" They cantered up the slope.

Arrived at the summit, St.-Eustache dismounted, carefully took from the saddle the friend who had sacrificed his own life for his. Even as he held him in his arms, the fair-bearded face looked up to him with a last affection in the blue eyes, gasped at him:

"Forgive, Henri! Forgive!"

When St.-Eustache laid him on the ground he was dead. Solemnly, with his blood-smeared sword, he saluted.

Again the trumpets sounded. General de Gallifet led his remnant back toward Sedan, where, by a last imperial order, a white flag already flew from the citadel. There was nothing more they could do. For the last time in history a division of cavalry had charged across a battlefield.

A month later, in the prisoner-of-war camp at Bonn, Capitaine de St.-Eustache received a letter through the Red Cross post office. It was from Paris, from General de Marsaguet. He glanced at its opening words: "*Félicitations—charge magnifique*—the honor of French arms—thanks to you and heroic comrades ——" He thought of Jean, mercifully spared the full humiliation of their disaster. There were tears for that unbreakable friendship in his eyes as he turned to the orderly who brought him yet another letter which had been overlooked. It was from Sylvie.

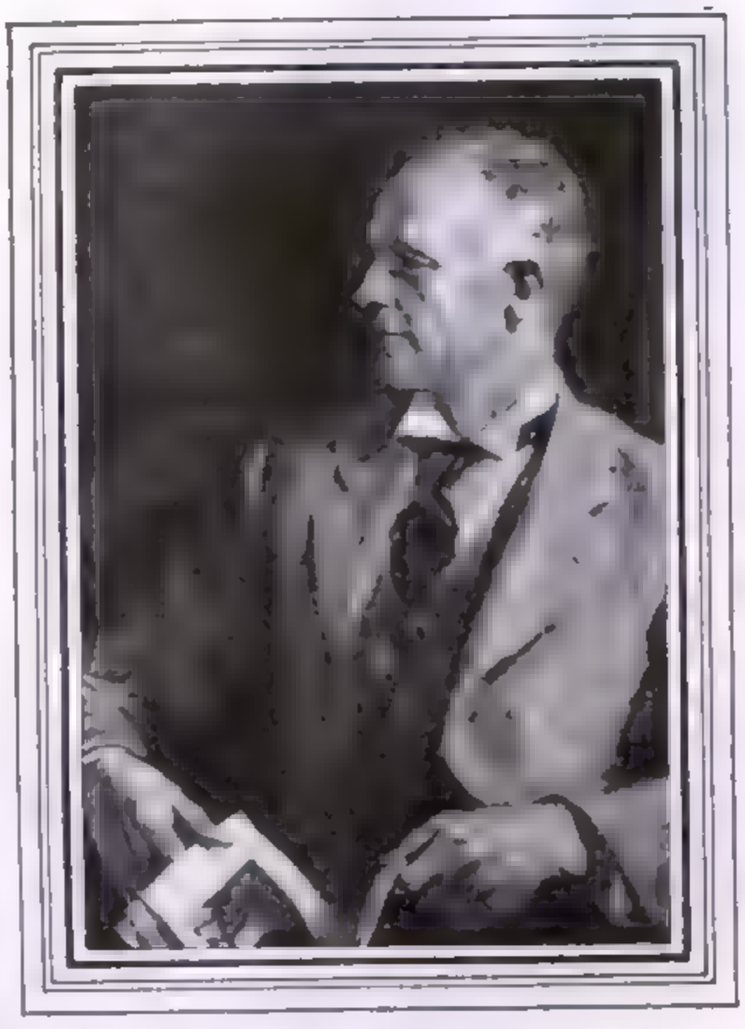
Editor's Note—This is the eleventh of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in an early issue.

Not all People are Born Robust . . .
Not all the Robust Live Long . .

In the home, social life, business, the professions, the fascinating women who outwit middle age know the secrets of maintaining health

But Modern Medical Science shows this new way to improve health, to prolong the vigor and joy of youth

★



In finance, industries, the professions, leadership demands health. In many instances such health is not inherited but hard fought for

"Graceful as a silver birch
Youth so trim and slender"

THE average span of life when Shakespeare was born was only twenty years. By 1850, it had advanced to forty years. Today, it is fifty-eight years.

"The world is getting better through greater care and more knowledge of how to take care of one's self," said a famous surgeon recently when commenting on this increase of the life span.

"Many of those who have short-lived parents may lengthen their own lives. On the other hand, those who have long-lived parents may shorten their lives through lack of proper care."

What is proper care? First of all, it means to keep the body as free as possible of poisons.

Science is showing how men and women can decrease the poisons that cause the largest part of human ailments. It has discovered how to lessen the power of the harmful bacteria in the colon, that great breeding place of disease. When this new knowledge is applied, men and women won't merely live longer. They'll live better. They'll be free from the minor ailments that take the joy out of life.

Headache—lassitude—depression—all these symptoms usually indicate an unhealthy state of the intestinal tract, just as surely as do digestive troubles, unpleasant breath, skin disorders.

Your elimination may be regular—yet late. Laboratory tests show that with many people the complete process of elimination takes one, two, or even three days longer than it should.

Cathartics give temporary relief, but larger and larger doses become necessary. These ever-increasing doses set up dangerous irritation. Thus they ultimately weaken the intestinal muscles, actually lower the body's resistance to colon poisons.

The simplest way to clean the intestinal tract and to restore it to a normal state of health is to eat yeast.

Tests conducted by leading doctors and scientists show that the regular eating of Fleischmann's Yeast combats intestinal poisoning, makes for *complete* elimination.

How This Remarkable Food Invigorates Your Whole Body

Why is yeast so beneficial? Not a medicine, Fleischmann's Yeast is simply an amazing food—fresh as any garden vegetable. This immensely active vegetable substance increases the flow of gastric juice in the stomach, so rendering the digestion of other foods easier.

In the large intestine, the fresh active yeast combats the formation of putrefactive colon poisons, lessens the number of harmful bacteria, and stimulates gently the contractions of the intestinal muscles which aid in the elimination of waste.

Thus yeast cleanses the intestines, promotes *complete* elimination, improves digestion, purifies the blood, clears the skin, tones up the whole system.

Scientific tests show that the regular use of yeast tends also to increase the number of white blood corpuscles and so to increase the body's resistance to infections and other ailments.

Make yeast a regular part of your diet. Each day eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast—one before each meal, or between meals. You can eat it plain, breaking a cake in small pieces. Or dissolve it in water, cold or hot (not scalding), or take it any other way you prefer.

The mass of scientific and medical data available on yeast is too great to list here, but a copy of our latest booklet on yeast in the diet, containing authoritative scientific matter on the subject, will be sent on request. Address Health Research Dept. D-48, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

For sheer joy of living . . .
seven simple rules

Food:	Eat freely of green vegetables, salads, fruits, milk.
Water:	Drink six glasses of water daily.
Air:	Ventilate every room you occupy by day and by night.
Exercise:	For fifteen minutes daily do "setting-up" exercises, especially for the waist muscles.
Rest:	Average eight hours in bed each night.
Cleanliness:	Brush your teeth morning and evening. Bathe daily or *at least* twice a week.
**Waste Elimination:*	Secure a thorough intestinal elimination daily.

*Whether or not you are able to follow regularly all these rules, you can at least observe the seventh and most important. Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *daily*, one before each meal or between meals. Yeast not only promotes *complete* elimination; it also helps to combat putrefactive poisons, to bring about a clean, healthy condition of the intestines, to increase the vigor and resistance of the whole body. Each month you eat Yeast, you should notice added benefit.

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Watch This Column
Our Weekly Letter

CONRAD VEIDT
A Great Actor Has Arrived

Of all things—on the screen, on the stage, in books or elsewhere—I love most the master touch.

Seldom is it found. Seldom does work produced by humans give clear and unmistakable evidence of that deft, sure, unerring touch of the master.

So, it is a rare pleasure to give this public salute and acknowledgement to two masters who have worked together to produce a master picture.

The masters are CONRAD VEIDT, *actor, and* GEORGE MELFORD, *director.*

The picture which they have reproduced and which comes to you as one of the Universal's amazing coming list is known under the title of "*A Man's Past*"

I feel keenly the poverty of my vocabulary when I attempt to find words to describe my emotions after seeing this perfect gem of a production. It is one of those occasions when a man *feels like shouting from the housetops to overcome the lack of sufficient word-strength.*

Picture to yourself the essence of drama—and I ask you not to confuse this with melodrama—a story which grips you from the very opening scene, a story which is then unfolded in logical detail and sequence and which, to the final scene, builds up interest and then—satisfies.

Flawless direction plus acting such as the screen seldom sees—these are features you can not fully appreciate until you have seen them

The supporting cast gave to the star and the director the fullest possible measure of help in making a perfect gem. My hat is off with delight, to ARTHUR EDMUND CAREW, MISS BARBARA BEDFORD, IAN KEITH, GEORGE SEIGMAN and CHARLES PUFFY

If you will patronize moving-picture theatres showing Universal pictures, you will keep in touch with the foremost productions of the season

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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LUCK IN BUSINESS

By JOSEPH FAUS

FOR a number of years I have frequently contributed to trade journals, to the success and inspirational periodicals; and from the many experiences in meeting and conversing with executives and employes in varied lines of endeavor, I have naturally come to some conclusions regarding the requisites that go to make up that thing called success. One of them is that luck, or the breaks of the game, plays a more important part in the success of many businesses than most persons like to acknowledge.

A salesman or an executive may be bright and cheery, always on the job, have an honest product at a fair price, but often he, and I, have seen a rival salesman or executive—easy-going, good-natured, a poor talker and far from convincing—sell a big order to a prospect that both of them have been after. How? Just that whimsical Lady Luck smiled on him. Here is a true story I recently ran across that illustrates my point:

In a certain small Southern city for the past ten years have been two automobile dealers who handle light-duty trucks. Both cars serve the same purposes and are equally good buys for the money involved. The sales manager of one firm, who typifies the several men under him, is an alert, intelligent chap, full of and always practicing sales psychology. He is a modern, high-pressure executive. The other is almost his exact antithesis. He is a quiet, unobtrusive fellow, slow of speech, and actually seems apathetic about his business welfare. In his trade magazines he reads regularly of the advances being made in the art of salesmanship, but he tries out very few of the new methods and ideas; nor does he especially urge his few employes to do so.

The Radio Approach

The average business man, after an intensive observation of the methods, dispositions, characters and abilities of both executives, if asked which appeared the superior and the leader, would immediately and emphatically retort, "Why, the first, of course!"

Yet the second executive for the past six years has been selling more trucks than his competitor.

Here's how: Six years ago the transportation chief of a public-utility company let it be known that he was in the market for some light-duty trucks. Executive A straightway made an appointment with him. His approach was perfect, his appearance attractive, his personality impressive and intriguing; his speech, seasoned with logic and wit, was not only persuasive but entirely convincing; and when he left, after a splendid demonstration of the car's merits, the mind of the prospect was just about made up.

However, rather tardily Executive B popped upon the scene and called late that afternoon at the transportation chief's house. The latter, at the moment, was in some vexation trying to get a broadcasting station over his radio in order to hear the results of the day's baseball games, of which sport he was an ardent fan.

Executive B politely volunteered his services, as he happened to be well posted on the complexities of the radio, and in a few minutes the scores were plainly heard. The prospect, like the auto dealer, was very much interested in radios, and a conversation ensued in which cars were not mentioned, but in which tubes, static and batteries reigned supreme. When about to leave, the dealer casually mentioned his errand and the other man warmly told him that he knew of his truck, that he considered it a sterling product and that on the morrow he would be glad to sign up for twenty of them. And he did. Since that time, every year the transportation chief invests in from a dozen to fifty cars a year with this dealer—an amount that always causes Executive B's sales to top his rival's. The radio turned out to be a good business Cupid for this agent.

His competitor calls this deciding line into success and local leadership a fluke. The annual sales, he declares, are accomplished through pull and friendship. He is, perforce, inclined to be rather caustic about his rival's success; and, in fact, to such an extent that he neglects his own business while he vents his exasperation on the other fellow. He won't let the old wound heal and constantly salts it with vituperation. It was hard luck, all right, and personally I don't blame him for being bitterly disappointed; but I do condemn him for not forgetting the matter. This incident forcibly illustrates the moral that every fledgling salesman, when he starts out on a business career, should train himself to accept philosophically the bad breaks of the game. Every baseball-park owner expects rainy days, and the embryonic salesman may as well learn at the first to be a good sport when the sun refuses to shine or when luck shifts to the other fellow. Happily, I may add, such cases of good luck coming into the preponderance of class leadership can be found in but an average of one out of twenty large firms in the average small city. At that, this ratio is much too large for the welfare of the old maxims!

Another deduction I have made is that while an original idea, spectacular exploitation succeeded by dignified publicity, handsomely furnished offices, stylishly dressed and suave men, and high-powered sales methods, all combine to make some of the sensational successes, it is hard work, and almost hard work alone, that is the main reason for the big profits of the most successful firms.

Surprising as it may sound, hard work is occasionally of secondary consideration with the executives of some corporations. They let—rather, make—success come to them as the indirect result of the various reasons, or a combination of them, given above. Perspiration, to them, is but a supplementary factor to success.

The Way to the Pot of Gold

The average successful store, garage, barber shop or restaurant owner attributes his big bank balance to hard work, and not to glittering emporiums, pretty-girl employes, shrewd advertising, clever publicity stunts, and associating with people in society in order to get "their ear" and later their business. I have seen a hard-working house-to-house canvasser succeed splendidly in selling an inferior grade of women's hosiery when a competitor with a high-class hose offered at reasonable price on the same route has woefully failed. The latter didn't stick to his job: he preferred social amenities. As a sales executive once told me: "Business is business, and not cabbages and kings. Work is work, and not golf and musical comedy. A salesman may make an entrée with an excellent appearance and a fine line of talk, but if he doesn't work, and work hard, when once inside, he will never succeed."

In my own experience I think I may safely say that of the twenty outstanding successes in various lines in a small city, one is due to good luck, four to a unique idea, backed by an intriguing, forceful personality, and advanced to popularity through spectacular exploitation; while the remainder are due chiefly to hard work.

Ed Howe, of Kansas, once said to me: "The pot of gold is not found at the end of the rainbow but at the end of a good day's work." The sooner all impetuous and eager young men learn the logic of that, the better. Too many young salesmen and business promoters nowadays, I may add, are seeking short cuts to financial independence and worldly fame, when permanent renown and money cannot be had except through actual work. Incidentally, the work, per se success itself, would not involve the time, effort and trouble that lots of these same young aspirants devote to getting out of it, and into disillusionment.

A Girl With a Come-Again Smile

Again, another favorite theme of the business-story fictionist I have gradually come to doubt—that is, that back of the paramount commercial successes in every section is a presiding genius whose omnipotent wand and supermind are solely responsible for the popularity of the product and the lucre in the coffers. Conversely, I think that most of the successes are due mainly to teamwork, and not to any executive genius. True, the president of the company may have rare intelligence and vision and resourcefulness; but an investigation will probably prove that his subordinates possess the same attributes to a startling degree; and that, consequently, they have worked harmoniously with him toward success. The Fords, the Morgans, the Rockefellers and the Schwabs, to my idea, are dying out. Of real business geniuses we have few, if any. But of talented leaders and gifted employes there are literally hundreds of thousands.

The task of ferreting out the whys and wherefores of the success of some businesses often turns into surprising results. I recall that once I was requested to write up the reasons underlying the truly amazing popularity and success of a drug store in my home city. It was off a main street and in an old-fashioned, rather drab building. The clerks were brusque and none too quick in service response. Cobwebs invaded the ceiling, and dust the counters and floors. Attractive displays were noticeable by their absence.

Naturally I was nonplused to find a cause for the busy atmosphere of the place; it was buzzing with patrons like a colony of June bugs.

But at last I discovered it—rather, her. The direct cause for the store's success was a fifteen-dollar-a-week girl cashier. She wasn't very pretty, and far from flirtatious. But she had a quick, bright smile for every customer—a courteous attitude, a cordial greeting, a sincere "thank you," and a persuasive "Come again." Careful observation showed that it was she who in a few brief moments dispelled the customer's impressions of a shabby store, rude clerks, dusty goods, by a smile and a few cordial words.

When busy traffic brings new problems to a Ford

The remedy is in *your* hands

A serious new problem faces *all* makes of automobiles. It is the problem of multiplied starts and stops—brought in by today's congestion of traffic.

This new frequency of starting, stopping, and accelerating puts a heavy new work-load on *every* engine. Your Ford Model T doesn't escape!

Every start means wear on transmission bands.

Every stop means *more* wear.

Every moment when your car stands idle with its engine running may mean added carbon deposit.

Obviously this is a problem that must interest you, if you want smooth operation and low repair charges.

A solution

Foreseeing this problem, the Vacuum Oil Company began some years ago a

series of experiments. The object: to insure smoother starts and stops and preserve the transmission bands and at the same time to reduce carbon deposit to the minimum.

Today the result of those experiments is bringing new economy to Ford owners the world over. For the new Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" does more than the so-called "non-chatter" oils. Its use assures smooth starting and stopping. *Yes.* But on top of that it gives maximum freedom from carbon and sticky valve action.

These characteristics combined in an oil of the highest quality and correct body for the Ford Model T represent the result of these years of research.

The next time you drain your crankcase, refill it from a sealed one-gallon can of genuine Mobiloil "E" or with 4 quarts from bulk which nearby Mobiloil dealers can supply you.

Mobiloil "E" is also available in original quart cans for touring, in one- and five-gallon cans for the home garage and in 10-, 30- and 55-gallon drums with faucets.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil "E" *for* Fords

MODEL T

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

Is there no hope?

When the clock hands aren't where they ought to be . . . . .

When time and trains are up to their old tricks of waiting for no man . . . . .

When she-who-gets-the-breakfast shows signs of getting hysterics . . . . .

What then? What then? Is there no hope?

Yes! For there's a food already cooked to crisp perfection. Grape-Nuts! It stands on the shelf in its cheery yellow package, ready to serve. Pour a liberal helping of these delicious golden kernels into a bowl. Then milk—the top of the bottle is best. And there's a meal!

We repeat—It's a *meal!* So well-balanced—so crammed with varied nourishment—that it gives the body plenty to go on until lunch-time . . . . Elaborate the breakfast menu if you wish—if you have time and appetite—but depend on it, you *can* get what you need from the one dish alone.

Grape-Nuts is made of wheat and malted barley. It supplies dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates, for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite.

Grape-Nuts is prepared by a special baking process. This brings out to perfection the tempting flavor. A flavor unlike that of any other food—nut-like, with just a suggestion of malt sugar.

Long baking, too, gives Grape-Nuts its ready digestibility and its crunchy crispness. You'll like this crispness. It makes you enjoy the flavor more—and it makes you chew. Few modern foods require thorough chewing. That's one thing that ails modern teeth and gums. They need exercise and they don't get it. You'll do well, dentists say, to add crisp food like Grape-Nuts to your daily diet.

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate.

Crispness—flavor—food value—digestibility—convenience. These are the five virtues that have put Grape-Nuts on millions of breakfast menus. Put it on yours. Get a package today from your grocer—or accept the following offer:

Two Servings of Grape-Nuts and "A Book of Better Breakfasts"—free!

Mail the coupon below. We will send you, free, two individual packages of Grape-Nuts and "A Book of Better Breakfasts," written by a famous physical director.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Postum Company, Incorporated, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

In Canada, Address Canadian Postum Company, Ltd., 512 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ont.

Getting On in the World

Study Men, Not Economics

I WAS sitting over at Mrs. Richards' waiting for Tommy to come home. Tommy is her son and my best friend. Left a widow, almost at her son's birth, Mrs. Richards entered the business world and made not only a living right from the beginning but later a remarkable success at it. She was always fond of me—Tom and I went to school together but a very difficult person to talk with, try as I could to find some common ground upon which to found a conversation.

"What are you doing now?" she asked.

"Selling bonds," I answered rather meekly.

"Got lots of company, haven't you? Seems to me everyone is selling bonds nowadays. That's one trouble; it sounds big, a sober, dignified and highly honorable—guess I'd better say profession. In the old days when I was a girl the young men coming off the farm would turn a hand at anything; probably would take up some not quite so highly respected occupation and make a real success of it, at the same time bringing up the general public respect for their occupation in their community. After all, the standards of any business are measured by the class of men in it. Back through history, everybody, even the tradesman himself, looked down upon trade. Today to be a merchant is a fine honorable calling."

The clock struck 6:30. That meant Tommy had missed the 6:25 train and wouldn't get in until the 7:07. I was glad in a way, because I had never heard Mrs. Richards open up so before. They say she is mighty clever down at the office, but as a rule she never talks much around home.

"Take me, the experience I got hearing father sell fertilizer has enabled me to sell ladies' perfumes. Selling's just the same, no matter what the article is. I never shall forget riding around the country with father in his horse and buggy, calling on one farmer after the other. I'm telling you this because I think it may help you."

Racy Advertising

There was a kindly reminiscent light in Mrs. Richards' eyes and she was evidently bringing up again some very cherished memories.

"Father was a poor farm boy on a poor farm. He started to experiment as best he could with fertilizers, and the results were so gratifying that he got the idea of selling fertilizer to the other farmers. It was a slow heartbreaking task. Prejudice against anything new, suspicion, ignorance, stubbornness, the very worst sales resistance, as they say today, had to be overcome. But father was such a hard worker and so forceful a man, so respected, and the results on our own farm were so convincing, that he gradually succeeded in working up a nice business which no one else had dreamed might be there. At the beginning he used to drive round in a single wagon—for two reasons, he told me afterward. First, he wanted to be alone to plan and think. Second, if he had had a two-seater the genial manners of the times demanded that he pick up pedestrians and give them a lift to their destinations, which might take him far out of his way. This might seem selfish, but he was a struggling young man and every hour was valuable to him.

"Later he took me along with him. I used to wonder if it was just to turn around and look for him in the daily impromptu buggy races. Father was very proud of his horses. In those days it was to him what a good advertisement is for a business today. He was known over the countryside for his fast, fine horses, so that everybody wanted to have a brush with him. The etiquette of the highway required that the driver look straight ahead—to turn back and see where the adversary was was very bad manners. Being a child, I could rubber back all I wanted and keep father well informed, so that he won many a horse race through my abetment. I was his rear-view mirror. Later I learned that he wanted me for another reason.

"Selling was a one-man job then. Father dug up his own prospects—before the day of newspapers or research departments. Never had a man such a keen scent for news or gossip. He always had an ear to the ground. Then he had to do his own selling and close the order on the spot. There was no 'I'll put you on our mailing list,' or 'I'll have our specialty expert drop in.' No one at all to fall back on. He knew if he didn't get the order, no one else would. Then, too, he had to sift out his own credit information, and extend credit or not according to what he could find out about the man, knowing that it was his money he would lose if he made a mistake in sizing him up."

The Sales Value of Silence

"Father was his own buyer, sales manager, salesman, credit department and shipper, and he was a better salesman for it, because knowing he was the court of last resort, he seldom left without the order.

"We'd see a man way off in the fields—no matter how far or hard to get there, father would drive in to him. Then—'Howdy.' The farmer would stop work and lean on his hayfork. Father would always ask first. 'How's crops?' Then the story would begin. The rain beat the blossoms off the melons or the wind broke the corn. Father would listen to crops in minute detail with the patience of Job. All the while I could see him sizing the man up and figuring out the best way to approach him or what the credit risk might be. Then followed all troubles agricultural, animal, personal, financial, domestic, or even those of distant relations. Father always let them tell their whole story. There were few people to talk to in those days and it sort of eased a man's soul to get his woes off his chest. Besides, father was getting valuable information all this time and knew no business could be transacted before this detailed recitation.

"Today our idea of a star salesman is a chap who talks a lot and pretty glibly. I disagree. Not the fellow with a slick tongue but the one who is an untiring listener is likely to be the most successful. Nothing wins a man's heart quicker than telling you his own woes. The bay mare used to get restless, swish and stamp flies off; father would take no notice; he listened and listened on forever—my, how long-winded some of those farmers could be—all the while studying the man he would have to trade with.

"I never heard anyone say nothing so well as father. Men couldn't seem to stop talking to him, and all he'd ever say was yes, yes, yes in a go-on tone of voice. By the time he got through, the farmer had almost talked himself into buying fertilizer. Then with a few quiet words father would close the deal, because by that time he had studied and sized up his man without the question of a doubt.

"Father knew his line—he knew farming or he couldn't have sold for a minute. He also knew every piece of land in the valley, what it had produced and could produce—that was his market. And he did constructive selling; he advised proper rotation of crops, different cultivation or planting, or the use of lime—which he didn't sell. In this way the farmers came to trust him and began to come to him for advice. When a salesman has done that, then he can say with pride he has sold his trade.

"After father had closed the sale he didn't run right off. Not until he had pumped the farmer dry about the next farm's crops and troubles did we leave. On the way to the next farm he'd say to me 'Now what did you think of him?' and in my childish way I'd tell him. I didn't know whether he used me to help formulate his own opinion or what, but I heard him tell mother one day, 'You know, mother, she seldom goes wrong on a man.' I must have been of some help or he wouldn't always have taken me along instead of one of my five brothers and sisters.

"When we arrived ready primed at the next farmer's, father's intimate knowledge of his crops and the farm tickled and flattered the owner to death, and made him wonder for the life of him how father knew so much about his personal affairs. This usually won his confidence right away. So it went from one farm to the next, and as a youngster I learned the real primitive fundamental principles of reading men and selling which I had to use many years later just after Tommy was born. I noticed above all that a genuine human interest and desire to assist in your customer's success was paramount, and after that the ability to size him up properly so as to know how to approach and how to sell him. Just as father knew farming, knew the farms and got to know the farmers, so I set out to learn my line of business, to familiarize myself with the market and to study and get to know the men in the retail trade. It worked for father years ago when I was just a little girl, and it worked for me years later when I was forced to earn my own living. The principles of selling stay just the same. You'll find it so, even with bonds."

The Three R's for Salesmen

"But, Mrs. Richards, if selling is the keystone of business, why don't they teach us better?"

"That's just it. You can't be a human phonograph that plays a set cut-an'-dried sales talk. Every man's different; you've got to read him until you know him like your order book. Father never handled two farmers alike. I don't believe he even knew what he was going to say until he saw how a man reacted. It's like a game of cards—everything depends on your ability to read what's behind your prospect's poker face. If you know your goods, your market and your man, hard work will do the rest.

"Nowadays many salesmen try to sell with a memorized sales talk and lean too heavily on the home office; they pass the buck back there and don't clinch their order right on the spot, all credit information included, because they can get this easily by a few simple questions across the counter, since nothing riles a small-town merchant so much as to be quizzed by letter three weeks later by a credit manager five hundred miles away.

"A good salesman's got to have that lone-hand feeling father had—'If I don't close now, there won't be any sale at all. The home office and sales manager won't be any help now; it's all up to me right here on the spot.'

"That feeling pulled me through many times.

"I often wonder what would have become of me if father hadn't unintentionally taught me how to read men, which, after all, is the basis of all selling. It goes to show you can't tell when you'll need some little experience or scrap of information you've picked up sometime in your life. In other words, if you want to be a success listen more than you talk, and study men, not economics."

The 7:07 train chugged out of the station. In a few moments Tommy burst in, threw his hat and paper on the table and shouted, "Hello, ma; sold two new accounts today!"

—HIRAM BLAUVELT.

Sometimes you CAN'T WAIT for Home-Made Candy

That's the way it is when that home-made candy hanker wells up in you. Simply can't wait! So you slap on the old Kelly and hop it for the nearest candy counter, and shout "Oh Henry!" That's what thousands do every day—'cause they know how good home-made candy can be. And they know Oh Henry's made that home-made way. See how we do it.

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter, 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter, 1¾ cups corn syrup, 3 cups rich, full cream milk, ¼ teaspoon salt

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed)

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

So when you feel it coming on, that home-made candy hunger, just say "Oh Henry!" at any candy counter!

Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

EVEREADY COLUMBIA Dry Batteries

–they last longer

For Doorbells, Buzzers Engines *and* General Ignition Purposes

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc., New York—San Francisco

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

Sold in England and Colonies under trade-name Columbia

OUT-OF-DOORS

Cow Dogs

MY PONY was laboring to make the last sharp climb to the top of the rocky ridge, when I began to hear shrill whistles and the interminable hi-yis of a cow-puncher. One more breathing spell for my horse, one more struggle, and we were there, on the crest of gray rock, whence I saw, a few hundred feet down the gulch which headed in from the other side, George Mack, busy as a fat steer pursued by a million heel flies.

In front of him was a little bunch of cattle—a dozen or maybe fifteen—which, obviously, he was trying to urge up the steep trail toward me. George's horse was in a lather, but was heated up no worse than George, for the handful of Herefords, in the contrary way of their species, preferred to make their own slowly climbing grade, rather than hike straight upward.

But this the cowboy couldn't permit without running a risk of losing them, for pines and firs lined the sides of the ravine and if they got into a patch of thick timber his work would be doubled. With a little help from me, it was not long until the cattle had gained the highest level, where George gave them and his horse time for a blow.

We had barely finished rolling our cigarettes when, in the gulch from which he had just come, I saw more white faces appearing in the acres of willows which grew there. I heard no whistles, no shouts, yet on and on they came as if driven by a band of invisible cowboys. Now and again would sound the frenzied, angry bawl of a cow who fears for the safety of her young, or the placid, unfrightened mooing of a cow separated from her calf, but seeing no cause for taking the matter seriously.

In fairly even ranks some two hundred of them began to make the climb. From time to time those in the lead would head too far to the right or left for a quick trip to the top, and then I saw a little brown woolly figure dart to the strategic point to change their course, nip the heels of the leaders and, running behind the main herd, keep them all—probably fifteen times as many cattle as George had driven by himself—headed straight upward.

Into Retirement

It was old Brownie, George's cow dog, with whose help alone he took care of five hundred head of cattle, and worth more to him, he swore, than two cow-punchers.

"She ain't like these hands you get now," said George, happy in the knowledge that he can manage his ranch and handle his stock though things are not as they were in the good old days when cowboys worked from daylight to dark for forty dollars a month, and were tickled to get it.

"Out here in Wyoming the dude ranches have put the ringbones on this business. And yet I don't know as I blame the boys. When they can get six dollars a day on a dude ranch for setting on the corral fence telling the dudes about the teeterers they've topped off, and never have to make a ride longer than one that's enough for the dudes they're guidin', why should they take a job where they might get their silk bandannas all dirtied up?

"But as long as old Brownie can stand it, or I can get another dog halfway as good, I can look after these cattle without any of that fancy help!"

With that George whistled to Brownie, and started the herd down the gulch out of which I had just ridden, for he was driving them from the mountains to their fall range. Coming up, he himself had taken the lead with a few of the cattle, leaving it to Brownie's intelligence and energy to keep the rest of them following after; going down, he kept them all together. He stayed in the rear while Brownie acted as point. She ran along the sidehill, usually well to the fore. If the cows or steers in front tried to maintain an even grade, instead of descending, she would make a rush at them, whereupon they would bolt directly down the hill for a score of yards, while she headed back along the upper edge of the line toward George. The other cattle followed the leaders, although sometimes Brownie had to hasten their pace by flashing heel nips.

And so they passed from sight, Brownie doing the bulk of the work, and never wasting a motion, while George ambled slowly along behind, his horse taking it easy and storing up fresh strength for the next piece of difficult driving.

Brownie at that time was twelve years old, and her age was beginning to tell on her. Soon afterward George took on a succession of young dogs, in the hope that Brownie would be able to train one of them to be as good as herself—a hope which was never realized. However, he kept the best of the lot, and then retired Brownie to a ranch near his own. For days thereafter Brownie would go to the farthest gate and spend hours looking down the road in the expectation of seeing George. Finally she decided he might be back in the mountains.

When Dogs Were Not Wanted

One night in the early fall when the snow was falling in big wet flakes, we heard a scratching at our door. Outside stood Brownie. She had sometimes visited here with George and was on friendly terms with us. Snow was matted in her long coat and clinging to her in huge snowballs.

I never learned how long it had taken her to make the trip from the ranch where she had been left, but forty miles of mountains and wilderness lie between it and our place, and there are four high divides, from twenty-five hundred to thirty-five hundred feet higher than the bottoms between them, which she had to cross. Traveling through the deep wet snow, with the dead weight of the snowballs holding her down, those forty miles of dreary, difficult going must have taken high courage.

Old Brownie has been with me ever since. She is now eighteen years old, and although she never gets more than a few hundred feet away from the house, sometimes she will amuse herself by putting the milk cows' calves back where they belong, if they come too near our door.

We do not know the exact date of Brownie's birthday, but last August we picked a day to celebrate it, and made her a birthday present of Peanuts, a little black-and-tan she had taken a fancy to. Brownie has brought up all the young dogs she cares to bother with, so Peanuts is here in the capacity of companion and not in the rôle of pupil. He will never make a cow dog. His talent lies in unearthing bones and depositing them about the yard where Brownie may find them. She seems to appreciate these offerings, and finds Peanuts a source of comfort in her declining years.

When the big cattle outfits held full sway over the range district many of them frowned on the use of dogs, because cattle became frightened, and stampeded at the sight of them. Such outfits had to employ many cowboys for branding, separating beef for shipment, and other kinds of work in which dogs could be of little help, and these men were numerous enough for the common work of cattle driving.

But the range country has been breaking up these many years into small ranches, which run from a couple of hundred up to six or eight hundred head of cattle, and the objection to dogs does not hold with the little rancher, who usually feeds all his livestock for at least part of the winter. The wild range droves gentle down a great deal during the time they are given daily rations.

Most ranchers located near the Rocky Mountains graze their herds during the summer in forest reserves, which comprise heavily timbered and wildly mountainous terrain. These little fellows seldom have enough riders to handle their cattle in rough country. Though a few cow-punchers can drive several hundred head in open spaces, their difficulty is increased many times in wooded sections and on steep slopes up which no horse can carry a rider with any speed. In such places a well-trained dog can do more than two or three cow-punchers. The rider spots the cattle grazing on the hillside, motions to his dog, and then waits while the dog runs above the cattle and starts them down. The dog can scurry through thickets too dense for a rider, and keep the gather traveling in the proper direction.

As wages have been increasing in the range country, the use of dogs has become more widespread. For, as the ranchers say, if they have to pay out most of their income for wages, where is the profit?

Their Paws Resoled

Whenever there is a discussion of cow dogs among the old-timers in my section of the country, Bimbo and Sambo are never forgotten. They were old dogs when I located here a dozen years ago. Both were owned by Old John, who had come to Wyoming from Texas over the Chisholm Trail.

Old John had at one time two thousand head of cattle which he summered on the forest reserve and wintered in the country around his ranch, then open land. Although he raised about three hundred tons of hay, which was a lot for one ranch to produce in those days, it would have only lasted from three to four weeks of full feeding for his whole herd. So you can see he couldn't waste many spears of it. He kept one man on his ranch in the winter to fork out the fodder, while he alone did the riding and decided just what stock required hay.

"I only want to give them enough to keep them from bawling theirselves to death," he would boom in his big voice.

Bimbo and Sambo were outstanding workers, but their feet wore out on the sharp rocks and gravel. So John had boots of tanned elk hide made for them, which he laced on their feet. Accompanied only by the dogs, he would ride up each creek on his range, carefully inspecting the cattle for those which had weakened to a point where he judged feeding was necessary. After he had looked all of them over he would drive them on to the nearest open, level space, where his horse would have the best footing. There his dogs would hold them for him,

PHOTO. BY EBBERT, FROM SAVE THE REDWOOD LEAGUE, CALIFORNIA

Redwoods in California

For Service-
in the
Big Outdoors-
The
HOOKLESS
REG U S PAT OFF
FASTENER

DEEP in the back-woods, or out for a day's hunting or fishing near home, you will want your clothes and equipment fitted with the handy, dependable HOOKLESS Fastener.

Hi-cut boots, hunting coats, sweaters, weatherbreakers, lumberjacks, underwear, shirts, breeches, waterproof hunting and fishing suits, ponchos, parkas, duffle bags, sleeping bags, game bags, tents—all render the most satisfying service when they have the time and temper saving HOOKLESS Fastener.

Opening in a flash or closing snugly and securely with just an easy pull, the HOOKLESS Fastener does in a more practical way what has been done by buttons, snaps, laces, buckles, hooks and eyes. It ALWAYS WORKS and is durable, flexible and rustproof.

The HOOKLESS trade-mark on the pull identifies it as the original slide fastener.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY
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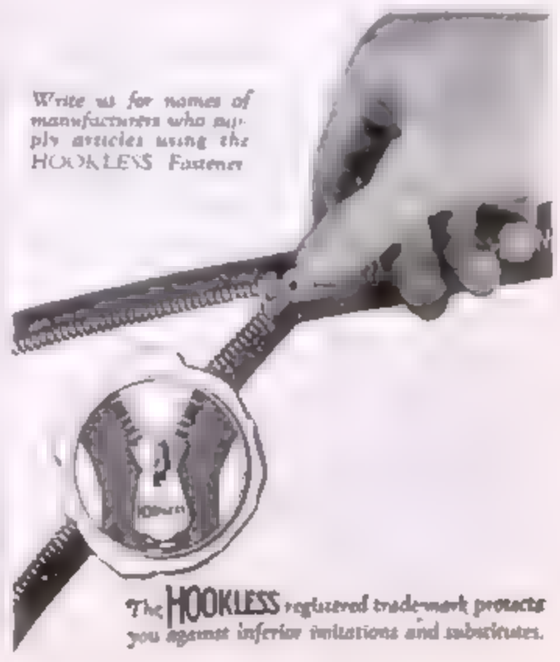
Write us for names of manufacturers who supply articles using the HOOKLESS Fastener



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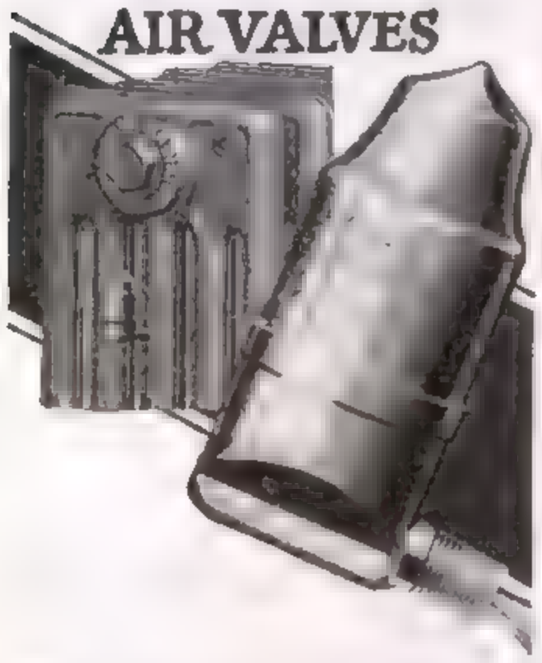

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AIRID Air Valves (No. 500) require no adjustment. They fit any steam radiator and are easily attached without tools. Nothing to wear out—all metal construction. Guaranteed for five years by the world's largest manufacturers of heating equipment. Your plumbing and heating shop will supply you—or we will send you a trial AIRID Air Valve for $1.35.

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VAC-AIRID Vacuum Valve

For "below atmosphere" jobs. Permits the air to escape, but prevents its return into the system. Contains the venting qualities of No. 500 AIRID and adds the vacuum feature

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Address _____

perpetually circling, and driving back the bunch quitters. And John, riding his top cow horse, would begin to cut out the few he wanted to take home for feeding.

It is the nature of a cow not to want to be cut away from a herd, and when once cut out, to try to get back with her sisters and brothers. That's where Bimbo would begin to do his stuff. On a signal from John he would go over and hold the cattle that had been cut out. And so they would keep on until the whole assembly of white faces had been thoroughly worked; Sambo holding the herd, John doing the cutting out, and Bimbo holding the cut. No cow could ever get away from those dogs.

It was this kind of thing that enabled old John to pile up his profits instead of dissipating them in wages. He sold out his ranch holdings several years ago and now owns two banks. He would be considered rich even by Eastern standards.

I wish I could write that he took the two dogs with him when he sold, and kept them in the idle luxury they so well deserved. But Bimbo and Sambo both died with their boots on. Bimbo was killed by poison that had been left out for coyotes, and Sambo's death was even more tragic. One day John came yipping and yelling down the hill behind his ranch house with a bear on the end of his lariat. He shouted to his man to turn loose the pack of hounds which he kept to hunt wolves with. After the hounds had torn the bear to pieces they turned upon Sambo. John shot two of them, and also blew several panes out of the windows of his house, in a raging, frenzied, but vain effort to save the life of his star dog.

Most cow dogs are mongrels, usually with the shepherd-dog strain predominating. But any breed of dog, if he has the brains to learn and the nerve to act, might make a good one. I know one bull terrier who is considered skillful enough to shine in any company.

Collies are usually too sensitive to work around cattle, for laggards need nips, and cows kick freely and with enough viciousness to discourage the average collie from taking more than one joyous heel hold. Most young inexperienced dogs, before they learn the trick of heeling a cow, want to stand back and bark at her. This is discouraged; it puts cows with young calves on the fight, and after a few days of being barked at by a dog, a cow will pay little attention to him, but wander where she listeth.

Cow dogs are equally good in driving horses, too, and it is a nice sight to see a dog run up behind a lagging horse, in a rapidly driven band, nip him sharply on the fetlock, and drop to earth while the horse's heels whiz an inch or less above the dog's ears. There is death in those heels for the dog, but the dog is just a shade quicker than the heels.

A Dog's Life

Unlike sheep herders, who in the main take first-class care of their dogs, I regret to say that some owners of cow dogs abuse them shamefully; more through neglect than by any other way. On some ranches the dog can sleep wherever he finds an unoccupied spot, just so it isn't near the house. When the thermometer reads forty below zero this is a hardship.

But their troubles do not end there. Meals for many cow dogs are irregular and skimpy. I have often seen one hot cake divided between two dogs—their rations for the day. I have noticed dogs who merited decidedly good treatment licking wheat out of the chickens' dishes, or getting into hogpens to fight the hogs for a few morsels of food. A dog who would eat such stuff must be pitifully hungry.

Such dogs as these become expert in catching gophers, prairie dogs and rabbits in summer, but in winter little is left for them to catch except the rabbits, who have the advantage of them in deep snow. Then the few scraps thrown out from the house are augmented only by any cattle carcasses the dogs can find to feed on, and a busy time they have trying to keep coyotes away so this supply of food will last.

There was one poor pup I knew who had the instinct to be an outstanding cow dog; he was getting very good. One day I saw him come out from behind the bunkhouse of the rancher who owned him, carrying in his mouth the top of a discarded boot. He dragged it down to the creek and held it in the water for several minutes; then pulled it up the bank and began to chew on the softened leather.

"That's his diet when the folks in the house forget to feed him for a few days," said a neighbor by my side. "After he works on it for a while, trying to get some nourishment out of it, he'll cache it until the next time he can't stand that gnawing in his stomach any longer."

It seemed to me that pup would have made a very valuable cow dog, given a little food and a little more experience, but a few weeks later his owner destroyed him. The little fellow's hunger led him to steal eggs, at which he was caught, and the owner's dislike for dogs was intensified by this experience. A well-placed hot cake or chunk of bread, administered with adequate frequency, would have made out of that puppy a fine dog who would have earned many times his keep.

—GARDNER EVANS.

National or City Parks?

IN THE history of outdoor America the creation of the Yellowstone National Park marked the first step in appreciation and conservation of our most distinctive national heritage—the American wilderness and its flora and fauna. The setting aside of this great area of natural wonders was all the more remarkable, occurring as it did in an era of great westward expansion and prodigal use and destruction of natural resources and of animal life of the plains. Since then, and under the urge of small but farsighted minorities, other areas of wilderness have been reserved from the public domain, until there now exists a chain of national parks, stretching from coast to coast, and dedicated forever to the preservation of the beauties of nature which their boundaries inclose. In theory and, until recently, in practice they are national monuments to Nature's art—wilderness tableaux to be but lightly touched and marred by the hand of man—the undisturbed refuges of wild life, accessible in greater part, at least, only to those who really care for the beautiful and haunting spirit of the wilderness. It was never intended that they should become glorified city parks, crowded to discomfort with jostling, jazzing hordes; their forests scarred by roads and dotted with resorts; the hush and peace of the wilds an elusive shadow.

Although our national parks—many of them—are still far removed from such a degree of desecration and misuse, present tendencies, if allowed to grow unchecked, will inevitably have such results. According to those who are in a position to know, at least one national park of prominence in the West is already spoiled to anyone with taste and appreciation; and what has happened there is bound to be repeated elsewhere, for the same blighting influences are universally at work.

I refer particularly to excessive road-building programs within the confines of the national parks. No reasonable or fair-minded person will entertain objections to a limited amount of road development within a national park, opening up a portion of its area to the motor tourist who will not or cannot partake of the full cup of Nature's potion through quiet explorations on foot or on horseback. But why, it may be asked, should the Government incur enormous expense to encircle the wilderness with roads for this great majority who are so little interested in their present condition that they do not dream of exploring them on foot or horseback, and are concerned primarily with the degree of comfort and luxury which they are offered? From a sheer sense of curiosity, people will crowd into any locality of presumable interest, exactly in proportion as they are afforded the means of doing so; but in the case of many their interest is a very superficial one. Those who are most directly concerned get there in spite of all opposition; the rest crowd as near as they conveniently can. It is so with the national parks—those who really love and appreciate Nature, best every hardship to invade the silent places—roads or no roads, trails or the trackless wilderness, it is much the same to them! With roads come ever-increasing crowds, and the spirit of the wilderness is gone forever.

Fortunately, however, there are signs in the air of the stirring of a strong minority sentiment against further so-called park development. By the term "minority" I mean that the bulk of public sentiment is usually neutral in nearly all matters, save when it is prodded unmercifully. Minorities are always the agents of accomplishment, for good or evil. Mountaineering and other outdoor organizations are beginning to make their influence felt against the various commercial interests who regard the national parks only in the light of magnets to draw the maximum tourist trade.

Not that this viewpoint is at all immoral or illegal, but it must necessarily lead to opposition from that other minority which views with distaste the ensuing destruction of the parks' æsthetic value. And the Government will give ear ultimately to that party which has the loudest voice, and the public will, as always, acquiesce, and in time confirm or reject.

The West has much to learn in the conservation of her wondrous outdoor heritage, and will do well to take a leaf from the experience of the East. The latter, not long ago, decided that it was done with the despoiling of its outdoors; and under the leadership and inspiration of farsighted individuals and organizations, notably in the state of Pennsylvania, game of all kinds has increased, forests have been preserved, and areas of natural beauty guarded from commercialization. The net results are cleaner, lovelier and more inspiring surroundings.

What the Public Wants

As I have intimated, there is only one practical method of preserving a wilderness area for the use which Nature intended—motor roads must be kept out of it. The two are utterly incompatible. The proponents of more roads will, of course, hotly deny this; they will argue that no matter how many roads are constructed, the areas covered will always be less than the untouched sections; and lastly, they will fall back upon that plausible fallacy of "giving the public what it wants." There is a distinction here between a mere idle want and a real want. Consider the case of hunting and fishing. The public at large would doubtless be pleased to hunt and fish anywhere and everywhere all the year around if they were not more or less arbitrarily prevented by laws and game preserves created by the farsighted efforts of a minority of sport lovers. In time the public appreciates the wisdom of such restrictive measures and so restrains its idle wants. The case of motor-tourist travel within the national parks is precisely similar. The motor parade continues purely because the roads are there; if they were nonexistent the tourist would as gladly chug along some other road nearer home, and with rather less congestion and discomfort. Consider the fact that on New Year's Day, 1927, 600 cars entered the Yosemite Valley over the new all-year entrance road, and that some 400,000 visitors were expected there during this year!

The American people must soon decide whether or not they wish to make their glorious national monuments into amusement parks. The means of preventing such a condition lies in uncompromising opposition to wholesale road developments.

—GEORGE VANDERBILT CAESAR.

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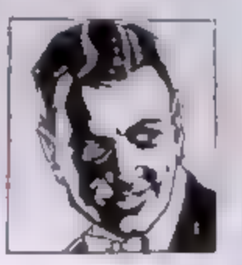

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THE KIND WOMEN LIKE

(Continued from Page 21)

noticed that several spectators stood on the stone parapet from which the iron fence rose.

"Say, Anita," he exclaimed, pointing, "would you like to stand up there?" She whirled around.

"Thrilling!" she assented, but even while Mott helped her to the ledge her attention strayed from him. "There's Bill Crawford!" she cried, clinging to an iron paling with one hand while she gayly waved the other; and Malcom Mott, without enthusiasm, watched William Crawford detach himself from a cluster of friends and leisurely approach.

Notwithstanding his sufferings at the hands of Crawford, Mott harbored a reluctant admiration for the senior. He admired the smooth handsome face and the trim figure that seemed so superior to his own lankiness, but most of all he envied the facile manner which now carried Crawford gracefully through his greetings. It was in this same self-possessed fashion that the senior presently made reference to Mott's new trousers.

"Feel strange, don't they, after doing without 'em a year?" Acutely aware of Anita, Mott nodded hastily in an effort to change the subject, but Crawford, with an air of ancient reminiscence, continued: "I remember when I was a freshman. The minute my last exam was over I beat it back to the room and jumped into a brand-new pair of doggy flannels. Believe me, I was one pleased kid." He chuckled, and because he threatened to linger horribly with the topic Mott was profoundly relieved when a distraction at that moment intervened.

Stretched like clotheslines from one tree trunk to another were strands of wire; from these hung placards bearing the numerals of the various classes; and the alumni, like Cæsar's legionaries, had been flocking each to his own standard until the segregation was now complete. Out of chaos came concerted action; columns formed, took definite shape as they began moving through the turbulent crowd; twenty bands struck up twenty marching songs; and Crawford, after a glance toward the assembling seniors, held his straw hat at a gallant angle and faced the two girls.

"Look for me in the parade," he directed debonairly. "I'll be the one with a red, red rose in my hair." A last flourish of the hat and he was absorbed in the marching ranks; and the look which Anita sent after him had a definitely depressing effect upon Malcom Mott.

"If we're going to see the parade come in the field," said Ethel, "we ought to be moving along." Locking elbows again the three made their way out of the crowd and hurried through the brownstone arches of the library. Here, at Anita's urging, they paused to watch a loud brass band swing by as it blared forth the old song of defiance:

Oh, here they come, with fife and drum,
They are marching down the street ——

A column of the blue and yellow Chinese coolies swept past, their voices chanting:

Oh, we'll whoop her up for Twenty-five,
We'll whoop her up again;
We'll whoop her up for Twenty-five,
A jolly set of men!

Anita showed a strong tendency to wait for more of the parade, but Ethel kept tugging at her elbow. "We'll lose our seats," she warned. They turned, and soon, out of breath, were sitting in the front row of the stands behind third base and looking across the smooth clean turf on which the home team was practicing.

"The parade comes in there," remarked Mott, eager to please and interest. He pointed to the farthest end of the field where a tall, wrought-iron gate hung between two brick pillars, and presently through that gate came the annual parade of the alumni.

In the forefront marched two color bearers holding aloft the Stars and Stripes and the silken banner of the university; next—the first graduates in the procession—walked several erect members of the class of Sixty-two; and following them, ranked according to the year of their graduation, came the other classes. As the white-haired classmates in the lead drew abreast of the stands a loud handclapping rose; and this, breaking out afresh, followed their progress around the field. Similarly, applause and cheers led by a nimble undergraduate greeted each class passing in review, while the parade, like a great, multicolored serpent, slowly drew its length in through the gate. The fore part of the serpent moved placidly enough, but the portion nearing the tail seemed troubled with a species of St. Vitus' dance, for the younger classes showed an increasing desire to skip and cavort upon the green turf.

"Oh," exclaimed Anita, "it's simply too divine!"

The pleasure which Mott derived from sidelong glances at her face was dampened by the knowledge of something to come; and now he alone, of all the people in that section of the stands, let his hands hang idle while a great burst of sharp, crackling applause welcomed the arrival of the seniors.

This long column, the last in the parade, marched with an orderly tread, with an air of dignity befitting the class holding the center of the stage during this commencement week-end. But it was not their bearing that withheld Mott's applause, nor the fact that each carried a small, brightly colored parasol. The feature of the column that depressed him was the feature which elicited, just then, an exclamation of pleasure from Anita.

"There he is!" she cried; and William Crawford, seeing her, waved. He dropped out of rank and came trotting to the edge of the stands.

"Take this," he said, thrusting out his hand to Anita. "A parasol a day will keep the freckles away!"

He ran in pursuit of his class and Anita, settling the parasol over her head, became visibly aware of the attention the incident had attracted to her. Her shoulders gave a slight wriggle of embarrassment. "Bill simply slays me," she murmured; and Mott, observing her, realized gloomily that she was not displeased.

Nothing occurred to raise his spirits until the game had progressed to the third inning. At this point the blue-stockinged gentlemen from New England advanced a runner to second base; an anxious silence settled over the crowd as a tall enemy batter approached the plate.

When he slapped savagely at the fourth offering, a gasp of dismay rose from the stands. Her eyes following the career of the ball, Anita, as though she would retard its flight, pressed her shoulder hard against Mott and convulsively gripped his nearest knee.

He ignored the safe landing of the ball, ignored the calamity of two enemies crossing the home plate; he was conscious only of the delicious shudder, originating in a cruelly pinched knee, that swept like goose flesh throughout his being; he half closed his eyes in the manner of a person about to swoon, and while the game went on, inning after inning, he sat there and prayed that another such disaster might soon befall his alma mater.

"Would you like a cone?" he asked abruptly. Anita turned.

"Could I?"

"Anything you want." He rose quickly. "A cone or a bottle of something, or maybe both?"

"A chocolate cone would be thrilling!" she said; and Mott, about to dart away, caught himself just in time.

"How about you, Ethel?" he asked. Upon learning that any flavor would suit Ethel, he hurried off to the refreshment booth and presently was balancing three cones as he returned along the cinder walk in front of the grand stand.

"Hey, Malc!"

Glancing up he saw Stumpy Frothingham leaning over the wooden rail; the globular face wore a look of inquiry. "Are you doing what I told you?" he asked.

"Sure."

"You are?" insisted Frothingham, pointing accusingly. "What about those cones?"

"Well," began Mott weakly, "she was feeling kind of hot and I thought ——"

"What of it?" said the exponent of brutality. "Let her suffer!"

Mott, embarrassed by the interest he was attracting, hurried on without explaining further. He had made a mistake, he realized, and for a moment considered the plan of throwing the cones under the grand stand.

But that, he decided, would only make a scene in front of all these people; as long as he had bought the cones they might as well be eaten—after all, there was no good in wasting thirty cents. He satisfied a jeering conscience, however, by resolving to set about mastering her just as soon as he and she were alone.

"Divine!" cried Anita, accepting the cone, and for that moment she devoted her smile exclusively to him. Immediately he forgot all else in his desire to please her, and it was with this motive, a minute later, that he whipped out his handkerchief. For while nibbling daintily at the cone her short straight nose had touched the ice cream.

"O-o-oh!"

Turning to show him, she wrinkled her face as though it tickled intolerably. Quick as thought his handkerchief was ready; solicitously he steadied her with one hand and with the other, in a manner wholly devoid of brutality, he lingeringly wiped her nose. This intimate privilege sent a maze of effervescent bubbles floating upward through him; they continued to effervesce while he held the cone and she flapped her nose with a powder pad giving off a fragrance that he found blissfully stimulating.

The bubbles, however, were promptly banished by the impersonal way in which she took back the cone and again turned all her attention to the field.

While the game drew toward an end he suffered with a cumulative misery that no one but Anita had ever brought into his life.

If only he could seem interesting and important to her! If only she would ignore everything else and hang trustfully upon him!

But the game, won by the enemy, was over and the three were strolling through the exit before there came any change in Anita's manner. Just outside of the grounds they again encountered William Crawford, whereupon Anita's casual indifference toward Mott changed to complete obliviousness of his existence. When Ethel offered the senior a lift, however, Mott edged forward; and as they all approached the runabout he tried stubbornly to maneuver himself into a commanding position. He helped Ethel into the car and quickly turned.

"I suppose you'll sit in front, Crawford?" he suggested boldly, pointedly holding the door open. The senior smiled over his shoulder while he assisted Anita into the rumble seat.

"I get out first," he explained pleasantly, "so I'll just hop in back here."

Mott, filled with resentment, sat beside Ethel as the runabout nosed its way through the traffic. Although his entire interest lay to the rear, he kept his eyes to the front. This was because the sun transformed the windshield into a mirror which gave him a clear picture of Anita, vivacious, impressed,

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and of Crawford, his handsome face wearing an expression of tolerant amusement.

"Say, Ethel," Mott whispered, leaning toward her, "does Anita really have to go home tomorrow?"

"I don't think so," said Ethel slowly. "Why?"

"Do you suppose she'd stay over and go to the prom with me?"

"I'm not sure, Malc, but I think she'd love to go."

"Then I'll ask her," he said firmly. The decision comforted him and his eyes instinctively sought the mirrored image of Anita. She was in the midst of a convulsed giggle, her red-clad shoulders drawn up in a small squirm of embarrassment that was plainly a tribute to Crawford's latest bon mot.

"Oh, Bill"—the delighted gurgle came to the front seat—"you simply slay me!"

To Mott's relief the slayer, a minute later, got out of the car at his club; and Mott, before the runabout could start again, reached eagerly for the inside handle of the door. He hesitated, then turned inquiringly toward Ethel.

"You climb in back," she assented, and smiled encouragingly.

Sitting next to Anita while they rode slowly along the shaded avenues beyond the edge of the town, Mott tried to formulate his invitation, tried diligently to select a phrasing that would sound sophisticated and impromptu. He found none to his liking and became desperate as he saw this rare opportunity slipping away from him.

"Say, Anita," he broke out as they were turning a corner, "how's for staying over and going to the prom with me Monday?"

Instantly her casual manner vanished; she looked up at him with interest and surprise. "But, Malc, I thought you weren't going to wait around for the prom."

"That was before I met you." The unintended gallantry delighted him. "I'm staying now, though!"

"I'm sorry I didn't know it," she said regretfully. "I just promised to go with Bill."

A long silence fell upon the rumble seat.

"There's senior singing tonight," suggested Mott, at length. "Can I take you to that?"

"I'd love to go, Malc, but Bill's taking me to the Triangle show tonight." During the silence that again settled upon them, Mott wavered miserably over his next move, but calling to mind another attraction, he decided to try once more.

"Well," he said desperately, "how about the Class Day stuff?"

"What's the Class Day stuff, Malc?" she asked, and his spirits leaped because of the new note in her voice.

"The whole senior class is there in caps and gowns," he explained eagerly, "and some of the fellows make funny speeches. Then each fellow smashes a long clay pipe on the cannon that's sunk in the ground."

"Divine! And when is it, Malc?"

"Monday afternoon," he said. "I could call for you at ——"

"Oh! Monday afternoon?" she repeated, in a tone of the deepest disappointment. "Is that when they hold the Cannon Exercises?"

"Yes," said Mott, eying her in sudden fear. "Why, is—is he taking you to that too?"

Anita nodded apologetically. "But it was sweet of you to ask me," she said. "And I do hope I'll see you at the prom." The soft, grateful tone of her voice set his heart thumping in a new, suffocating fashion; and he could only nod mutely in humble earnest assent while the runabout, with a hiss of pressed gravel, crept in the curved driveway toward the big colonial house. Here Anita, with a hurried gesture, caught his hand; for one dismaying moment she looked significantly, tenderly into his eyes.

"I wish I had known you were going to be here," she whispered. "It would be simply divine to go to the prom with—you."

She liked him better than she liked Bill Crawford! This knowledge warmed him as he walked out the drive and made his way toward Commons for supper. Lots of girls, he realized, accepted prom bids from fellows they really didn't care for. If only he had asked her first!

Just when he was most convinced, however, a skeptical voice within him asked a single disillusioning question: How could Anita—how could any girl—possibly prefer him to Bill Crawford? He tried to recapture his confidence of the moment before. But the evidence, lacking the glamour of her voice and presence, seemed suddenly inconclusive; his optimism seemed suddenly preposterous.

His step slackened and he found himself once more back in the slough of despond where again his companions were misery, doubt and abject hope.

III

MR. MALCOM MOTT, alone in the middle of the large dim room, sat within a few feet of five hundred dancing couples. They could not see him, nor could he see them. He could, however, hear the dancers, for, almost within arm's length, the prom was moving toward the climax that would arrive with the dawn. No melody of the orchestra, no chatter or laughter reached his ears; nothing came to him but a blurred, incessant shuffling and a continuous creaking of the beams in the ceiling overhead.

From the vest of his Tuxedo he drew his watch and saw that the hour was half-past four; in thirty minutes, he realized, the prom would be over. But this knowledge did not alter his decision. He had no intention of going upstairs; his few minutes on the waxed floor had killed all desire to return there.

He scowled as he once more reviewed the wretched picture of his entrance. Against his own will he had come to the prom, had come when it was half over, and had slunk into the big ballroom like a criminal, dreading to see the one person whose presence had drawn him thither. But he saw her—saw her, clad in lacy green, as she danced by in Bill Crawford's arms. Her face had been turned up to her partner's; and Mott, after one glance at her absorbed, rapturous expression, had turned in a panic of misery and fled downstairs to the locker room.

Shifting his position on the long low bench he tried to find a more endurable rest for his back against the wire door of the locker. He stared at his shiny pumps and found, amid all his troubles, one item of sour solace. Stumpy Frothingham had been wrong. In spite of Stumpy's denial, Bill Crawford was undoubtedly one of the kind of men that women could not help liking. Physically sick with envy, Mott none the less faced the truth about his rival. Crawford's complete success with Anita proved he belonged to that magically elect group of males who made their conquests without effort; the way Anita was looking up into his face as they danced by established the fact beyond all dispute.

"Stumpy's a fake," said Mott aloud. "Probably wrong about that masterful stuff too."

He found relief in blaming Frothingham, in mentally curling a lip at the advice so confidently given. And he was still rehearsing sarcasm for the future benefit of his cousin when an interruption came in the persons of two stags. He could hear them as they walked to the looking-glass that hung above the hand basin at the end of the locker rows.

"That woman in pink's a little knockout," remarked an unknown voice enthusiastically. "And does she flirt!"

"Not bad at all," said the voice of Stumpy Frothingham. "Did you hear the fast one I pulled on her?"

"No, what was it?"

"Why, she gave me a big deal when I cut in on her," Frothingham explained. "You know—squeezing my hand and beaming up at me as if I was something on a Christmas tree. Well, I looked right square at her and I said: 'Don't bat those big eyes at me, sister. My weakness is whisky!'"

Mott slowly turned his head and looked with disfavor upon his cousin, who still chuckled appreciatively into the mirror while he slicked back his hair with a dripping comb.

No smile, however, disturbed Mott's features; there was, he felt, nothing at all funny in the remark; and this added to his grievance against Frothingham.

"Cheap wise-cracker," he said coldly; but, wishing to remain unmolested, he made the comment inaudibly and sat motionless on the bench. Frothingham, however, returning the comb to his companion, glanced down the row of lockers, peered closer into the dimness and approached.

"Say, Malc," he began in an aggrieved voice, "where've you been all night?"

"Sitting around," answered Mott briefly. "Got tired dancing."

"Well, Anita's looking for you," said Frothingham. "She asked me a couple of times where you were."

Mott, on his feet, stared at his cousin. "You're not kidding me, Stumpy?" he stammered.

"No, I'm not kidding," answered Frothingham, still aggrieved. "I even looked over in your room for you."

"I'll—I'll go right up," said Mott over his shoulder as he trotted toward the stairs; and because the changed action of his heart had a curious effect upon his breathing, he was having trouble, a little later, in being coherent.

"Why, Malc, I thought you had deserted me!"

"Oh, no!" He looked ecstatically into her upturned face. "No, I was only ——"

He sickened at a clutch on his elbow, and found a classmate of Crawford's about to cut in. But Anita, with a brief smile of apology to the stag, tucked her hand behind Mott's arm and steered him off the floor. "I want to talk to you," she announced.

"We could sit out on the steps for a little while," he suggested hopefully. But she shook her head and tightly squeezed his elbow.

"Let's go for a walk," was her astounding reply. "Or look—one of Bill's friends asked me to go canoeing on the lake. Couldn't you and I do that?"

Taking another fellow's prom girl! It was no respect for Crawford's rights that paralyzed Mott; it was a dazed incredulity, the novice's fear at the prospect of a staggering piracy—the sort of magnificent robbery that was related in dormitory rooms even after the pirate had graduated.

"Will it be all right with Bill?" he heard himself asking, and found Anita regarding him with an expression of surprise.

"Why not?" she asked. "I only agreed to go to the prom with Bill—and the prom," she added with complete simplicity, "is practically over, isn't it?"

Fear remained in his delight while he waited by the girls' dressing room until Anita tripped out, swathed in a silken yellow shawl with a billowing fringe; fear still harried him while he escorted her through the stone-vaulted entrance of the gymnasium; but outside, beneath a pearly dawn, there was room in him for nothing but ecstasy.

Arm in arm they walked past a long row of tennis courts, down a sloping stretch of pike and along the smooth clay road that followed the edge of the lake. Anita hung intimately, trustfully upon him; her remarks and glances and gestures were all shyly offered up for his approval; and so charming did he find this new deference, so nourishing her manner to his self-esteem, that his pulse, by the time they sat facing each other in the canoe, had so far receded toward normal that he was able to speak without audibly gulping for air between his words.

The canoe moved out from the green bank and glided across smooth, mother-of-pearl water already reflecting the warm

(Continued on Page 60)

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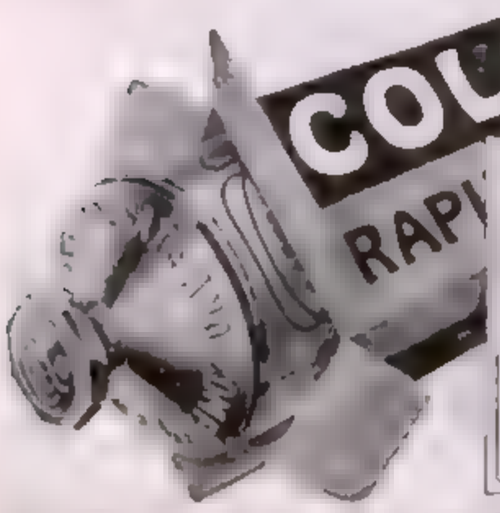

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SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

(Continued from Page 58)

pink that suffused the eastern sky. Mott put the paddle on his knees and smiled fondly upon the beautiful girl who was regarding him with an almost breathless admiration. And now, for the first time in his life, he felt debonair, confident, worldly. He knew how to interest women, he knew how to talk to them.

"Don't make those big blue eyes at me, sister," he bantered, with a devilish smile. "My weakness is whisky!"

He watched her auburn head tilt to one side, saw her draw the yellow shawl more closely around shapely shoulders that wriggled in childish embarrassment.

"Oh, Malc"—a musical giggle floated over the quiet lake—"you simply slay me!"

IV

BY THE light of a silvery moon Malcom Mott reeled across a shadowy campus. The past eighteen hours—all spent with Anita—had provided a dozen memories that invited contemplation. His thoughts, however, now dealt with only one, and he felt like shouting it up at the dark elms. But, instead, he knew he must hug it secretly to himself; and with this decision firmly made he came to a halt beneath an ivy-framed casement which poured wine-red light out upon a gravel path.

"Hey, Stumpy!" he shouted. "Stick your head out!" And the upper portion of a fleshy figure, clad in an undershirt, appeared at the window.

"What's up?" asked Frothingham lazily.

"Everything turned out fine," said Mott, and jubilantly told about the canoe ride and the subsequent hours gloriously spent with Anita. "She's promised to write me every other day during the summer," he added, his voice vibrating with pride.

"Good work," said Frothingham indulgently, leaning his elbows on the sill.

"She asked me up to the fall dance at Vassar—you know she's a soph, too," Mott continued. "What's more"—instinctively he lowered his voice—"in case I make a club, she's promised to come down to the house party with me next spring."

"Well, well!" Frothingham spoke like a professor commending his favorite pupil. "You sure slapped a mortgage on her, didn't you?" Mott laughed softly and put up one hand in a hushing gesture.

"Wait till I tell you the best part," he said exultingly. "This afternoon at Ethel's house the phone rang and it was for Anita. Who do you think was calling her?"

"You guess first," replied Frothingham calmly.

"It was Bill Crawford!" Mott announced. "Well, Anita motioned for me to come over by the phone, so I sat on the arm of her chair while she talked to him. Bill kept trying to make a date to see her before she leaves, but she told him she was dated up for every minute—that meant me. She kept nudging me and winking at me all the while poor old Bill was coaxing her for another date! I never felt so good in my life," he concluded, with an air of relish.

For a time all was quiet except the moonlit leaves that whispered overhead. Then Frothingham, his chin still cupped in his palms, nodded in a musing, vindicated manner.

"Old Doctor Frothingham, specialist in women," he said dreamily. "So she knuckled under, did she, the way I told you she would?"

"Oh, I didn't use that masterful dope," replied Mott, and the conscious superiority in his voice produced a prompt change in the man at the window.

"What dope did you use?" he asked resentfully.

"I just went at it in my own way," answered Mott, suppressing what he knew to be the truth; and upon hearing a faint snort from his cousin, he added boastfully: "Well, it certainly worked, all right! I stole her away from Crawford and I beat him out all along the line!"

Stumpy Frothingham, with an exaggerated yawn, straightened and prepared to withdraw.

"Well," he said cynically, "if she really dropped Bill Crawford for you, all I got to say is this: She must have a taste for knickknacks."

But Mott's feelings were not hurt; indeed, as he moved toward his entry, he glowed in complete satisfaction with himself. Not for the world, however, would he have taken Frothingham into his confidence. Cynical Stumpy might have jeered—just as he himself, at first, had mistrusted the truth. But pure logic—the unprejudiced evidence presented by events of the past eighteen hours—had compelled him to believe that he belonged to the mysteriously elect, that he was one of the kind women like.

V

MR. MOTT was not the only person beneath that silver moon who looked with satisfaction upon the immediate past. For in a big colonial house, a mile west of the campus, two young ladies talked while they prepared for bed; and one of these, sitting at a dressing table, finished applying cold cream to a blue-eyed face which wore an expression of unmistakable complacency.

"And what about the house party?" asked Ethel, stripping back the counterpane on a blue twin bed. "Did he invite you to that?"

"Yes, the house party, too," said Anita. "I'm just crazy to go to one. I've heard so much about them from the older girls up at college."

"Did he mention anything else?"

"Yes, the football games—besides the prom—and the hockey games, and the crew races in the spring." Anita put the lid on the cold cream, and rose, a slender vision in pink pajamas. "In fact," she added, "Malc's invited me to every game and party here during the rest of his three years in college."

"That's fine," approved Ethel. "It's so much better that way than having to worry each week-end whether or not somebody's going to give you a bid." Anita nodded.

"I've got three long, boring years ahead of me up at college," she said seriously, "and there's nothing that brightens up things like coming down here to these collegiate affairs. I just adore them all, and I can see that Malc's going to be very convenient to me. But of course I like Malc," she added hastily. "He may not be so sophisticated as Bill Crawford"—she spoke with the air of one forgiving a fault—"but he's every bit as nice. In fact, I think he's even a little nicer than Bill."

"Oh, Malc's all right," agreed Ethel readily. "But I thought you sort of liked Bill better."

"I did, for a while," admitted Anita, getting into bed. "But—oh, I don't know—Malc's more the kind I like. He'll be easier to handle, for one thing, and ——"

Reaching for the bedside lamp, she met Ethel's glance; and on the face of her young hostess she saw a smile. It was a friendly smile, but one that was knowing and wholly disillusioned. Then, just before snapping out the light, Anita suddenly laughed in the ingenuous manner of a girl who abandons her efforts to hoodwink present company.

"I suppose I still would like Bill better," she confessed, "if—if he were going to be here in college as long as Malc is!"

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THE ALTERNATE

(Continued from Page 29)

sort of blah, but I mean real politics. My guess is that the genius who suggested that you let your name go before the convention told you that you could have the place on a silver platter. My suspicion is that the same party, either personally or through his agents, asked you to withdraw later, because he found he had to give the place to someone else. And my bet is that you wouldn't do it."

"Who told you all that?"

"I read it in a book," answered Charlie quizzically.

"Well, how could I withdraw? Wasn't it rotten of them to ask me?"

"They didn't see it that way. Those boys were in a bad hole. They thought at first it would be easy enough to put it over for you, that you'd be a sure vote for Carle for committeeman, and they wanted to be friendly. But the gang in the ninth district, up around Otter Lake, not having seen and known you, and having a local prejudice in favor of Joe Wilson, got pretty ugly. Your friends pretty nearly lost control of the convention and the delegation. They're still nervous and jumpy."

He lowered his voice and paused as the train came to a stop, and sounds which had been lost in the roar of motion became suddenly audible.

"Where are we?" asked Paula, peering out at the anonymous lighted platform and hustling porters.

"Must be Milwaukee," said Charlie, looking at his watch. "We're due there. Why, hello, senator. How are you? Going down to help nominate a President?"

The senator, bland, rosy, recently shaven and very hot, stopped to shake hands.

"Hello, Charlie. No, I'm just going along to see who you'll pick. I'm not interfering at all. Anybody that suits you suits me."

He nodded about the club car at those whom he knew or might know, and his eyes picked up Paula in her corner. She meant nothing to him except another pretty girl, but Charlie could not let it pass like that.

"Senator, I want you to meet Miss Calderwood. She's going to the convention, too, to lend us the benefit of her advice."

The senator bowed.

"Very fine," he said, "very fine."

"Miss Calderwood is going from the tenth district—as alternate," said Charlie. "Possibly you met her at the state convention."

"No. I wasn't at the state convention this year, Charlie. Couldn't get there."

"Perhaps you got there in spirit," said Paula politely.

The senator could not flush any more. Nature and heat and possibly alcohol had done as much as could be done in that line for him already. But he gave Paula a second's sharp glance and ignored any meaning in her remark.

"That's right. I wish I could have been there. Going to be a hot trip, Charlie. . . . Glad to have met you, Miss Calderwood."

He went on, full of affability, toward the compartment car in the rear, pausing here and there to shake hands and exchange jocose greetings. For the senator, too, the party was very obviously on, and he was doing his best already to make it a merry one.

"That was pretty hot stuff, that remark of yours, Paula," Charlie told her. "I wouldn't go in too strong for that kind of thing."

"They make me so tired," she answered, "with all that beating about the bush and hiding each hand from the other. Why don't they come out in the open and say what they mean and what they want?"

"It's not the way it's played. Not in the rules."

"Idiotic rules. Why don't they make some new ones?"

"Oh, it's a good game this way. You'll like it when you get into it."

"What happens now that he's on the train?" she asked curiously.

"You can't really tell. They may get down to business tonight and they may not. They'll start by being sociable."

Paula stood up. She did not look like a lady politician. She looked like a very handsome young matron or a debutante of several seasons' vintage.

"All right, Charlie. You go along and be sociable too. I'll go back to the political harem in there. Perhaps Mrs. Bennett is ready to go to bed. If not, I may find out some more about just why Mr. Bennett wanted her to come and why he sent her. She believes in lovely men, after uncounted years of marriage."

"You don't."

"Sure I do. This is just a temporary lapse. Good night. I'll give your regards to the girls."

"Don't be sour," he advised her and held the door open. She had been quite accurate in guessing what he wanted to do. He took up the trail of Senator Carle into the compartment car. Something might happen one way or another before morning. There were a lot of loose ends in this delegation.

The ladies' delegation had begun to consider going to bed. They had exchanged views on how they slept in Pullmans, whether their berths were over the wheels or not and whether it was better to put a screen in the windows and be covered with cinders or sleep without air. For many of them there was an unwonted excitement even in sleeping on a train. They did not often take trips of this length, at least by themselves, without children or husbands. They were all hot and interested in one another and inclined to feel younger than usual.

In the dressing room their suitcases crowded one another as they opened them and took out jars of cold cream and rubberized traveling kits and new packages of tooth paste. Mrs. Hahn and Paula were generally envied by the women with long hair, who all seemed to agree that their husbands would leave home if they had theirs cut. Mrs. Hahn said firmly that she didn't believe any man had a right to dictate. Altogether they were growing well acquainted by the time they had used up two racks of Pullman towels with a profligacy which came from a delightful lack of responsibility toward the laundering of the linen.

The faces gradually ceased to blur for Paula. She saw that the women were by no means of a common age or manner. This excitement which they shared gave them a certain likeness, as it did to the men in the club car. But after a little, individuals began to stand out. Paula realized that one woman was beautiful—the one from Little Falls, who let down quantities of soft red-brown hair and braided it in long, obedient plaits which hung on either side of her wistful face and made her look like a Rossetti drawing. That was Mrs. Monger, and it was her first convention. She believed that women could have a great influence for good in politics and that it was their duty to make the country better. She asked Paula whether she thought it would be possible to get something done at the convention in protest against future wars. If the women would take a stand, she said vaguely, it might mean a great deal. Paula liked her. She felt Mrs. Monger's gentle mind reaching out through all this noise and confusion, past the compartment cars where the men were deciding things, into a nation which was beautiful and at peace.

There were two women in dark blue georgette whom Paula kept mistaking for each other, and a thin, freckled person with an amazing kimono like a confession of repressed temperament. She had been a social worker and had the competent manner natural to one whose habit it is to deal briskly with incompetents. It was impossible to guess what forces had drawn

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these different women into this strange companionship. Most of them seemed so improbable as politicians, so out of place. Though, of course, Mrs. Herbert Smith was in the background to round them up and give them a vague unity. Mrs. Smith was traveling in the next car, either from dignity or necessity. She was the national committeewoman, and Paula had met her before, a solid mass of beige crêpe de chine, steering her way impressively through the state convention. Tonight she was accompanied by a hollow-eyed, nervous woman from her own part of the state who Mrs. Bennett told Paula was a great club woman and had been defeated for state president. There was in Mrs. Smith's manner a very deliberate dignity, the slightly heightened air of a stage queen. Like Senator Carle, she made a business of greeting everyone, and found time to hope that Paula was comfortable. Paula assured her that she was, and climbed into her high berth with no further parley.

The train swung on through darkness, bearing its curiously woven group of people on their errand of government. Paula lay awake for a long while, wondering about that errand and why she had concerned herself with it. She might be at home tonight in the midst of comfort and beauty. It was late June and the moon would be shining on the garden borders, on Canterbury bells and sheaves of cinnamon phlox and narrow lines of pansies and forget-me-nots. Was it because she had grown tired of flowers in the moonlight, of a too spacious, too quiet house, that she had hurled herself unwanted into this convention which did not seek her? Not quite that. There were other ways of killing time. She had tried a good many of them and always been discouraged by their futility. The study groups of earnest women, bent over diagrams which showed the theoretic expenditure of taxes, and discussing worthy and unworthy laws, had palled on her. They seemed to have so little relation to anything actual, to the secret of who really ran things and what the methods of management were. That was why practical politics had sounded so tempting, for Paula had hoped that in it she might come upon a stouter reality. Instead, here she was, one of a group of women who as far as could be seen were only supercargo for the convention and, as Charlie Bunn said, had probably been hand-picked for their powers of acquiescence. She wondered restlessly what was going on in those cars up front and to whom Senator Carle was showing his hand. She wondered if by any chance Mrs. Herbert Smith was part of the conferences. No, surely not. And just before she restlessly fell asleep, the face of the woman from Little Falls, with its red-brown braids and gentle, preposterous dream of making the world better, came to haunt her.

It was no less hot in the morning. The women were unkempt for the most part. There were black circles of insomnia around the eyes of the social worker and the clothes of most of the travelers were badly wrinkled. Paula, who knew how to handle heat, was the only one who looked unchanged. Her clothes were few and thin and her dress did not crumple. When she opened her fitted dressing case, with its few neat bottles and brushes, the other women looked on curiously. Mrs. Bennett's suitcase was utterly beyond her control by this time. Some of the things stayed out of it, on the seat beside her, and the chocolates which Mr. Bennett had so wittily presented were sticky and their box dingy with coal dust. The porter went drearily up and down the car, uninspired by the hope of anything more than minimum tips, and bearing towels and pillows and card tables to and fro endlessly. His passengers, many of them, had been up early, trying to outwit each other for place in the dressing room and diner, and discussing endlessly the degrees of their night's rest.

In the diner a line of men and women waited for seats and took their turns at grapefruit which even ice could not make effectively chilled, and strong coffee. The men ate bacon and the women broke up rolls and together they started on the day. It would be late afternoon before they reached the city of the convention, and hours of heat and conference lay ahead.

Paula did not see either Charlie Bunn or Senator Carle. But she ran into Joe Wilson in the diner—the man who had defeated her for delegate at large. They spoke to each other with some respect. Paula rather liked Wilson. He was hard and grim and he had fought her without regard for her person or her connections, calling her an interloper, a tool of wealthy interests. But he had won by so small a margin that she had come away with his respect. He had not expected that Paula's personal charm and prestige would so unsettle the convention. Neither had anyone else.

"I'm glad you came, Miss Calderwood."

"One way or another, I was bound to get here."

"Too bad we can't all win. Sometime when you're running for something else I'll be glad to get behind you."

"I've done my last running," said Paula. "Once is enough to be thrown to the lions."

He smiled but did not enter into that subject. Men were like that, Paula had found out—careful with their tongues. They preferred not to say anything that might incriminate themselves, unless they were very sure of their audience.

"If there's anything I can do for you," he offered.

"Thank you. I'm all fixed."

She was fixed. Fixed by the window, riding backward all morning, occasionally trying to read. The book irritated her. It was a romantic story of men and women, and the only connection between the people in it was one of emotion. To Paula it rang very false. That was well enough for schoolgirls or sentimental women who divided their time between movies and chaise-longues. But Paula had an idea that women did not need quite so much sentiment. She herself was doing very well without it. She no longer wanted to marry and she had many friends who were men and who stayed friends. She did not feel thwarted or cheated. But no one, not even her own relatives, believed that. They had spasmodic times of being sorry for Paula, until they remembered how wealthy and independent she was. Besides, her manner raised a certain barrier to sympathy.

Things were happening. They were confusing to Mrs. Bennett, who was called into some conference in the next car. She came back a little more flushed, a little more wrinkled of skirt, and obviously had things on her mind.

"Mrs. Smith is a remarkable woman," she said to Paula.

Paula said she did not doubt that, and perhaps Mrs. Bennett had hoped she would and so open the door to controversy. As it was, she had to do it herself.

"Remarkable," she repeated; "no doubt of it. But sometimes I think a person's manner is unfortunate. Don't you?"

That was general enough so that Paula could see no way out of agreement.

"Of course," said Mrs. Bennett, "Mrs. Smith has had the experience and all that. I'm sure we all feel that. But Mr. Bennett said to me before he left me at the train, 'Now, Daisy, you keep your eyes open and you'll be surprised what you see.' He always talks like that—kind of playful—but I know what he meant. Mr. Bennett's a very independent man and I can't help but feel that when we've all been regularly elected to this convention that everyone has as much rights as anyone else."

Paula gathered that Mrs. Herbert Smith had attempted a certain amount of steamrolling. It was very amusing to see the faintly heaving bosom of her neighbor bolstered in her indignation by thoughts of Mr. Bennett's independence. But she couldn't help liking it.

"You're quite right, Mrs. Bennett. You have just as good rights as anyone else. The delegation is instructed only so far as nomination for President goes, and nothing else. What seems to be the trouble?"

Mrs. Bennett was vague. It did not seem to be a definite trouble. Mrs. Smith had an unfortunate manner. She got back to that.

It had been unfortunate with others than Mrs. Bennett. The lady from Little Falls came to sit by Paula a little later and unburden her soul.

They had begun to like Paula. The women were mindful of her wealth and her position, but still they found her accessible. It was partly her mouth, of course—so irrepressibly friendly.

"I can't help but feel," said Mrs. Monger, "that it isn't any use for us to come here at all unless we are to maintain our ideals."

"What do you mean?"

"I think the women ought to stand for something. Otherwise why not just leave it all to the men? Why vote at all if we're only going to do exactly what they have done for generations?"

"Of course," said Paula, "it may not be the function of a national convention to make changes or reforms."

"Somebody has to start things," answered Mrs. Monger in that quiet voice which drifted off to some Utopia of her own; "but it seems to me that it is easy enough to express ourselves on certain points. It may not get anywhere just now, but it shows where we stand. If all the women of this country were to stand together against war, don't you think it would have some effect? I told Mrs. Smith that. I said that our little delegation ought to start the movement, if no one else could."

"How could you start it?"

"There's always a committee on platforms," said the Rossetti lady with amazing directness. "She could appoint someone on that who was interested in such things."

"What did she tell you?" asked Paula curiously, and wondered why she had thought this woman weak. She was the kind of soul who led crusades and walked with martyrs if necessary.

"She says it is impossible. That's so wrong. When people feel nothing can be done progress stops. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," Paula said, "I think almost anything can be done if a few people believe in it long enough and care enough. But it wears out common patience and enthusiasm."

Mrs. Bennett leaned forward, the box of melting chocolates in her hand. "We may just as well eat these up now," she suggested, "before they melt to nothing. They're full of nuts—crushed nuts, you know. Hudderle's chocolates are known all over the world, I suppose. Mr. Bennett never buys anything but the best. He says, 'If I can't have the best, Daisy, I go without.' That's the way he is."

They took chocolates in tribute to that fine spirit.

"And I tell you this," said Mrs. Bennett, who had been brooding: "National committeewoman or not, some people get too big for their boots."

Paula had a chance to test the way Mrs. Smith's boots fitted, that noon. She sat opposite her in the diner and again had to ride backwards, but it was worth it. Mrs. Smith was pompous and not too good-tempered. There was a glaze over her talk as if her dissatisfactions were washed over by a very thin civility. The hollow-eyed woman with her was working hard as a satellite and getting the usual indifferent reward for such services. Now and then men came over and spoke to Mrs. Smith, and she brightened happily when they did.

The negro waiter, who knew nothing of politics but knew an experienced and pleasant traveler when he saw one, rather hovered over Paula and neglected Mrs. Smith and her friend. It may have been that which nettled the national committeewoman. She kept giving the waiter peremptory orders and he kept on being dilatory for her and careful to see that Paula was well attended. Paula had ordered admirably for a hot day. Two small, savory, broiled lamb chops, iced coffee and a salad of lettuce and cucumbers, which she made herself. The other two women labored through wedges of cold ham and potato salad and ice cream, and were as discontented as most people are after a picnic diet in the wrong setting.

"Where are you stopping, Miss Calderwood?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"At the Lakeview Hotel," said Paula, "with the rest of the delegation."

"That's very nice. I hope you have a reservation."

"Oh, yes." Paula did not think it necessary to add that, since she always stopped at the Lakeview Hotel, she had written on for her usual room and been given it. The management was eager to have delegates, but it had an even stronger feeling toward patrons who were like the Calderwoods

Something in Paula's poise or in her lunch or in her competency annoyed Mrs. Smith. She began to talk with superiority about the convention. Paula could feel the effort of the older woman to assert herself, and watched her satellite hungrily following every lead.

"Going to a convention for the first time is a wonderful experience, isn't it, Miss Calderwood?" asked Mrs. Smith. "I think the men and women working together are such an inspiring sight."

"But they aren't much together, as far as I can see," answered Paula. "The women seem to be shut off by themselves while the men stay up in their cars, making plans and enjoying their flasks."

The satellite looked shocked and Mrs. Smith boomed a protest. "Oh, I think you're misinformed. Not flasks, Miss Calderwood!"

"Bottles, perhaps?" questioned Paula still more baldly. "Of course I wouldn't know."

"We have a group of wonderful, high-minded men in this delegation," said Mrs. Smith, "and they pay us every respect."

"I should think we could do with a little less respect and a little more consultation," answered Paula.

She looked down to see if the waiter had brought her the right change, tipped him generously for his favoritism and, lifting her head rather more quickly than might have been expected, saw the glances of the two women cross and their eyes speak. Dangerous, remarked the eyes of Mrs. Smith, and the sunken ones of the exhausted club woman so labeled Paula instantly.

There were cars at the station to transport the women delegates to the hotels—cars labeled loudly Hostess Car. Paula's badge was in her purse instead of on her breast, so she was not accosted by chauffeur or hostess. She watched Mrs. Bennett proudly entering a shining limousine and picked up a taxi for herself and her two bags—the little dressing case and the long suitcase which she had not opened since she had left home. The taxi driver beat the delegation to the hotel and Paula entered alone. The clerk did not seem to connect her with politics. He welcomed her with great deference, for, although it was his business to take care of the politicians, such valued patronage as that of the Calderwoods was to the convention as blood is to water in thickness. The lobby was a mill of people, many of them flaunting badges, greeting each other hilariously, talking loudly. Most of them were men The elevators were packed with men who stared at Paula—men who were away from their homes and their wives and enjoyed staring. And up and down the corridors of the old aristocratic hotel the porters and bell boys hurried in unwonted excitement. The party was indeed going on.

She was out of it that first evening. The women from the train were not to be seen when she went downstairs to the dining room, and she dined at a small table with a lonely lady delegate from Nebraska who seemed to know as little as Paula did about what was happening, and cared much less.

(Continued on Page 69

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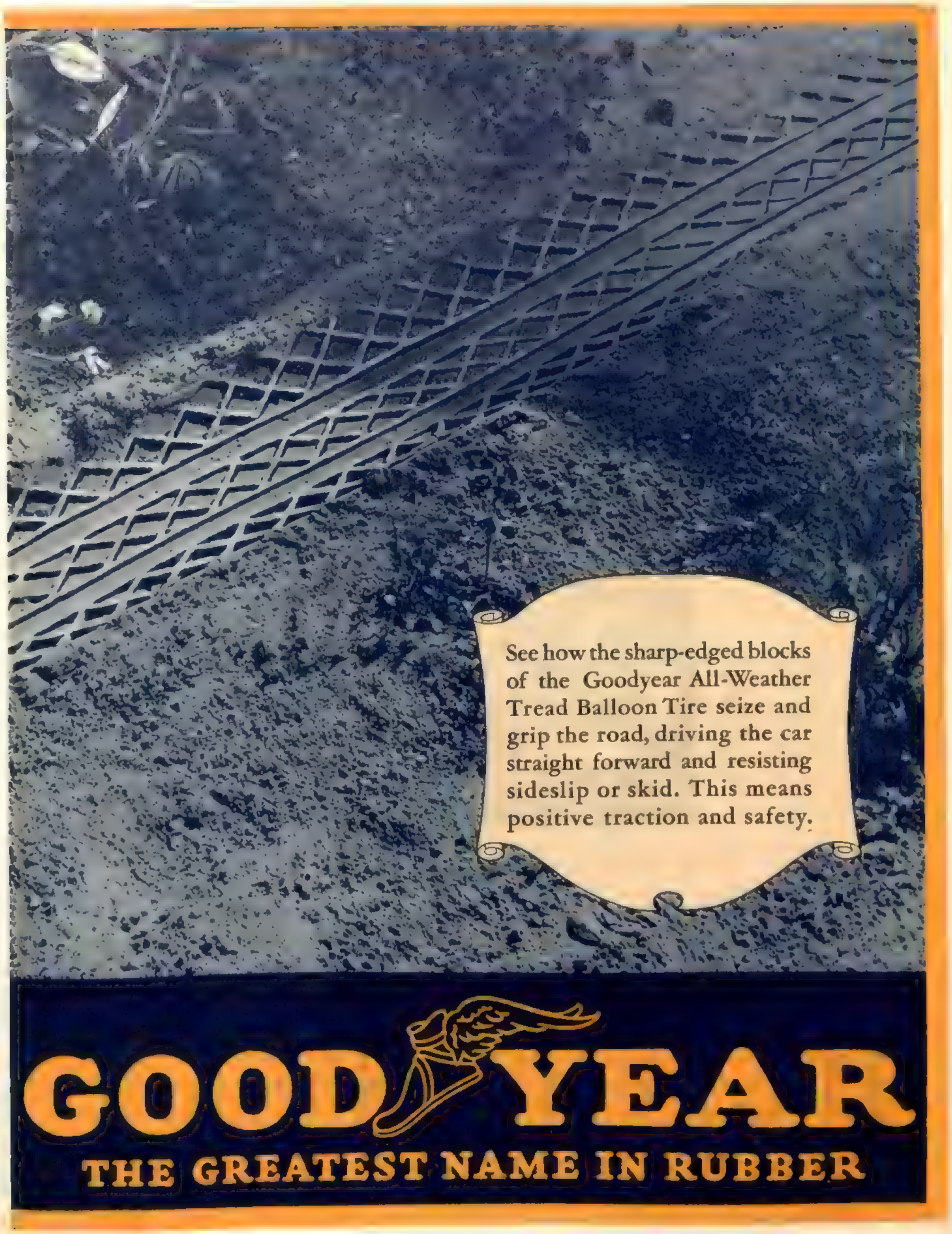
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(Continued from Page 64

She told Paula that she wasn't well, and had never been really well since she was operated on the last time, and when Paula gently probed to find out why in such case she had come to the national convention, the lady from Nebraska simply said that they had kept after her because she used to be president of the local political club. "And of course the others didn't have the money," she added, gradually remembering the real reason.

By nine o'clock Paula was exceedingly restless. Excitement surged about her, but she couldn't break into it. In her mail box she found a map of the city, a schedule of the entertainment provided for visiting delegates and alternates, with a ride around the boulevard and through the residence district, two teas, a luncheon at an outlying country club—cars to be provided—and a reception at her own hotel the next night. There was also a schedule of the convention hours and a further promise of automobiles to be provided. It sounded very hospitable and very efficient. The convention opened at ten the next morning with the singing of The Star-Spangled Banner. Tonight there seemed to be nothing but registration at another hotel.

Paula found her way to the registration headquarters and signed her name, receiving in return another badge and three tickets for various entertainments, a pleasant smile from a weary-looking woman in charge at the desk and a benignant one from a large woman labeled Hostess, who asked her if she was comfortable and if there was anything the committee could do. Nothing, Paula insisted. She was very well taken care of.

The streets were festooned with flags and banners. The shops shouted a welcome from placards in their windows. The newsboys howled that the convention was about to begin, as if sheer lung power could make people believe that was fresh news. Paula went back to her hotel. It was a dull thing to do, but it seemed the only possibility. She wondered what had happened to Charlie Bunn.

It occurred to her, when she got back, to hunt up Mrs. Bennett and see where she was lodged. Now that Paula had a room of her own she began rather to miss Mrs. Bennett and she found from the clerk that the lady from Bluestone was lodged in 462. She went down the corridor hunting for 462 and found it at last after turning several corners. The light from the slightly lowered transom showed her someone was there and she knocked.

Mrs. Bennett was there. So was Mrs. Monger. So were two other ladies. Looking at the astounding room, which seemed to be made almost entirely of beds, Paula saw that four of them were sharing it. It was originally a single room, but a large brass bed and two small cots made it available for four. They were all very merry and more like schoolgirls than ever. Mrs. Monger was doing Mrs. Bennett's hair and the other ladies were unpacking suitcases and shaking silk dresses vigorously in an effort to dislodge the creases of packing.

"Well, Miss Calderwood," said Mrs. Bennett, "we thought we'd lost you!"

"Not so easy," answered Paula, and had a feeling that they were old friends. "Haven't they packed you in pretty tight?"

"Oh, everybody's like this," said one of the others. "We've got lots of air in here—two windows, you see. Makes such a difference. Did you get a bed?"

"Yes, I found a place," said Paula.

"It's just a lovely hotel," commented Mrs. Bennett, "and there's the nicest coffee shop just next door. We had such a good dinner. We looked for you, Miss Calderwood."

Paula realized that the extravagance of the dining room was one which none of these women had considered. She wondered if one of them would like to share her room. No, they were all enjoying themselves too much together and the suggestion would smack of superiority.

"I see," said Paula, "that at ten tomorrow we all sing The Star-Spangled Banner and get down to business."

"There's a delegation meeting before that," said Mrs. Monger. "Didn't you hear?"

"I'm only an alternate delegate, you know."

"You'd better come along anyway. It's down in the state headquarters in 104."

"Are we going to elect that Mrs. Smith again—four years more of her?" asked Mrs. Bennett irrelevantly.

"She's close to Senator Carle."

"But he's having his troubles. I heard someone say the delegation is split wide open and he isn't sure of getting in himself."

"Who's opposing him?" asked Paula.

"It's that man called Kelly from the southern part of the state. You know he ran for governor some years ago. He's here as delegate and he always is after something or other."

Paula asked if he were better than Carle, but opinion seemed to mist at that point. She went back to her own room a half hour later, thinking about those women. They'd paid their own money to come and live in this discomfort for four days and what did they get out of it? They weren't rich women or ambitious women. It was hard to understand.

The convention, that thunder of sound and flare of music, with the greatest orchestra leader in the world conducting The Star-Spangled Banner magnificently, opened. The great pit of the auditorium, divided into sections, was filled with delegates and back of them were the alternates and important guests. The galleries were crowded with wives and spectators, and the rostrum itself, equipped with amplifiers and radios to broadcast the speeches and shouting to a listening country, was crowded also with presiding officers and men to introduce the presiding officers, and statesmen too important for anything but a platform. Just beneath the platform sat a quizzical press, waiting to see if anything could impress or interest it and not even bothering with notes on the customary falderal.

Paula, more than a little pushed and jostled, found her place at last among the other alternates. She was feeling very superfluous. There was too much of everything, including people, and she had been very openly cold-shouldered by Mrs. Smith this morning at the delegation meeting and treated like an intruder. Mrs. Smith could be seen now, her bulk impressive even here, sailing up the front aisle like a ship under full steam, on her way to the knot of delegates from her own state. Paula firmly took her mind off the committeewoman, joined in the singing and was one of the few who listened to the keynote speech. She liked it. It gave her a sense for the first time that this meeting was conceived in dignity, whatever might happen to it thereafter, and that somewhere there were minds which were bent on the relations of government to a great people.

Charlie Bunn broke into her thought, slipping into a chair behind her. "Hello, Paula."

"You ditched me," she scolded, "didn't you?"

"No. Things have been moving, that's all. I've got some big news for you."

"Decided on a new Vice President?" she asked.

"Better. Wilson has to go home."

"Wilson?"

"His father's had a stroke. Dying. Wilson's getting off at once. You're his alternate, you know."

"That's too bad about his father."

"Yep," said Charlie, without being at all broken up over it. "It isn't so bad for you though."

"I'm a delegate now, am I?"

"You bet," said Charlie. "Say, Paula, Carle's a good man, you know. He's a friend of yours too."

"That's nice of him."

"You want to work for him."

"Don't you try to corrupt my vote, Charlie," said Paula, with considerable amusement. "Leave me be."

Senator Carle came down himself shortly and escorted Paula up to the vacant place in the delegation. Mrs. Bennett welcomed her warmly, as did most of the other women. Mrs. Smith, seeing her error, altered her manner immediately and told Paula that while she was deeply sorry for poor Mr. Wilson's father, she had all along hoped that Paula could in some way share with them the intimate work of the convention. Mr. Will Kelly from the southern part of the state was also there. He was a rough-looking gentleman, rather given to making jokes, and he shook hands heavily with Paula.

Charlie took her to lunch and gave her some of the facts. Senator Carle had not been able to line up the delegation on the train to his complete satisfaction. Both women and men were divided. Kelly had his head and some idea that he could swing enough votes to land the place of national committeeman.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Paula.

"Oh, he's all right. Kind of a silly sister. Doesn't stay hitched. You never know where you are with him."

"How does Mrs. Smith stand?"

"She's supposed to be waving the banners for Carle. But I'm not so sure that she hasn't her lines out in case Kelly gets in. She'll bear watching, Paula."

"She likes the way the men and women work hand in hand," said Paula gravely.

"That should be set to music," grinned Charlie, "and we'd all sing."

Paula's position had vastly changed. But the amazing thing to her was the way the women took her unexpected appearance as a delegate. They liked it, nearly all of them. Mrs. Smith's Boswell looked askance at Paula and the bobbed-haired Mrs. Hahn was dubious. But most of the rest seemed to consider Paula a rallying point. She was friendly and she made no pretensions, and yet they knew her to be rich and socially important. Mrs. Bennett was proud to have shared a section with her and Mrs. Monger felt that Paula was sympathetic.

The day was crowded with routine business. The selection of a candidate for President had been settled weeks ago. The only things that made some of the delegates fairly quiver with intrigue were places on committees, the right to make nominations and the honors of committeeman and committeewoman. Never, said Charlie, had he seen a state delegation so out of hand as the present one. Charlie was out for Carle openly now, having no doubt received whatever assurances he desired. Kelly could, or would, do nothing for him. The delegation dined together, with a private orchestra to add to its festivity, and its outward harmony was as great as its inward dissension. Mrs. Smith made a speech about men and women working together. Senator Carle made a speech about nothing in particular and Mr. Kelly, not to be outdone, made a speech of his own, saying that by the next convention he hoped that either the President or the Vice President would come from their state. Mrs. Bennett liked the filet mignon and was happy, and Mrs. Monger looked sad, for she saw they had forgotten all about the necessity of prohibiting wars.

There was a reception afterward, given by the local committees, but Paula did not attend. She had been invited to come to Senator Carle's suite at the conclusion of the dinner, and there she found a curious group. There were people who she did not even know were at the convention—a notable lawyer, a very well-known society woman whose influence Paula could not quite guess, an ex-cabinet member from the state who was supposed to have retired from politics, Carle himself, Charlie Bunn, a United States senator and his wife, and six or seven other important people,

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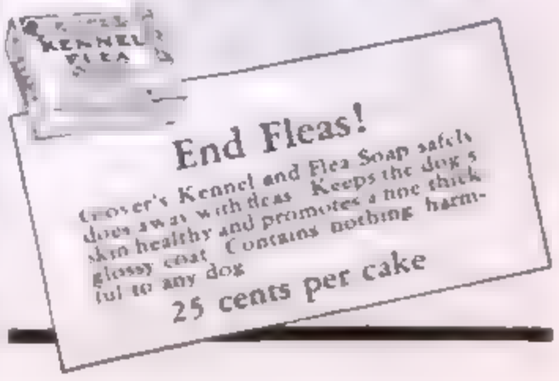
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Address

including, to her amazement, Vernon Culver. She had not imagined he would be near the convention. But here he was, suave, cordial and impenitent for the mess he'd got her into, ignoring it absolutely and talking about golf. There were no newspapermen. Carle's three-room suite was handsomely furnished and a competent man mixed and served cocktails. What they were all there for was not quite clear to Paula. She heard someone mention Mrs. Smith, and there was a general laugh. And as she moved about, Paula found herself discussing Palm Beach and the sad death of a young artist and where the Austins were to spend the summer. It was all very irrelevant, except for the moment when the notable lawyer remarked to Paula that Carle was the best committeeman they'd had in years and that they'd have to keep him in.

A certain amount of political gossip went about the things that were yet unannounced or never would be public property—the fact that a desirable great man had absolutely refused the vice presidency, the orders from Washington which had come too late to be useful, the difficulty in getting a popular statesman on the platform and the necessity for his being there, the fact that several men were working all night on the platform. Carle said casually that he meant to look in on them later. When Paula left the room and the group was breaking up she felt her understanding of conventions deepened. Nothing happened on the floor of the convention. These groups of delegates were only spectators and not allowed to see everything at that. In rooms like Carle's the work went on. She knew that her invitation there tonight had been a tacit one to play with the crowd that was at the top.

And yet she could not forget Mrs. Bennett. It occurred to her to see if that room full of women was still open to visitors. It was. Paula found them all vastly excited over the reception. It had been beautiful, said Mrs. Bennett, and such wonderful gowns as people wore. There had been roses for everyone. Four wilting American Beauties bore witness to that. Paula sat down on the first bed and listened to their talk, and after a little they worked around as usual to Mrs. Smith. It seemed to be inevitable.

"Pretending she was so much!" exclaimed one of them.

"Taking all the glory. And she doesn't let anyone else do anything."

"If she were a woman with ideals I wouldn't mind that," said Mrs. Monger slowly, "but today I asked her again about getting something in the platform about prevention of war and she said it was absurd. I don't see how I can vote for such a woman to represent us for four years."

"It's hot in here," said Mrs. Bennett, panting a little.

"You're too crowded," said Paula. "Come on down to my room and cool off. And as it's steadily getting hotter, one of you had better sleep down there with me. I've a day bed in that room that somebody can use."

In Paula's room they had ginger ale and grape juice in great quantities and talked until very late.

"If you ask me," said Mrs. Bennett, "my choice for national committeewoman is Miss Calderwood."

"Come, come," answered Paula; "that ginger ale is going to your head!"

And at that they were merrier than ever.

Mrs. Monger stayed all night on the day bed. She looked pallid from the heat and Paula planned to surprise her by having breakfast served in their room. She telephoned for it at half-past eight, and when a knock came at the door, opened it herself, expecting the waiter. But it was not the waiter.

The waiter was, to be sure, in the background, but in front of him was the hollow-eyed club woman, Mrs. Ott, who was Mrs. Smith's especial companion.

"I want to talk to you, Miss Calderwood," she said, looking more gaunt and neurotic than ever.

"Come in." Paula asked her, and the waiter followed with the tray. Mrs. Monger sat up, looking like a modern angel suddenly roused

"I thought you were alone," said Mrs. Ott.

"Can't you talk before Mrs. Monger? I'm sorry, but you see I've not finished dressing and there's only the bathroom beside this room."

Paula was wearing a cream-silk dressing gown which tucked into nothing in her bag, and she looked tall, handsome and composed—everything that Mrs. Ott was not. Mrs. Ott sat down and Paula waited for her to speak.

"I've been badly treated, Miss Calderwood—badly treated. I can't tell you how badly."

Paula saw no reason why she should be told, but she listened gravely.

"I come to you," said Mrs. Ott, "because I do not know where to turn."

"I am flattered," said Paula, but Mrs. Ott missed that point.

"I cannot tell you how I have been betrayed."

"Don't, if it's going to bother you like that," Paula told her, seeing the twitching face and fingers. "Don't you want some coffee?"

"I can't eat. I can't sleep. If I had suspected that the person I trusted would turn on me so, I would have never come here. I would have ——"

"What is it?" asked Paula. "Please don't agitate yourself so much. Tell us if you like."

"Mrs. Smith is not honorable. I have supported her," said Mrs. Ott with pitiful grandiloquence, "lent her my influence. She is not truthful; she is false ——"

"What did she do?"

"For one thing," said Mrs. Ott malignantly, "she's promised Mr. Kelly her support. I know that for a fact. Even when she promised Mr. Carle too. She doesn't care who is sacrifieed —not her best friends; she ——"

"Why not let the men fight it out?"

"I have lain awake all night," said Mrs. Ott. "She thinks I cannot harm her. That was why she didn't put me on the committee of resolutions. Instead, they choose, with her full knowledge and connivance, that man from Acton."

Paula could not even fill in the pause which came after that statement. It was only too clear what Mrs. Ott's motives were.

"I withdraw my support from her," said Mrs. Ott, "and if you wish to be national committeewoman I will vote for you. I decided that last night."

"But I don't," answered Paula. "I'm afraid our breakfast is getting cold, Mrs. Monger. You're sure you don't care for any, Mrs. Ott?"

There was something in her voice now which gave the other woman no cue for acceptance. She stood up, trembling, and moved toward the door.

"I came to you in confidence," she said finally, unsure of everything and afraid of what she had done.

"Of course."

But when the door had closed on her Paula moved the table over by the window and drew a long breath.

"Come on, Mrs. Monger. This melon is melting! Let's forget that woman."

"She said one good thing," reflected Mrs. Monger.

Two floors below, Charlie Bunn was breakfasting with Senator Carle. Neither of them ate much. They were planning, they were hot, and they were worried.

"Sure, Mrs. Smith was trading with Kelly. I saw it myself," said Charlie "She thinks you're a dead one, senator, and she's all fixed to tie up to Kelly. Not a doubt in the world of it. One of the men saw them talking together last night, thick as thieves."

"Well, what do we do?"

"You've got just one chance," Charlie advised him oracularly. "Ditch Mrs. Smith first. Run in Paula Calderwood as national committeewoman. That occurred to me early this morning as a knock-out all around. Nobody will think of it until you spring it. It will fix you up with Paula, dispose of Mrs. Smith for good, tie those women up to you and that will put you over. The Smith woman hasn't a sure following. And let me tell you this—Paula Calderwood is nobody's fool. She's got brains and connections that aren't going to do anyone any harm. She has those women all crazy about her, and you know how she got the crowd at the state convention. It would please Culver, incidentally."

"You know," said Carle, "I think that's a pretty good idea, Charlie. Once in a while you get one. It will surprise everybody too."

That was the moment his telephone rang and Mrs. Bennett from Bluestone asked if she could see him on the mezzanine floor.

"Why, certainly, Mrs. Bennett. I'll be right down," answered Carle and sighed, hanging up the telephone. "More trouble!"

He met her on the mezzanine, a very determined lady, representing, she told him, the women of the state delegation.

"Mr. Carle," she said, "I want to speak to you in confidence. With one or two exceptions, I represent the feeling of all the women of this delegation. I have talked to them this morning, one after another. We feel that a change is desirable in the position of national committeewoman. We feel that, considering everything, Miss Paula Calderwood would make an excellent choice for that place."

The senator looked at her sharply and met only benign assurance.

He looked again. The joke was on him and he knew it.

"Well, of course, if the ladies feel that way," he said slowly, "it's quite agreeable to me. But I hope I can count on your support personally—all you ladies. I'd like to work with Miss Calderwood."

"I think you'd be quite satisfactory to the ladies of the delegation," Mrs. Bennett promised with her best manner, "if Miss Calderwood is chosen."

"It's very good of you to see me about it," smiled the senator and saw many of his troubles roll away, "good of you to consult me."

"Well," said Mrs. Bennett, "I think it's our duty to speak our minds, senator. It's just as Mr. Bennett said to me sort of jokingly before I came away—he said, 'Daisy, I'd let them run things their own way up to a point. But if anything occurs to you that ought to be done, just wade in and do it.'"

"And have you talked to Miss Calderwood about this?"

"No, I haven't," Mrs. Bennett admitted. "I thought I'd talk to you first, senator. The ladies thought that was best. But I'm sure Miss Calderwood will accept. She's such an agreeable girl. We traveled together, so I know."

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THE BELLAMY TRIAL

(Continued from Page 38)

"I should imagine not," said the prosecutor, his voice cruelly smooth. "No further questions."

And at that Parthian shot the white lips in the white face before him curved suddenly and amazingly into the lovely irony of a smile, a last salute over the drawn swords before they were sheathed.

"That will be all," said Lambert's voice gently. "You may stand down."

For a moment she did not move, but sat staring down with dark eyes to which the smile had not quite reached, at the twelve enigmatic countenances before her—at the slack, careless young one on the far end; the grim elderly one next to it; the small, deep-set eyes above the heavy jowls of that flushed one in the center; the sleek, attentive pallor of the one next to the door. She opened her lips as though to speak again, closed them with a small shake of her head, swept up gloves, bag and fur with one swift gesture, and without a backward glance was gone, moving across the cluttered space between her chair and the box with that light, sure step that seemed always to move across green grass, through sunlight and a little wind. She did not even look at Stephen Bellamy, but in the little space between their chairs their hands met once, and clenched in greeting and swung free.

"Your Honor," said Lambert, in the quiet, tired voice so many leagues removed from the old boom, "in view of Mrs. Ives' evidence, I would like to have Mr. Bellamy take the stand once more. I have only one or two questions to put to him."

"He may take the stand," said Judge Carver impassively.

He took it steadily, the white face of horror that he had turned from the day before schooled once more to the old courtesy and quiet.

"Mr. Bellamy, you have heard Mrs. Ives' evidence as to the circumstance that led up to your visit to the gardener's cottage and of the visit to the cottage itself. Is her description in accord with your own recollection?"

"In complete accord."

"You would not change it in any particular?"

"No. It was absolutely accurate."

"Nor add to it?"

"Yes. There is something that I believe that I should add. Mrs. Ives was not aware of the fact that I returned to the cottage again that night."

If Lambert also was not aware of it he gave no sign. "For what purpose?"

"I had no definite purpose—I did not wish to leave my wife alone in the cottage."

"At what time did you return?"

"Very shortly after I left Mrs. Ives at her home. I actually didn't know what I was doing. I took the wrong turn on the back road and drove around for a bit before I got straightened out, but it couldn't have been for very long."

"How long did you stay?"

"Until it began to get light; I didn't look at the time."

"You did not disturb the contents of the cottage in any way?"

"No; I left everything exactly as it was."

"Nor remove anything?"

"Nothing—nothing whatever."

"Thank you, Mr. Bellamy. That will be all, unless Mr. Farr has any questions."

"As a matter of fact, I have one or two questions," remarked Mr. Farr, leisurely but grim. "You, too, are highly resourceful, Mr. Bellamy, aren't you?"

"I should hardly say that I had proved myself so."

"Well, you can reassure yourself. That extra set of automobile tires had to be accounted for, hadn't they?"

"I should have accounted for them in any case."

"Should you, indeed? That's very interesting, but hardly a responsive answer to my question. I'll be grateful if you don't make it necessary for me to pull you up on that again. Now you say that you didn't touch anything in the cottage?"

"I said that I did not disturb anything."

"Oh, you touched something, did you?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"I touched her hand."

"I see. You were looking for the rings?"

"No. I didn't think of the rings."

"They were still there?"

"Until you asked me this minute I had not thought of them. I do not believe that they were there."

"Mr. Bellamy, I put it to you that you returned to that cottage with the express purpose of removing those rings, the necklace and any traces that you or Mrs. Ives may have left behind you in your previous flight?"

"You are wrong; I did not return for any of those purposes."

"Then for what purpose?"

"Because I did not wish to leave my wife alone."

"You consider that a plausible explanation?"

"Oh, no; simply a true one."

"She was dead, wasn't she?"

"She was dead."

"You knew that?"

"Yes."

"You knew that you couldn't do anything for her, didn't you?"

"I wasn't sure." The voice was as quiet as ever, but once more the ripple of the clenched teeth showed in the cheek. "She was afraid of the dark."

"Of the dark?"

"Yes; she was afraid to be alone in the dark."

"She was dead, wasn't she?"

"Yes—yes, she was dead."

"You ask us to believe that you spent hours in momentary danger of arrest for murder because a woman who was stone-dead had been afraid of the dark when she was alive?"

"No, I don't ask you to believe anything," said Stephen Bellamy gently. "I was simply telling you what happened."

"You say that you didn't touch anything else in the cottage?"

"Nothing else."

"How could you find your way about without a light?"

"I had a light; I took the flash light from my car."

"So that you could make a thorough search of the premises for anything that had been left behind?"

"We had left nothing behind."

"But you couldn't have been sure of that, could you? A knife, perhaps? A knife's an easy thing to lose."

"We had no knife."

Mr. Farr greeted this statement with an expression of profound skepticism. "Now before I ask you to step down, Mr. Bellamy, I want to make sure that you haven't one final installment to add for our benefit. That's all that you have to tell us?"

"That is all."

"Sure?"

"Quite sure."

"This continued story that you have been presenting to us from day to day has reached its absolutely ultimate installment?"

"I have already said that I have nothing to add to my statement."

"And this is the same story that you were so sure that no twelve sane men in the world would believe, isn't it?"

"Yes. It isn't necessary to prove to me that I have been the fool of the world," said Stephen Bellamy quietly. "I willingly admit it. My deepest regret is that my folly has involved Mrs. Ives too."

"You have had no cause to revise your opinion as to the skepticism that your account of that night's doings would arouse in any twelve sane men, have you?"

"Oh, yes, I have had excellent reason completely to revise it."

The low, pleasant voice seemed to jar on the prosecutor as violently as a bomb. "And what reason, may I ask?"

"At the time that I arrived at that conclusion I had naturally had no opportunity to hear Mrs. Ives on the witness stand. Now that I have, it seems absolutely impossible to me that anyone could fail to believe her."

"That must be extremely reassuring for you," remarked Mr. Farr in a voice so heavily charged with irony that it came close to cracking under the strain. "That will be all, thank you, Mr. Bellamy."

Mr. Lambert rose slowly to his feet. "The defense rests," he said

The red-headed girl watched them filing out through the door at the back without comment, and without comment she accepted the cake of chocolate and the large red apple. She consumed them in the same gloomy silence, broken only by an occasional furtive sniff and the application of a minute and inadequate handkerchief.

"You promised me last night," said the reporter accusingly, "that if I'd go home you'd stop crying and be reasonable and sensible and ——"

"I'm not crying," said the red-headed girl—"not so that anybody would notice anything at all if they weren't practically spying on me. It's simply that I'm a little tired and not exactly cheerful."

"Oh, it's simply that, is it? Would you like my handkerchief too?" The red-headed girl accepted it ungratefully.

"The worst thing about a murder trial," she said, "is that it practically ruins everybody's life. It's absolutely horrible. They're all going along peacefully and quietly, and the first thing they know they're jerked out of their homes and into the witness box, and things that they thought were safe and hidden and sacred are blazoned out in letters three inches tall in every paper in the country. That poor little Platz thing, and that wretched Farwell man, and poor little Mrs. Ives with her runaway husband and Orsini with his jail sentence—it isn't decent! What have they done?"

The reporter said "What, indeed?" in the tone of one who has not heard anything but the last four words. After a moment he inquired thoughtfully, "Have you ever thought about getting married?"

The red-headed girl felt her heart miss two beats and then race away like a wild thing. She said candidly, "Oh, often—practically all the time. All nice girls do."

"Do they?" inquired the reporter in a tone of genuine surprise. "Men don't—hardly ever." He continued to look at her abstractedly for quite a long time before he added, "Only about once in their lives."

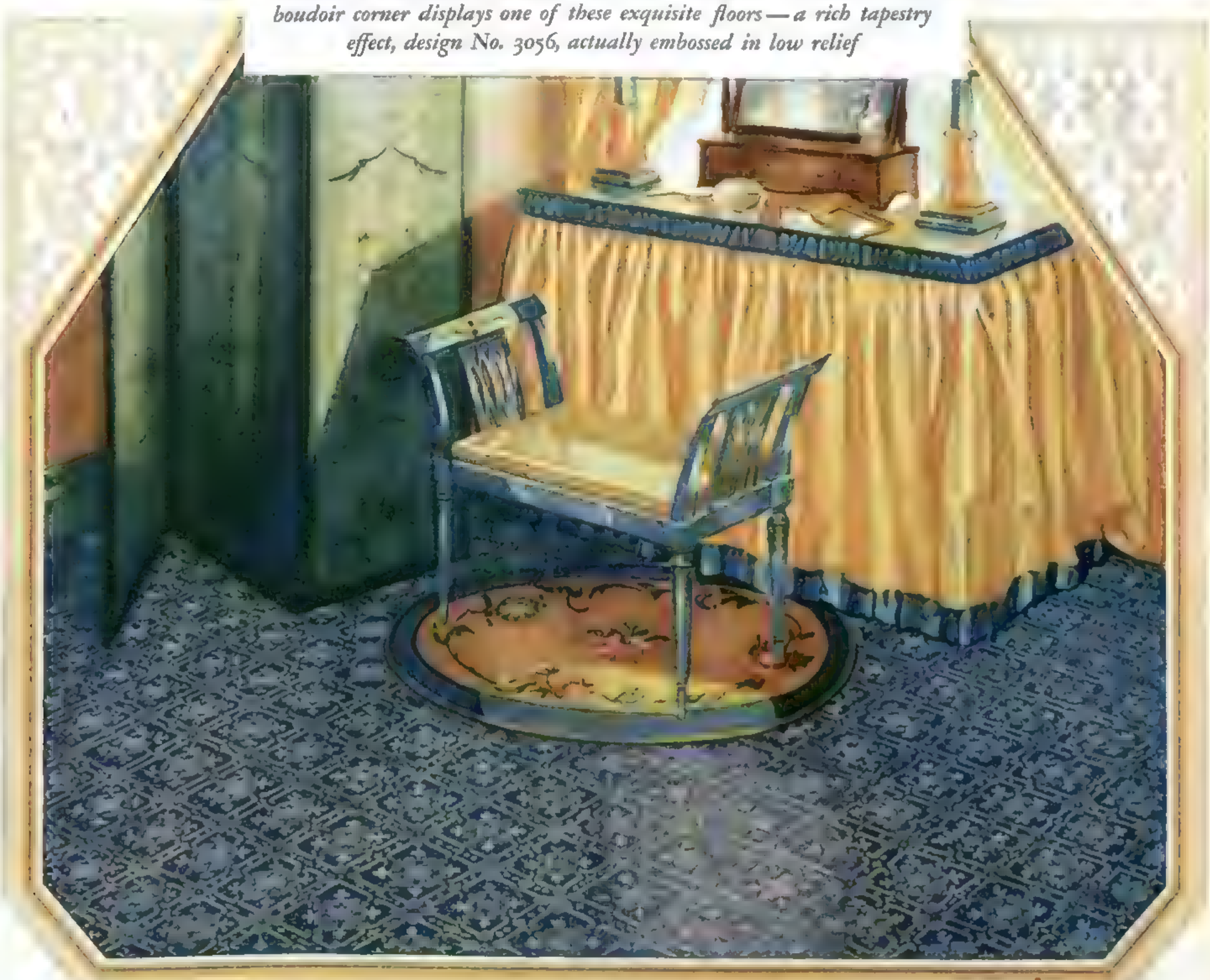
He was looking at her still when the door behind the witness box opened.

"Your Honor"—the lines in Mr. Lambert's face stood out relentlessly, but his voice was fresh and strong—"gentlemen of the jury, it is not my intention to take a great amount of your time, in spite of the fact that there devolves on me as solemn a task as falls to the lot of any man—that of pleading with you for the precious gift of human life. I do not believe that the solemnity of that plea is enhanced by undue prolixity, by legal hairsplitting or by a confusion of issues essentially and profoundly simple. The evidence in the case has been intricate enough. I shall not presume to analyze it for you. It is your task, and yours alone, to scrutinize, weigh and dispose of it. On the other hand, the case presents almost no legal intricacies; any that are present will be expounded to you by Judge Carver when the time comes.

"When all is said and all is done, gentlemen, it is a very simple question that you have to decide—as simple as it is grave and terrible. The question is this: Do you

(Continued on Page 74)

Floor fashion finds no higher expression today than that so superlatively shown in the latest creations of Armstrong's designers—the new Embossed Inlaids. This dainty boudoir corner displays one of these exquisite floors—a rich tapestry effect, design No. 3056, actually embossed in low relief



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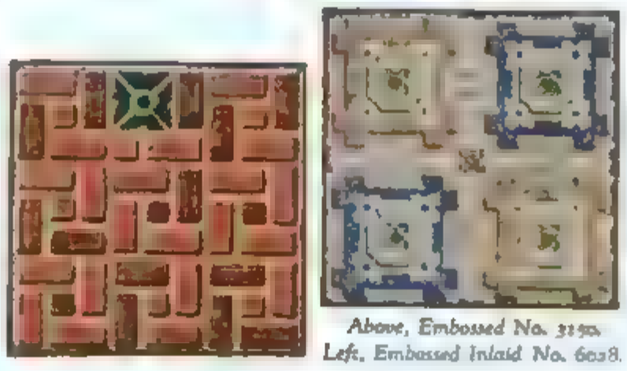

Above, Embossed No. 3150. Left, Embossed Inlaid No. 6038.

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(Continued from Page 72)

believe the story that Stephen Bellamy and Susan Ives have told you in this court room? Is their story of what happened on that dreadful night a reasonable, a convincing and an honest explanation as to how they have become involved in the tragic series of events that has blown through their peaceful homes like a malignant whirlwind, wrecking all their dearest hopes and their dearest realities? I believe that there can be but one answer to that question, and that not so long from now you will have given that answer, and that every heart in this court room will be the lighter for having heard it.

"These two have told you precisely the same story. That Stephen Bellamy did not go quite to the end with it in the first instance is a circumstance that I deplore as deeply as any one of you, but I do not believe that you will hold it against him. He did not, remember, utter one syllable that was not strictly and accurately truthful. It had been agreed between them that if it were necessary to swerve one hairbreadth from the truth, they would not swerve that hairbreadth.

"In persuading Mrs. Ives that her only safety lay in not admitting that she had been in the cottage that night, Mr. Bellamy made a grave mistake in judgment, but it was the mistake of a chivalrous and distraught soul, overwhelmed at the ghastly situation into which the two of them had been so incredibly precipitated.

"As for Susan Ives, she was so shaken with horror to the very roots of her being—so stunned, so confused and confounded—that she was literally moving through a nightmare during the few days that preceded her arrest; and, gentlemen, in a nightmare the best of us do not think with our accustomed clarity and cogency. She did what she was told to do, and she was told that it would make my task easier if I did not know that she had been near the cottage that night. That, alas, settled it for her once and for all. She has always sought to make my tasks easier.

"Stephen Bellamy undoubtedly remembered the old precept that it takes two to tell the truth—one to speak it and one to hear it. Possibly he believed that if there were two to speak it and twelve to hear it, it would be a more dangerous business. I do not agree with him. I believe that twelve attentive and intelligent listeners—as you have amply proved yourselves to be—make the best of all forums at which to present the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.' That is my belief, that was my considered advice, and it is my profound conviction that before many hours have passed I shall be justified of my belief.

"Perhaps you have guessed that my relations to Susan Ives are not the ordinary relations of counsel to client. Such, at any rate, is the case, and I do not shirk one of its implications. There is no tie of blood between us, but I am bound to her by every other tie of affection and admiration. I can say that I believe she is as dear to me as any daughter—dearer, perhaps, than any daughter, because she is what most men only dream that their daughter may be. For the first time in my life I have offended her since I came to this court—offended her because she believed that I was more loyal to her welfare than her wishes. But she will forgive me even for that, because she knows that I am only a stupid old man who would give every hope that he has of happiness to see hers fulfilled, and who when he pleads for her life today is pleading for something infinitely dearer to him than his own.

"If, later, you say to one another and to yourselves, 'The old man is prejudiced in her favor; we must take that into account,' I say to you, 'And so you must—and so you must—well into account.' I am prejudiced because I have known her since she was so small that she did not come to my knee; because I have watched her with unvarying wonder and devotion from the days that she used to cling to me, weeping because her black kitten had hurt its paw, or radiant because there was a new daisy in her garden; because I have watched her from those bright, joyous days to these dark and terrible ones, and never once have I found a trace of alloy in her gold. I have found united in her the traits we seek in many different forms—all the gallantry and honesty of a little boy, all the gayety and grace of a little girl, all the loyalty and courage of a man, all the tenderness and beauty of a woman. If you think that I am prejudiced in her favor you will be right, gentlemen. And if that fact prejudices me in your eyes, make the most of it.

"Of Stephen Bellamy I will say only this: If I had a daughter I would ask nothing more of destiny than that such a man should seek her for his wife—and you may make the most of that too.

"On this subject I will not touch again, I promise. It is not part and parcel of the speech of counsel for the defense to the jury in a murder trial to touch on his feeling toward his clients. I am grateful for the indulgence of both the court and the prosecution in permitting me to dwell on them at some length. During the course of Mrs. Ives' examination something as to our relation was inadvertently disclosed. In any case, I should have considered it my duty to inform you of it, as well as of every other fact in this case. I have now done so.

"A few days ago I said to you that Susan Ives was rich in many things. When I said that I was not thinking of money; I was referring to things that are the treasured possessions, the precious heritage, of many a humble and modest soul. Love, peace, beauty, security, serenity, health—these the least of us may have. As I have said, I am pretty close to being an old man now, and in my time I have heard much talk of class feeling and class hatred. I have even been told that it is difficult to get justice for the rich from the poor or mercy for the poor from the rich. I believe both these statements to be equally vile and baseless slanders.

"In this great country of which you and I are proud and privileged citizens, we are all rich—rich in opportunity and in liberty—and there is no room in our hearts for grudging envy, for warped malice. We do not say: 'This woman is rich; she has breeding; she has intelligence and culture and position, therefore she is guilty.' We do not say: 'This man is a graduate of one of our greatest universities. Five generations of his ancestors have owned land in this country, and have lived on it honorably and decently, gentlefolk of repute and power in their communities; he is the possessor of a distinguished name and a distinguished record, therefore he is a murderer!' We do not say that. No; you and I and the man in the street say: 'It is impossible that two people with this life behind them and a richer and finer one before them should stoop to so low and foul a weapon as an assassin's knife and a coward's blow in the dark.'

"But even in the strictly material sense of wealth, Mrs. Ives is not a wealthy woman. I should like, in the simple interests of truth, to dispel the legends of a marble heart moving through marble halls that has been growing about her. She has lived for several happy years in what you have heard described to you as a farmhouse—a simple, unpretentious place that she has made lovely with bright hangings and open fires and books and prints and flowers. If you had rung her doorbell before that fatal day in June, no powdered flunky would have opened it to you. It might have been opened by Mrs. Ives herself, or by Mr. Ives' mother, or by a little maid in a neat dark frock and a white apron. Whoever had opened it to you, you would have found within a charming and friendly simplicity that might well cause you a little legitimate envy; you would have found nothing more.

"Sue Ives had what all your wives have, I hope—flowers in her garden, babies in her nursery, sunshine in her windows. With these any woman is rich, and so was she.

(Continued on Page 77)

Success Is Obligatory

A business must *succeed* or it can not *serve*. When buyers applaud a manufacturer's efforts, by a pronounced acceptance of his product, they at the same time place an obligation upon the manufacturer. The builder of an automobile is but the trustee of his clientele's confidence. He must pass on to them the benefits of his success, in the form of a better product of greater value for less commensurate cost. Because, once the public has given its endorsement thereby making greater volume possible, if the manufacturer defaults, it is more than a loss of an opportunity, it is an economic waste. Only those survive who *continue* to deserve to. Auburn's success and growth is an expression of the public's need for better personal transportation. As this success has increased, it has warranted the public in expecting even better things from Auburn. To prove worthy of this trust, and put Auburn in a position to manufacture better cars, more economically, Auburn announces acquisition of control of the following:

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6-66 Roadster $1095; 6-66 Sport Sedan $1195. 6-66 Cabriolet $1295; 6-66 Sedan $1295; 8-77 Roadster $1395; 8-77 Sport Sedan $1495; 8-77 Cabriolet $1595; 8-77 Sedan $1695; 8-88 Roadster $1995, 8-88 Sport Sedan $2095; 8-88 Cabriolet $2095; 8-88 Sedan $2195, 8-88 7-Passenger Sedan $2595. Freight, Tax & Equipment Extra

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Are you carrying a little white dot on your fountain-pen?

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"Lifetime" pen in green or black, $8.75, Ladies', $7.50—pencil, $4.25. Others lower

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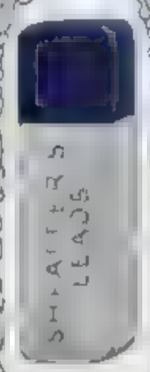

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(Continued from Page 74)

As for Stephen Bellamy, he had no more than any good clerk or mechanic—a little house, a little car, a little maid of all work to help his pretty wife. That much for the legend of pride and pomp and power and uncounted millions that has grown up about these two. In the public press this legend has flourished extravagantly; it is of little concern to you or to any of us, save in so far as the preservation of truth is the concern of every one of us.

"The story that you have heard from the lips of Mrs. Ives and Mr. Bellamy is a refutation of every charge that has been brought against them. It is a fearless, straightforward, circumstantial and coherent account of their every action on the evening of that terrible and momentous night. Granted that every witness produced by the state here in order to confound and confute them has spoken the absolute and exact truth—a somewhat extravagant claim, some of you may feel—granted even that, however, still you will find not one word of their testimony that is not perfectly consistent with the explanation of their actions that evening offered you by the defendants.

"Not only does the state's testimony not conflict with ours—it corroborates it. The overheard telephone conversation, the knife from the study, the stained flannel coat, the visit to Stephen Bellamy's house, the tire tracks in the mud outside the cottage, the finger prints on the lamp within—there is the state's case, and there also, gentlemen, is ours. These sinister facts, impressive and terrible weapons in the state's hands, under the clear white light of truth become a very simple, reasonable and inevitable set of circumstances, fully explained and fully accounted for. The more squarely you look at them, the more harmless they become. I ask you to subject them to the most careful and severe scrutiny, entirely confident as to the result.

"The state will tell you, undoubtedly, that in spite of what you have heard, the fact remains that Susan Ives and Stephen Bellamy had the means, the motive and the opportunity to commit this crime. It is our contention that they had nothing of the kind. No weapon has been traced to either of them; it would have been to all intents and purposes physically impossible for them to have reached the gardener's cottage, executed this murder and returned to Stephen Bellamy's house between the time that the gasoline vender saw them leave Lakedale and the time that Orsini saw them arrive at Mr. Bellamy's home—a scant forty minutes, according to the outside figures of their own witnesses; not quite twenty-five according to ours.

"But take the absolute substantiated forty-minute limit—from 9:15 to 9:55. In that time you are asked to believe that they hurled themselves in a small rickety car over ten miles, possibly more, of unfamiliar roads in total darkness, took a rough dirt cut-off, groped their way through the back gates of the Thorne place to the little road that led to the cottage, got out, entered the cottage, became involved in a bitter and violent scene with Mimi Bellamy which culminated in her death by murder; remained there long enough to map out a campaign which involved removing her jewels from her dead body, while fabricating an elaborate alibi—and also long enough to permit Mr. Thorne, who had arrived on the piazza, ample time to get well on his way; came out, got back into the invisible automobile and arrived at Mr. Bellamy's house, three miles away, at five minutes to ten. Gentlemen, does this seem to you credible? I confess that it seems to me so incredible—so fantastically, so grotesquely incredible—that I am greatly inclined to offer you an apology for going into it at such length. So much for the means, so much for the opportunity; now for the motive.

"There, I think, we touch the weakest point in the state's case against these two. That the state itself fully grasps its weakness, I submit, is adduced from the fact that not one witness they have put on the stand has been asked a single question that would tend to establish either of the motives ascribed to them by the state—widely differing motives, alike only in their monstrous absurdity. It is the state's contention, if it still cleaves to the theory originally advanced, that Madeleine Bellamy was murdered by Susan Ives because she feared poverty, and that she was aided and abetted by Stephen Bellamy in this bloody business because he was crazed by jealousy.

"I ask you to consider these two propositions with more gravity and concentration than they actually merit, because on your acceptance or rejection of them depends your acceptance or rejection of the guilt of these two. You cannot dismiss them as too absurd for any earthly consideration. You cannot say, 'Oh, of course that wasn't the reason they killed her, but that's not our concern; there may have been another reason that we don't know anything about.' No, fortunately for us, you cannot do that.

"These, preposterous as they are, are the only motives suggested; they are the least preposterous ones that the state could find to submit to you. If you are not able to accept them the state's case crumbles to pieces before your eyes. If you look at it attentively for as much as thirty seconds, I believe that you will see it crumbling. What you are asked to believe is this: That for the most sordid, base, mercenary and calculating motives—the desire to protect her financial future from possible hazard—Susan Ives committed a cruel, wicked and bloody murder.

"For two hours you listened to Susan Ives speaking to you from that witness box. If you can believe that she is sordid, base, calculating, mercenary, cruel and bloody, I congratulate you. Such power of credulity emerges from the ranks of mere talent into those of sheer genius.

"Stephen Bellamy, you are told, was her accomplice—driven stark, staring, raving mad by the most bestial, despicable and cowardly form of jealousy. You have heard Stephen Bellamy, too, from that witness box, telling you of the anguish of despair that filled him when he thought that harm had befallen his beloved—if you can believe that he is despicable, cowardly, bestial and mad, then undoubtedly you are still able to believe in a world tenanted by giants and fairies and ogres and witches and dragons. Not one of them would be so strange a phenomenon as the transformation of this adoring, chivalrous and restrained gentleman into the base villain that you are asked to accept.

"The state's case, gentlemen! It crumbles, does it not? It crumbles before your eyes. Means, motives, opportunity—look at them steadily and clearly and they vanish into thin air.

"If means, motives and opportunity constitute a basis for an accusation of murder, this trial might well end in several arrests that would be as fully justified as the arrests of Susan Ives and Stephen Bellamy. I make no such accusations; I am strong and sure and safe enough in the proved innocence of these two to feel no need of summoning others to the bar of justice. That is neither my duty nor my desire, but it would be incompatible with the desire for abstract truth not to point out that far stronger hypothetical cases might be made out against several whose paths also have crossed the path of the ill-starred girl who died in that cottage.

"We come as close to establishing as perfect an alibi as it is likely that innocent people, little suspecting that one will be called for, would be able to establish. What alibi had practically anyone who has appeared against these two for that night? The knife that Doctor Stanley described to you might have been one of various types—such a knife as might have been well discovered in a tool chest, in a kitchen drawer, in the equipment of a sportsman.

"You have analyzed the motives ascribed to the defendants. I submit that, taken at random, three somewhat solider

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The thick, sturdy hair of youth--

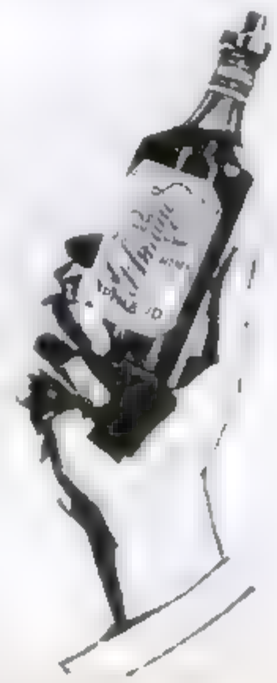
How can I keep it?

Your hair needn't begin to thin as you near 30! Neither need you grow bald because family history predicts it!

Doctors call baldness a disease and give it a medical name—alopecia. They tell us that there are two specific—and curable—causes for loss of hair: dandruff infection, and slow, tired scalp circulation.

Here is a treatment carefully formulated to check just those two hair troubles, to stop hair loss by removing its causes:

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.



You feel the tonic glow of lively scalp circulation after even the first Pinaud treatment!

And soon, within a few days, dandruff disappears!

Dandruff-free, richly nourished, your hair quickly regains vigor and thickness.

The Pinaud treatment is so splendidly effective because the purest and best tonic and antiseptic ingredients are contained in Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. These penetrate to the roots of the hair, deep in the scalp, destroying dandruff infection, invigorating the blood vessels which feed the hair.

Buy Pinaud's today at any drug or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

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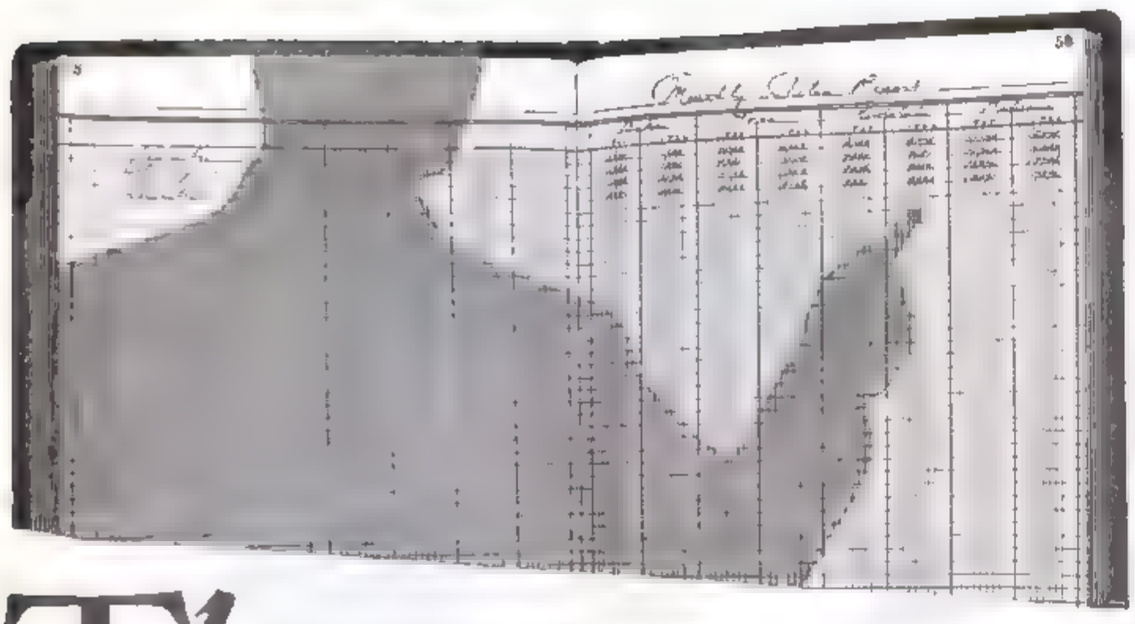

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motives might be robbery or blackmail or drunken jealousy. When one possible witness removes himself to Canada, when another takes his life—they are safely out of reach of our jurisdiction, but not beyond the scope of our speculations. I submit that these speculations are at least fruitful of interest. Abandoning them, however, I suggest to you that that girl, young, beautiful, fragile and unprotected in that isolated cottage, with jewels at her throat and on her fingers, was the natural prey of any nameless beast roving in the neighborhood—one who had possibly stalked her from the time that she left her house, one who had possibly been prowling through the grounds of this deserted estate on some business, sinister or harmless. Ostensibly this was a case of murder for robbery; it remains still the simplest and most natural explanation—too simple and too natural by half for a brilliant prosecutor, an ambitious police force and a frenzied public, all clamoring for a victim.

"Well, they have had their victims; I hope that they do not sleep worse at night for the rest of their lives when they think of the victims that they selected.

"Two things the state had made no attempt to explain—who it was that stole the note from Patrick Ives' study and who it was that laughed when Madeleine Bellamy screamed. Whoever took the note, it was not Susan Ives. She had no possible motive in denying having taken it; she freely admitted that she searched the study for some proof of her husband's duplicity, and she also admitted that Elliot Farwell had informed her that he believed her husband was meeting Madeleine Bellamy at the cottage that very night. The note, which we presume was making a rendezvous, would in no way have added to her previous information. Any one of six or eight servants or six or eight guests may have intercepted it; whoever did so knew when and where Madeleine Bellamy was to be found that night.

"The laugh is more baffling and disconcerting still; the state must find it mightily so. It will be instructive to see whether they are going to ask you to believe that it was uttered by Stephen Bellamy as he saw his wife fall. In my opinion only a degenerate or a drunken monster would have chosen that frightful moment for mirth. Possibly it is Mr. Farr's contention that he was both. Providentially, that is for you and not for him to decide.

"The state has still another little matter to explain to your satisfaction. According to its theory, Stephen Bellamy and Susan Ives arrived at the scene of the crime in a car—in Mr. Bellamy's car. The murderer of Madeleine Bellamy did not arrive in a car—or at any rate, no car was visible two minutes later in that vicinity. There were no tire tracks in the space behind the house, and the state's own witnesses have proved that on both Stephen Bellamy's visits his car was left squarely in front of the cottage door. If someone left an unlighted car parked somewhere down the main drive, as the state contends, it was not he. His car would have been clearly visible to any human being who approached the cottage. It will, as I say, be instructive to see how the state disposes of this vital fact.

"I have touched on these matters because I have desired to make clear to you two or three factors that are absolutely incompatible with any theory that the state has advanced. If they are to be disposed of in the most remotely plausible fashion, some other theory must be evolved, and I believe that you will agree with me that it is rather late in the day to produce another theory. I have not touched on them—and I wish to make this perfectly clear—on the ground that they are in no way necessary to our defense. That defense is not dependent on such intriguing details as who took the note, or who laughed, or whether the murderer approached his goal on foot or in a car. The defense that I advance is simple and straightforward and independent of any other circumstances.

"Of all the things that I have said to you, there is only one that I hold it essential that you carry in the very core of your memory when you leave this room on as solemn an errand as falls to the lot of any man. This only: That the sole defense that I plead for Stephen Bellamy and Susan Ives is that they are innocent—as entirely and unequivocally innocent as any man of you in whose hands rests their fate; that this foul and brutal murder was against their every wish, hope or desire; that it is to them as ghastly, as incredible and as mysterious as it is to you. That and that only is their defense.

"It is not my task, as you know—as in time Judge Carver will tell you—to prove them innocent. It is the state's to prove them guilty. A heavy task they will find it, I most truly believe. But I would have you find them something more than not guilty. That is the verdict that you may render with your lips, but with your hearts I ask you to render another more generous and ungrudging. 'Innocent'—a lovely, valiant and fearless word, a word untainted by suspicion or malice. A verdict that has no place in any court, but I believe that all who hear your lips pronounce "Not guilty" will read it in your eyes. I pray that they may.

"I said to you that when you left this room you would be bound on the most solemn of all errands. I say to you now that when you return you may well be bound on the most beautiful one imaginable—you will return in order to give life to two who have stood in the shadow of death. Life!

"You cannot give back to Susan Ives something that she has lost—a golden faith and carefree security, a confidence in this world and all its works. You cannot give back to Stephen Bellamy the dead girl who was his treasure and delight, about whose bright head clustered all his dreams. You cannot give back to them much that made life sweetest, but, gentlemen, you can give them life. You can restore to them the good earth, the clean air, the laughter of children, the hands of love, starlight and firelight and sunlight and moonlight—and brightest of all, the light of home shining through windows long dark. All these things you hold in your hands. All these things are yours to give. Gentlemen, I find it in my heart to envy you greatly that privilege, to covet greatly that opportunity."

He sat down, slowly and heavily, and through the room there ran an eager murmur of confidence and ease, a swift slackening of tension, a shifting of suspense. And as though in answer to it, Farr was on his feet.

He stood silent for a moment, his hands clasped over the back of the chair before him, his eyes, brilliantly inscrutable, sweeping the upturned faces before him. When he lifted his voice, the familiar clang was muted:

"Your Honor, gentlemen, when my distinguished adversary rose to address you an hour or so ago, he assured you that he was about to take very little of your time. We would none of us grudge him one moment that he has subsequently taken. He is waging a grim and desperate battle, and moments and even hours seem infinitesimal weapons to interpose between those two whose defense is intrusted to him, and who stand this day in peril of their lives on the awful brink of eternity itself.

"The plea that he has made to you is as eloquent and moving a one as you will hear in many a long day; it is my misfortune that the one that I am about to make must follow hard on its heels, and will necessarily be shorn of both eloquence and emotion. It will be the shorter for lack of them, but not the better. What I lack in oratory I shall endeavor to supply in facts; facts too cold, hard and grim to make pleasant hearing—still, facts. It is my unwelcome duty to place them before you; I shall not shrink from it. It will not be necessary for me to elaborate on them.

(Continued on Page 80)

Now from Switzerland

A new way to instant, restful sleep

. . . . that gives you all-day energy

Accept this 3-day test

Modern science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) to sound, restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

It usually gives you instant sleep—almost as soon as your head touches the pillow—you sleep "like a top" until six or seven in the morning—and get up abounding with healthy vigor!

You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening. *That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.*

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Sound sleep—active days

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine induces, quickly and naturally, the sound, restful sleep that brings all-day energy. This is why:

First—Ovaltine digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

Second—It supplies your system with certain health-building essentials which are often missing from your daily fare. One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Third—Ovaltine has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. As a result frayed nerves are soothed because digestive unrest, the main cause of sleeplessness, is overcome.

This is why, when taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restoring sleep in a natural way. And as you sleep the quick assimilation of nourishment is also restoring to the entire body. Thus you gather new strength and energy for the next day.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food-drink. It contains no drugs. It is the special food properties of Ovaltine—*and absolutely nothing else*—that bring its wonderful results and popularity. In use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children, nursing mothers and the aged. (See our 3-day offer below.)

For Buoyant Energy in the Evening

If you tire easily during the day, try Ovaltine. A cup before retiring usually brings sound, restoring sleep, the kind that gives you boundless energy that outlasts the day. Mr. Thompson says:

"My whole being seems changed since I began to take Ovaltine. I am a new man. Never fagged out. I feel as fresh at night as when the day started."

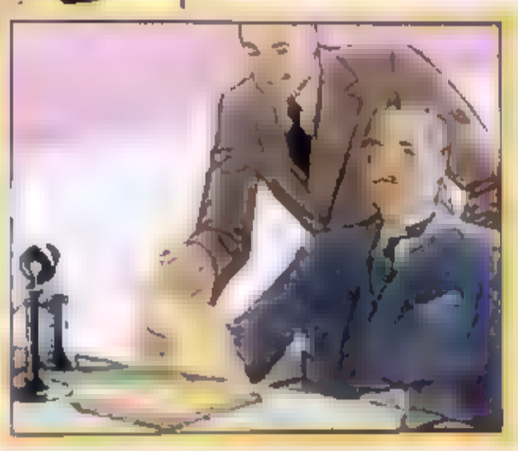
E. M Thompson
Boston, Mass.

Here's All-Day Energy That Wins Success

No more afternoon "let downs." For Ovaltine usually brings sound, refreshing sleep that keeps you "hitting in high" all day. Mr. Ryan writes:

"I took Ovaltine to help make me sleep and to add up energy. After taking it I slept fine and felt like a new man during the day. Felt like working from morning till night."

W Louis Ryan,
Waldorf, Md.



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Mr. Hayes found:

"I had restless nights and that weak, 'no account' feeling in the morning. After taking Ovaltine I slept better—and awakened with more energy and vim."

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Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents.

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Name .....

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(One package to a person)

(Continued from Page 78)

They will speak for themselves more eloquently than I could ever hope to do, and I propose to let them do so.

"Before I marshal them before you I will dispose as briefly as possible of two or three issues that Mr. Lambert has seen fit to raise in his speech to you. First, as to the wealth of Mrs. Ives. I cannot see that the fact that she is wealthy is in any way a vital issue in this case, but Mr. Lambert evidently considered it sufficiently important to dwell on at considerable length. He managed very skillfully to place before you the picture of a modest little farmhouse with roses clambering over a cottage gate, presided over by an even more modest chatelaine. Very idyllic and utterly and absolutely misleading.

"The little farmhouse is a mansion of some twenty-odd rooms, the roses grow in a sunken garden as large as a small park; not many cottages boast a swimming pool, a tennis court, a bowling green and a garage for five cars—but Mrs. Ives' cottage took these simple improvements as a matter of course. Mr. Lambert drew your attention to the fact that if you had rung a doorbell the lady herself might have hastened to answer your summons and, he implies, to welcome you in to see how simply she lived

"I doubt profoundly whether Mrs. Ives ever opened her door in her life unless she was intending to pass through it, and I doubt even more profoundly whether you would ever have been requested to cross the threshold of her home. Mr. Lambert did admit that the bell might have been answered by a little maid, but he failed to specify which one of the five little maids it might have been. He added, in an even more lyric vein, that Susan Ives had no more than any of your wives—no more than roses in her garden, sunlight in her windows, babies in her nursery. I confess myself somewhat taken aback. Are your wives the possessors of an acre of roses, a hundred windows to let in sunshine, a day and night nursery for your babies to play in, with a governess in still a third room to supervise their play? If such is the case, you are fortunate indeed.

"As for Stephen Bellamy, Mr. Lambert has assured you that any mechanic in the land was as well off as he. Well, possibly. The mechanics that I know don't have maids to help their pretty wives, and gardeners to sleep over their pretty garages, but perhaps the ones that you know do.

"So much for the wealth of the defendants. I said at the outset that it was a matter of no great importance, and in one sense it is not; in a deeper sense, it is of the greatest possible significance. Not that Susan Ives was, in the strictest sense of the word, a wealthy woman, but because of the alchemy that had been wrought in her by the sinister magic of what we may call the golden touch.

"You all know the legend of Midas, I am sure—the tale of that unhappy king who wished that every object that his fingers rested on might turn to gold, and whose fingers strayed one day to his little daughter's hair and transformed her into a small statue—beautiful, shining, brilliant, but cold and hard and inhuman as metal itself. Long ago Curtiss Thorne's fingers must have rested on his little daughter's hair, and what he made of his child then, the woman is today. The product of pride, of power, of privilege, of riches—Susan Ives, proud, powerful, privileged and rich—the golden girl, a charming object of luxury in the proper surrounding, a useless encumbrance out of them

"No one knew this better than the golden girl herself she had had bitter cause to know it, remember: and on that fatal summer afternoon in June a drunken breath set the pedestal rocking beneath her feet. She moved swiftly down from that pedestal, with the firm intention of making it steady for all time. It is not the gold that we hold in our hands that is a menace and a curse, gentlemen—not the shining counters that we may change for joy and beauty and health and mercy—it is the cold metal that has grown into our hearts. I hold no brief against wealth itself. I hold a brief against the product of the Midas touch.

"Mr. Lambert next introduced to you most skillfully a very dangerous theme—the theme of the deep personal interest that he takes in both defendants, more especially in Susan Ives. The sincerity of his devotion to her it is impossible to doubt. I for one am very far from doubting it. He loved the little girl before the fingers of Midas had rested heavy on her hair; he sees before him still only those bright curls of childhood clustering about an untarnished brow. Many of you who have daughters felt tears sting in your eyes when he told you that he loved her as his daughter—I, who have none, felt the sting myself.

"But, gentlemen, I ask you only this: Are you, in all truth and fairness, the most unbiased judges of your daughters' characters? Would you credit the word of an archangel straight from heaven who told you that your daughter was a murderess, if that daughter denied it? Never—never, in God's world, and you know it! If, in your hearts, you say to yourself, 'He has known Susan Ives and loved her for many years; he loves her still, so she must be all he thinks,' then Mr. Lambert's warm eloquence will have accomplished its purpose and my cold logic will have failed.

"But I ask you, gentlemen, to use your heads and not your hearts. I ask you to discount heavily not Mr. Lambert's sincerity, nor his affection, nor his eloquence, but his judgment and his credulity. Platitudes are generally the oldest and profoundest of truths; one of the most ancient and most profound of all is the axiom that Love is blind.

"So much for two general challenges that it has been my duty to meet; the more specific ones of the note, the car and the laugh, I will deal with in their proper places. We are now through with generalizations and down to facts.

"These fall into two categories—the first including the events leading up to and precipitating the crime, the second dealing with the execution of the crime itself.

"I propose to deal with them in their logical sequence. In the first category comes the prime factor in this case—motive. Mr. Lambert has told you that that is the weakest factor in the state's case; I tell you that it is the strongest. There has never come under my observation a more perfect example of an overwhelming motive springing from the very fountain of motivation—from character itself.

"I want you to get this perfectly straight; it is of the most vital importance. There is never any convincing motive for murder, in that that implies an explanation that would seem plausible to the sane and well-balanced mind. There is something in any such mind that recoils in loathing and amazement that such a solution of any problem should seem possible. It makes no difference whether murder is committed—as it has been committed—for a million dollars or for five—in revenge for a nagging word or for bestial cruelty—for a quarrel over a pair of dice or over a pair of dark eyes—to us it seems equally abhorrent, grotesque and incredible. And so it is. But in some few cases we are able to study the deep springs in which this monster lurks, and this is one of them.

"I ask you to concentrate now on what you have learned as to the character of Susan Ives, from her own lips and from the lips of others—the undisputed evidence that has been put before you. Forget for a moment that she is small and slight, sweet-voiced, clear-eyed—a lady. Look within.

"From the time that we first see her, on the very threshold of girlhood, to the time that you have seen her with your own eyes here, she has shown a character that is perfectly consistent—a character that is as resolute, as lawless and as ruthless as you would find in any hardened criminal in this land. At the first touch of constraint or opposition she is metamorphosed into a dangerous machine, and woe to the one that stands in its way.

"Seven years ago, over the bitter opposition of her adoring father, she decided to marry the man who had previously been Madeleine Bellamy's lover, and who had, deservedly or undeservedly, somewhat of the reputation of the village scamp and ne'er-do-well. Her marriage to him broke her father's heart. Shortly thereafter the old man died, and so bitter, relentless and unforgiving is the heart of this daughter, whom he had longed to cherish and protect, that not once since she left it in pride and anger has she set foot within the boundaries of her childhood's home.

"She returned, however, at the first opportunity to Rosemont; the arrogance that consumed her like a flame made it essential that she should be triumphantly reestablished on the grounds of her first defeat. And the triumph was a rich and intoxicating one. Wealthy, courted, admired, surrounded by a chorus of industrious flatterers, no wonder that she became obsessed with a sense of her power and importance. She was, in fact, undisputed queen of the little domain in which she lived, and her throne seemed far more secure than most.

"She was not precisely a benevolent monarch; poor little Kathleen Page and Melanie Cordier have testified to that, but then they had made the dangerous error of murmuring protests at the rule. A little judicious browbeating and starvation reduced them to the proper state of subjection and all was well once more. Graciousness and generosity itself to all who bent the knee at the proper angle, as her mother-in-law and maid have testified, still it required the merest flicker of insubordination to set the steel fingers twitching beneath the velvet glove.

"Nothing more than fugitive rebellions had penetrated this absolute monarchy, however, up to that bright summer afternoon when news reached its sovereign that there was an aspirant to the throne—a powerful pretender—an actual usurper, with the keys to the castle itself in her hand. The blood of Elizabeth of England, of Catherine of Russia, of Lucrezia of Italy rose in the veins of this other spoiled child to meet that challenge. And, gentlemen, we know too well the fate that befell those rash and lovely pretenders of old.

"Enough of metaphor. From the moment that Susan Ives knew that the beautiful daughter of the village dressmaker was trespassing on her property, Madeleine Bellamy was doomed.

"So much for the motive. Now for the means. We will take Susan Ives' own account of that evening—the account that was finally wrung from her when she found, to her terror and despair, that the state had in its hands evidence absolutely damning and conclusive. The telephone call, Orsini's vigil at the window, the tire tracks, the fingerprints—all these successive blows brought successive changes in the fabric that the defendants were weaving for your benefit.

"It became evident early in the trial that their original tale of absolute innocence and ignorance would not bear inspection one minute, but they continued industriously to cut their cloth to fit our case until they were confronted with two or three little marks on the base of a lamp. Then and then only they saw the hopelessness of their plight, discarded the whole wretched, patched, tattered stuff and tried frantically to replace it by a fabric bearing at least the outer pattern of candor. What candor under those circumstances is worth is for you to decide.

"Mr Lambert assures you that they had both decided to stop short of perjury. If the conclusion of Stephen Bellamy's first story on that stand was not in fact black perjury, whatever it may have been technically is again for you to decide. I have little doubt of that decision.

"But in Mrs. Ives' account of that evening's doings you have the outward and visible sign of truth, if not the inward and spiritual state. The story that she finally told you I believe to be substantially correct as far as outward events go—up to the point where she entered the cottage door. From then on I believe it to be the sheerest fabrication. Let us follow it to that point.

"From the moment that Elliot Farwell informed her that Mimi Bellamy was carrying on an intrigue with her husband, her every act is a revelation. It is no pleasant task to inspect from then on the conduct of this loyal, gentle, generous and controlled spirit, but let us set ourselves to it. She has heard that her reign is threatened—what does she do?

"She returns to her home, concealing the rage and terror working in her like a poison, under a flow of laughter and chatter—and cocktails. Susan Ives is a lawless individual, gentlemen—the law was made for humbler spirits than hers. In her house, in this court, in that darkened cottage, she has shown you unhesitatingly her defiance and contempt of any law made by man—and of one made by God.

"She is not as yet quite sure that Farwell has told her the truth; there is too much arrogance in her to believe that danger actually threatens her from that direction—but under the smiling mask, behind the clenched teeth, the poison is working. She goes to the hall to bid Farwell good-by and to warn him not to give her knowledge of the intrigue away—perhaps already a prophetic sense of her share in this dreadful business is formulating. And while she is speaking to him she sees in the mirror Melanie Cordier, placing the note in the book. It is the work of a minute to step into the study after Melanie has left, abstract the note, master the contents and return to the living room, her guests and Patrick. On the way back she stopped in the hall long enough to eavesdrop and get her cue. With that cue as to the prospective poker game in her possession, her course was already clear. She went up to Patrick Ives with a lie on her lips and a blacker one in her heart, and told him that she was going to the movies that night with the Conroys.

"She then followed him again into the hall to spy on him while he counted the bonds; she followed him back to the study after dinner to spy on him again, to see where he put them; she got rid of him with a lie, broke into his desk, confirmed her worst suspicions and decided definitely on a course of action. A telephone message to Stephen Bellamy, another lie from the foot of the stairs to her unsuspecting husband, and she was on her way.

"Before she reached the gate something went wrong, and she returned to the house—possibly for the reason that she gave you, possibly for another. At any rate, within a minute or so she was at her old task of eavesdropping and spying, and a minute or so later than that Patrick Ives was safely locked up, well out of the running when it came to protecting the foolish girl at the cottage or the maddened one on her way there. Susan Ives had successfully disposed of the greatest menace to the execution of her scheme. Perhaps fuel was added to the flame by what she heard from the room off the day nursery; perhaps she heard nothing at all and merely wanted to get Patrick out of the way. It is a matter of no great importance. She had accomplished her purpose and was on her way again, to meet Stephen Bellamy.

"It is the state's contention that she went to that rendezvous with a knife in her pocket and murder in her heart. Patrick Ives has told you that the knife that the state put in evidence was not out of his possession that evening; it is for you to decide whether you believe him or not. But which knife struck the blow is of no great importance either. The knife that murdered Madeleine Bellamy was, as you have been told, a perfectly ordinary knife—such a knife as might be found in any of your homes—in the kitchen, in the pantry, in the tool chest. From any of

(Continued on Page 85)

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these places Susan Ives might have procured one, cleansed it and replaced it. We need not let which one she actually procured give us great concern.

"Susan Ives herself has touched very briefly on that drive with Stephen Bellamy through the quiet starlit summer night; she merely confirms Stephen Bellamy's account, which is neither very coherent nor very convincing. The gist of it was that Sue Ives was occupied in proving Mimi's guilt and he with denying it. Some such conversation may well have taken place.

"The part that Stephen Bellamy played in the actual commission of this murder is a more enigmatic one than that of Susan Ives, if not less sinister. From the outset it must have been perfectly clear to Mrs. Ives' exceptionally shrewd mind that if she did not want Stephen Bellamy at her heels as an avenging husband, she must lure him into the rôle of an accomplice. This, by means best known to herself, she accomplished. We have it on Stephen Bellamy's own word that he entered that little room with her and left it with her, and we know that he sits beside her in this dock because they have elected to hang or go free together.

"Now as to what Mr. Lambert is pleased to refer to as their alibi, and then I have done.

"Of course they have neither of them the shred of an alibi. Accepting the fact that they left the gas station shortly after nine and reached Stephen Bellamy's at about ten, they would have had ample time to reach the Thorne place by the River Road, confront the waiting girl with the intercepted note, murder her, make good their escape and return to Bellamy's by ten o'clock. Later Bellamy returns to the cottage alone to get the jewels, in order to give color to the appearance of robbery and to remove any traces of the crime that they may have left behind them. Possibly it was then that he brought the lamp from the hall and smashed it at the dead girl's feet. By then they had had time to work out a story in the remote possibility of their eventual discovery pretty thoroughly. At any rate, he took Susan Ives home and returned alone. I repeat, they have no alibi.

"'Well, what of the laugh?' you say. 'What of the car that was not there?' To which I echo, 'What of them, indeed?'

"Gentlemen, just stop to think for one minute. Who heard that laugh? Who failed to see that automobile? Who fixed the hour for this murder at the moment that would come closest to establishing an alibi for these two? Why, the brother of Susan Ives—the loving, the devoted, the adoring brother, who stood up here in this room and told you that he would do anything short of murder to protect his sister ——"

Lambert was on his feet, his eyes goggling in an ashen countenance. "He said nothing of the kind! Your Honor ——"

"He did not say that he would not commit murder?"

"He did not say that he would do anything short of it. Of all the ——"

"Then my memory is at fault," remarked Mr. Farr blandly. "It was certainly my impression that such was the substance of his remarks. If it gives offense I withdraw it, and state simply that the person who has fixed the hour of the murder for you is Mrs. Patrick Ives' brother, Mr. Douglas Thorne. There is not a shred of evidence save his as to the moment at which the murder took place—not a shred. You are entirely at liberty to draw your own conclusions from that. If you decide that he was telling the absolute truth, I will concede even that possibility.

"Mr. Thorne simply tells you that at about 9:30 on the evening of the nineteenth of June he heard a woman scream and a man laugh somewhere in the neighborhood of the gardener's cottage at the Orchards. He adds that at the time he attached no particular importance to it, as he thought that it may have been young people skylarking in the neighborhood—and he may have been perfectly right. It no more establishes the hour of Madeleine Bellamy's murder than it establishes the hour of the deluge.

"It is, in fact, perfectly possible that the murder took place after ten o'clock, after the visit to the Bellamy home and the alleged search along the road to the Conroys'. Only one thing is certain: If it was 9:30 when Mr. Thorne walked up those cottage steps, and if at that time there was no car in sight, then the hour of the murder was not 9:30. It may have been before that hour, it may have been after it. It was not then.

"So much for Mr. Lambert's trump cards, the laugh and the car. There remains the theft of the note, which he claims Mrs. Ives had no interest in denying. Of course she had every interest in denying it. If she admitted that she had found the note, then she would be forced to admit to the jury that she knew positively that Mimi was waiting in the cottage, and that did not fit in with her story at all. So she simply denies that she took it. And there goes their last trump.

"Stripped of glamour, of emotion, of eloquence, it is the barest, the simplest, the most appallingly obvious of cases, you see. There is not one single link in the chain missing—not one.

"Unless someone came to you here and said, 'I saw the knife in Susan Ives' hand, I saw it rise, I saw it fall, I heard the crash of that girl's body and saw the white lace of her frock turn red'—unless you heard that with your own ears, you could not have a clearer picture of what happened in that room. Not once in a thousand murder cases is there an eyewitness to the crime. Not once in five hundred is there forged so strong a chain of evidence as now lies before you.

"There was only one person in all the world to whom the death of Madeleine Bellamy was a vital, urgent and imperative necessity. The woman to whom it was all of this—and more, far more, since words are poor substitutes for passions—has told you with her own lips that at ten o'clock on that night she stood over the body of that slain girl and saw her eyes wide in the dreadful and unseeing stare of death. When Susan Ives told you that, she told you the truth; and she told you the truth again when she said that when you knew that she had stood there, she did not believe that it would be possible for you to credit that the one fact had no connection with the other. Nor do I believe it, gentlemen—nor do I believe it.

"By her side, in that room, stood Stephen Bellamy. By his own confession it was he who closed the eyes of that slain girl, he who touched her hand. By his own confession he has told you that he did not believe it possible that you would credit that he stood there at that time and yet had no knowledge of her death. Nor do I believe it, gentlemen—nor do I believe it.

"Mr. Lambert has told you that to him has fallen the most solemn task that can fall to the lot of any man—that of pleading for the gift of human life. There is a still more solemn task, I believe, and that task has fallen to me. I must ask you not for life but for death.

"The law does not exact the penalty of a life for a life in the spirit of vengeance or of malice. It asks it because the flame of human life is so sacred a thing that it is business of the law to see that no hand, however powerful, shall be blasphemously lifted to extinguish that flame. It is in order that your wives and daughters and sisters may sleep sweet and safe at night that I stand before you now and tell you that because they lifted that hand, the lives of Stephen Bellamy and Susan Ives are forfeit.

"These two believed that behind the bulwarks of power, of privilege, of wealth and of position, they were safe. They were not safe; they have discovered that. And if those barriers can protect them now, if still behind them they can find shelter and security and a wall to shield them as they creep back to their ruined hearthstones, then I say to you that the majesty of the law is a mockery and the sacredness of human life is a mockery and the death penalty in this great state is a mockery.

"There was never in this state a more wicked, brutal and cold-blooded murder than that of Madeleine Bellamy. For Susan Ives and Stephen Bellamy, the two who now stand before you accused of that murder, I ask, with all solemnity and fully aware of the tragic duty that I impose on each one of you, the verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. If you can find it in your hearts, in your souls or your consciences to render any other verdict, you are more fortunate than I believe you to be."

In the hushed silence that followed his voice, all eyes turned to the twelve who sat there unmoving, their drawn, pale faces, tired eyed and tight lipped, turned toward the merciless flame that burned behind the prosecutor's white face.

The red-headed girl asked in a desolate small voice that sounded very far away, "Is it all over now? Are they going now?"

"No—wait a moment; there's the judge's charge. Here, what's Lambert doing?"

He was on his feet, swaying a little, his voice barely audible.

"Your Honor, a note has been handed to me this moment. It is written on the card of the principal of the Eastern High School, Mr. Randolph Phipps."

"What are the contents of this note?"

Lambert settled his glasses on his nose with a shaking hand. "It says—it says:

"My dear Mr. Lambert: Before this case goes to the jury, I consider it my duty to lay before them some knowledge of the most vital importance that is in my possession, and that for personal reasons I have withheld up to the present time, in the hope that events would render it unnecessary for me to take the stand. Such has unfortunately not been the case, and I therefore put myself at your disposal. Will you tell me what my next step should be? The facts are such as make it imperative that I should be permitted to speak.

"RANDOLPH PHIPPS."

Judge Carver said slowly, "May I see the note?" Lambert handed it up in those shaking fingers. "Thank you. A most extraordinary performance," commented the judge dispassionately. After a moment he said more dispassionately still:

"The court was about to adjourn in any case until tomorrow morning. It does not care to deliver its charge to the jury at this late hour of the day, and we will therefore convene again at ten tomorrow. In the meantime the court will take the note under advisement. See that Mr. Phipps is present in the morning. Court is dismissed."

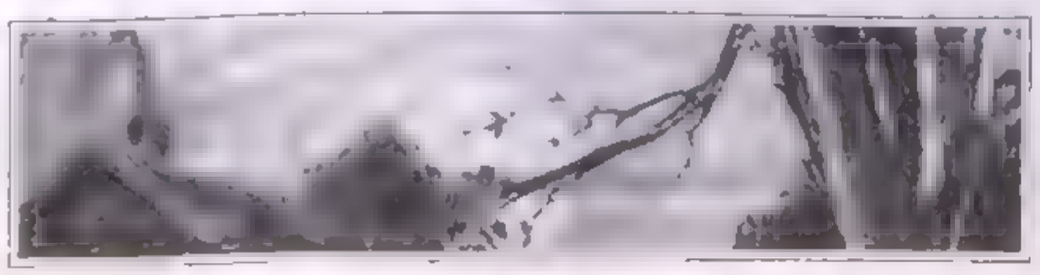
"I don't believe that I'll be here in the morning," said the red-headed girl in that same small monotone.

"Not be here?" The reporter's voice was a howl of incredulity. "Not be here, you little idiot? Did you hear what Lambert read off that card?"

"I don't think that I'll live till morning," said the red-headed girl.

The seventh day of the Bellamy trial was over.

TO BE CONCLUDED



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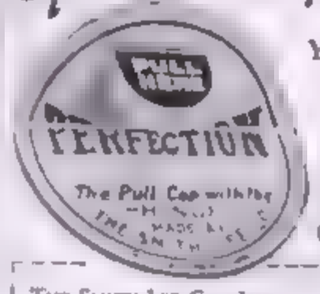

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FRANCE FINDS HERSELF

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It was then—the exact date was July twenty-fourth—that President Doumergue asked Poincaré literally to step into the breach. It was characteristic of the man who had held the highest gift within the bestowal of the republic that he heeded the call to a technically lower post. Poincaré had not only been president but also premier and finance minister. No one was better fortified therefore to meet the issue. His real political inclination veered toward the left. In the super crisis he became the patriot rather than the politician. All party lines were wiped out. For the time at least Poincaré smashed the *Cartel Gauche*—the Left Bloc—which was the power behind the parliamentary throne.

Poincaré organized what he called a National Union Ministry in which he occupied the posts of premier and finance minister. It became an all-star cast, because no less than six former premiers are in the present government. They are Poincaré, Herriot, Barthou, Briand, Painlevé and Leygues. Excepting President Doumergue and four former premiers—Clemenceau, Monis, Fallières and Loubet, each of whom is more than eighty years old—there are only three ex-premiers alive not in the Poincaré cabinet. They are Caillaux, Millerand and François Marsal, the last having been in office only five days.

Poincaré found himself in a position that demanded fast work. If the franc was to be saved he had to tax his colossal capacity for action to the limit, and he did. The premier realized that the most vital need lay in restoration of confidence. One of his first utterances not only summarized the situation but inspired hope. He said:

"The illness of France is more imaginary than real, more of morale and especially of sentiment than physical and monetary. It comes entirely from the fact that short-term bonds of which the holders did not demand payment when due, but which were renewed almost automatically on their due date, for some months have been presented in large amounts at the treasury windows and have demanded unexpected expenditures."

The crisis was just another manifestation of mob psychology. The French temperament lends itself with peculiar readiness to mass influence, as it were. In this respect it is strongly akin to the Slavic state of mind. Panic is easily started and becomes contagious.

The Mobilization of Wealth

Financially Poincaré faced a situation somewhat similar to the political chaos that confronted Mussolini in 1922, when he led his Black Shirts on Rome and became master of the Italian fate. The methods of these two national life-savers have been different, however. The Duce employed the mailed fist frankly and unashamed. It was matched against Bolshevism and it prevailed. Poincaré used no force except the force of personal will. His very presence in power allayed apprehension and sterilized frenzy. In a word, he appealed to mentality. The stream of hoarded gold that flowed from peasant stocking and chest to the Bank of France was an instance of the response to his leadership.

Summed up, the Poincaré program involved a quick mobilization of wealth on the one hand and the refunding of the huge floating debt on the other. It called for a greater income from taxes, a reaching out for all other available sources of income, the development of a scheme for the amortization of the so-called national defense and treasury bonds so they would no longer threaten the position of the treasury, new powers for the Bank of France, rigid economy in the political, judicial and administrative systems, and finally stabilization of the currency. To this immense task Poincaré dedicated his vast organizing power. Almost overnight he became field marshal of a fiscal offensive that revealed him as the Foch of the franc.

There is no need of rehearsing in detail all the various technical as well as moral forces capitalized in the emergency. The purpose of this article is to show results rather than the means employed to bring about the victory over the forces of dislocation.

A few of the Poincaré processes will show how the job has been done. Instead of the chronic delay that had marked every preceding financial administration, speed became the order. To employ the phraseology of contracts, time was the essence. The old man with the scythe and the hourglass was almost run off his feet in the swift rush of legislation. For once the politicians in parliament responded. Popular indignation over their dilatory tactics brooked no further evasion of responsibility.

Confidence and the Franc Rise

Within four days Poincaré had rushed a comprehensive new tax measure through parliament increasing the annual revenue by 11,000,000,000 francs. It marked the beginning of a tax reform that now reaches to every activity. This enabled the government to finish 1926 with that miracle of French financial miracles, a surplus of more than 1,000,000,000 francs. It led the way to the balancing of the budget. Under pressure from Poincaré the Chamber voted the budget in exactly thirty-six days a record for France.

But this was merely the beginning of a housecleaning that shook the cobwebs out of every financial corner and produced income thick and fast. One of the traditional sources of income in France is the tobacco monopoly. Poincaré industrialized the monopoly with such efficiency that the revenue jumped by leaps and bounds. It showed an increase of 42,000,000 francs in last June alone. For the first semester of 1927 the increase was 45,000,000 over the first six months of 1926 and largely in excess of the budget estimate. This item is significant, because the income from the monopoly is applied to another characteristic Poincaré undertaking known as the *Caisse d'Amortissement*, an autonomous sinking-fund bureau for handling and amortizing the national defense and treasury bonds.

The sinking-fund bureau minimized the peril to the treasury growing out of the maturities of short-term obligations. This has been accomplished largely through the conversion of the short-term obligations into long-term securities, with the interest rate reduced from 6 to 4.5 per cent on the new issues. Of the 8,000,000,000 francs of maturities for 1927, less than 1,000,000,000 remain to be taken up. The 8,000,000,000 due next year have been cut down to 3,000,000,000 and the 10,000,000,000 due in 1929 to 4,000,000,000.

One drastic Poincaré innovation was directly responsible for France's strong reserve today. Under what came to be known as the Great Finance Law of August 7, 1926, which he wrote, the Bank of France was authorized to purchase gold, silver and currency at a premium. By the provisions of a law enacted in 1916 this operation was not legal. With restrictions removed, France went into the market and has been in it ever since.

At the time I write France has piled up the second largest gold reserve in the world. It is more than twice the size of that of the Bank of England. French gold holdings in the United States alone approximate $150,000,000. There will be a more detailed explanation of French resources of all kinds, including foreign currencies, later on, when I deal with their relation to debt-paying capacity. I refer to the gold and other accumulations here because it is part of the consecutive story of the Poincaré reform.

All the measures that I have enumerated had as their chief objective the strengthening of the franc. So long as it hovered about two cents, public confidence, so essential to reconstruction, was not forthcoming. Poincaré started out at once to peg the franc. He bought francs right and left, with the result that before long the rate began to rise. He had the wherewithal to buy because of the Morgan credit of $100,000,000. Keep in mind the fact that it was American help that enabled France to cover the first lap on the road to recovery. Bull speculations now took the place of bear movement. The franc went up almost as fast as it had fallen. By the end of 1926 it had reached the neighborhood of twenty-five to the dollar, where it has remained ever since. The variations around the twenty-five mark continue so slight as to be negligible.

At this point a parallel between the rise of the French franc and the Italian lira is opportune. The French franc has come back by a gradual process of recovery. The lira fairly flew up under forced draft, largely due to the ambition of Mussolini to see it near the top of the heap. In consequence, French business has not suffered the hardship undergone by Italian industry because of currency appreciation.

With restored confidence and hardening of the franc, the expatriation of capital ended. You get some idea of what this means when I say that nearly $1,000,000,000, gold value, fled the country. Even before the franc got back to its present status, French money began to come home. Some of it went into francs and a large amount was converted into the long-term securities that supplanted the troublesome floating debt.

Although it may be only temporary, no Poincaré feat is more significant in its larger relation to the national recovery than his divorce of public finance from politics. Since his fresh rise to power the politician, figuratively, has not got a foot inside the door of the finance ministry. The only political interference with financial traffic so far was in July last, when the premier's plan to sell the French match monopoly to a Swedish syndicate was defeated in the Chamber because it would do away with a slice of patronage. Poincaré saw in the sale a chance for further revenue.

No less remarkable in the light of past performances is the achievement of a balanced budget, not in form, as so often happened since the war, but in fact. The budget for 1927 marked a real equilibrium between receipts and expenditures and registered a definite advance.

Postwar Spending

A further evidence of reorganization is furnished by the budget for 1928. It shows an increase on both sides of the account. Revenue is estimated at 42,160,000,000 francs and expenditures at 41,527,000,000, leaving a surplus of 633,000,000 as against 187,000,000 in 1927. This surplus is subject to reduction due to increased pay for government employes and other items. With these deductions, there will be an excess of not less than 200,000,000 francs.

That France is no exception to the European postwar rule of vast budgetary expansion is shown by the increase since the prewar period. The French budget for 1913 was, roughly, 5,000,000,000 gold francs. You have just seen that the figures for 1928 are 42,160,000,000. Although the gold franc was worth five times the value of the present paper franc, the increase is still out of proportion to the old figures.

France has also practically repaid the war advances made by the Bank of England to the Bank of France, which aggregated a total of £71,000,000. This settlement not only wiped out a considerable burden but restored to the republic the gold deposited as security. It means that France has

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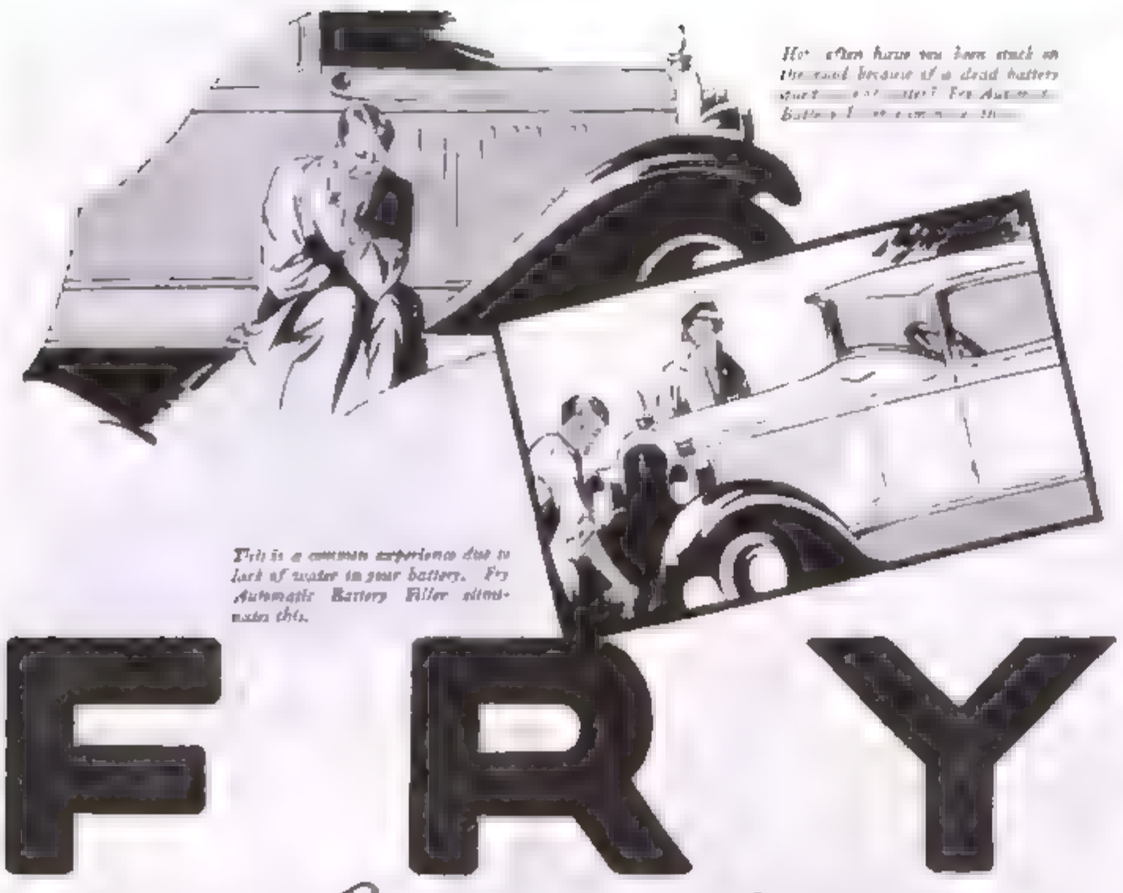
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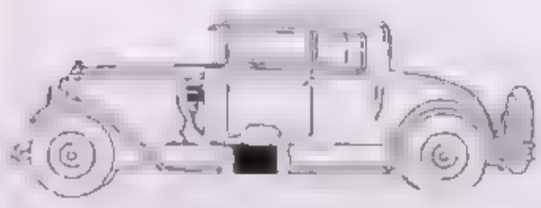

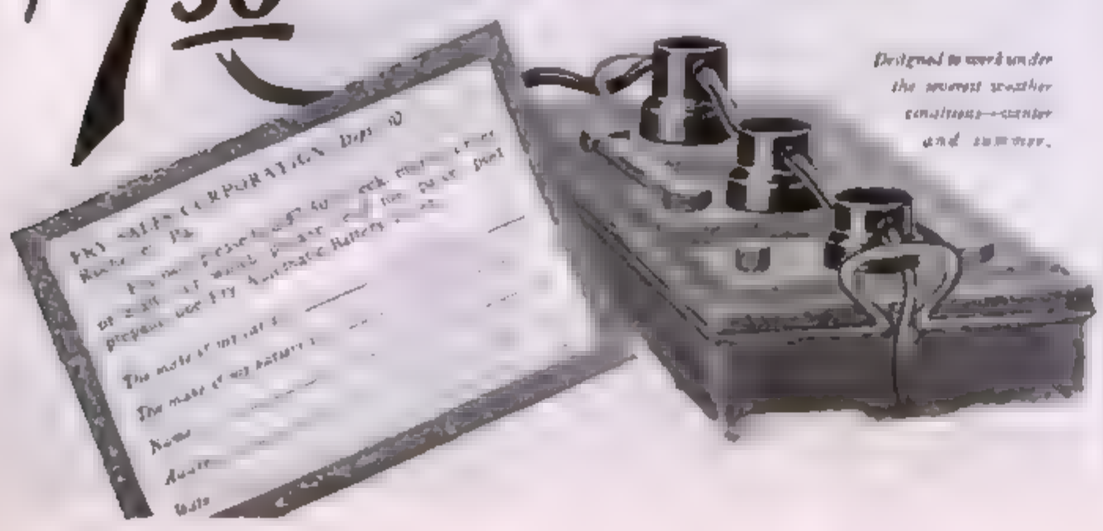

drawn in the yellow treasure from every quarter. She has also made a payment of £6,000,000 on her unratified debt to Britain in the same unofficial way as she paid the $20,000,000 to us.

I can best round out the story of the triumph of trust in Poincaré over the old mistrust of the politician with an incident that shows the new French state of mind. It was related to me by one of the foremost bankers of Paris.

Shortly after Poincaré begun to consolidate the public debt with long-term issues to replace the distracting maturities, a gnarled Normandy peasant entered the bank nearest his little farm and stated that he wanted to buy bonds with his savings of 5000 francs. When the cashier asked him if he wanted six months' securities or longer, he replied, "I want bonds to last as long as Poincaré is in power."

Though the return to financial stability supplied the spectacular feature, it is only a phase of the French revival. The basic economic changes since 1918—they really began with expansion to meet war needs—went on, heedless of the financial tumult. As a matter of fact, inflation helped rather than handicapped industry. France had no Stinnes to rear a paper empire out of depreciation. The drop in currency value brought many foreign branch factories to be manned with French artisans and they fortified the industrial effort. What the industrialists built, especially in iron, steel, metallurgy and chemicals, was done in characteristically thorough French fashion and it has survived. The production machine is therefore bigger and better equipped than ever before.

The return of Alsace and Lorraine has enabled France to become one of the great iron-producing countries of the world. The consequent new industrial might disputes the one-time agricultural authority of the republic. France is now powerful with both factory and farm. Here you have a fundamental change in the economic alignment.

While Alsace and Lorraine integrally belonged to France, their man power and rich resources were lost to the nation between 1871 and 1918. The restoration added 5600 square miles of territory and 1,700,000 people. Through it the French metal-ore capacity was doubled; a vast potash area became part of the national holdings, together with an annual coal production of 6,000,000 tons. The textile industry was also increased 25 per cent in cotton spindles and 100 per cent in cotton-printing machines. Valuable jute, engineering, food and drink industries were also acquired. In Lorraine alone France has gained nearly 50 per cent in blast-furnace capacity.

Progress From Destruction

New plants have risen out of the ashes of war. In this respect the German, unintentionally, was kind. Every factory or mine in the zones of the armies that was wrecked, plundered or flooded by the invader has been restored with the most modern equipment.

Of the 22,900 factories that had to be rebuilt in the north, all but 1000 have emerged, and in most instances with increased capacity. This applies especially to textiles. Lille is a typical illustration of what has happened. During occupation the Germans stripped many of the industrial establishments. Today they are restored on a better productive scale than before the war.

If Britain had suffered the horrors of invasion she probably would not be lagging today in the world-trade procession. A fundamental defect of John Bull's economic structure is antiquated equipment, whether in the Manchester textile domain or the Welsh coal fields. Stiff-necked precedent dictates aversion to change.

Both in and out of the once-devastated French area, 95 per cent of which has been restored, mechanical efficiency has reached the last word and now vies with the remade German productive machine. A concrete instance is in the great coal area of the Nord and Pas-de-Calais, where the mines have been completely electrified and improvement made in coal-cutting equipment, recovery of by-products, power production and distribution. The number of coke ovens has been expanded by nearly 45 per cent.

The vertical combine which proved so disastrous to Stinnes has been developed with success in France. I can illustrate with the huge undertaking of the Schneider group, which is to France what the Krupps are to Germany. It owns a chain of productions that links the coal in the mines which they own with finished turbines, automobiles and armaments of all kinds. Typical of the growing international industrial alliances of France is the interest that the Schneider group has acquired in the Skoda works, once the chief source of munitions supply of the vanished Austro-Hungarian Empire and now within the territorial limits of Czecho-Slovakia. The same closely linked effort applies to the units in the Comité des Forges, the powerful federation of French steel interests, and to electrical machinery output, power plants, chemicals and artificial silk.

The Henry Ford of France

The only defect in this otherwise complete picture of French industrial expansion is the chronic incapacity of the telephone service, especially in Paris, where it is frequently easier to reach a person by taxicab than by wire. I venture to say that more alien prejudice against the French has grown out of irritation over telephone calls than almost any other agency. The French persist in control of the telephone monopoly, although they have a standing American offer for it.

Everywhere industries have been regrouped for overhead cost reduction along the line of the German rationalization, but with a difference. The new deal in French production was largely financed from within. Germany has had to do it with borrowed money, largely American dollars. It means that we have girded the Teuton for his competition with us in the markets of the world.

In no activity has there been a more complete evolution than in automobile building. France now ranks second to the United States, with a production which is growing by leaps and bounds. On April first 1,800,000 automobiles were registered, or one car for each 36 inhabitants. In 1918 the rate was one car for 400 persons. No other European country has witnessed such an advance.

Much of the speeding up of the French motor-car output is due to André Citroën, who is not only the livest industrial wire in the country but likewise the new type of French industrialist fast becoming an international factor. I have already told in these columns the romantic story of his astonishing rise from small gear manufacturer in 1914 to his output of 55,000 shells a day in 1918, when he pushed the great Schneider works hard. His evolution to automobile supremacy was equally characteristic of the man.

During the darkest period of 1917 he was showing me his immense shell factory at the Quai Javel on the banks of the Seine, within the Paris barrier. I asked him what he intended to do when peace came. His answer was:

"I am going to turn to mass production of automobiles and become the Henry Ford of France."

Citroën has made good on his prophecy. His capacity of 1000 cars a day not only leads all Europe but has set the pace for French mass output in other lines. In his shell factory he had the first welfare department, including a dental laboratory, to be established in France by a Frenchman.

His postwar innovations are no less enterprising. It was Citroën who first conceived and carried into effect the idea of using the Eiffel Tower as an advertisement.

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Sargent Door Closer

SARGENT
LOCKS AND HARDWARE

(Continued from Page 88

In this connection is a story with an American interest which has not hitherto been published. When Colonel Lindbergh arrived in Paris every industrialist was hotfoot to have him inspect his plant. As it turned out, he visited only the Citroën works, which surprised nobody. The way of it was this:

On the morning after the daring aviator's historic appearance in Paris, Citroën was at the American Embassy bright and early. He told Ambassador Herrick that he wanted Lindbergh to visit his factory, only to be informed that if the young American went to his establishment he would be obliged to go to others. Obviously this was impossible.

Citroën met the objection by saying: "Lindbergh is reported to have said on his arrival last night that his guide to Le Bourget was my advertisement on the Eiffel Tower. Therefore I have a special claim."

When the ambassador retorted that this argument was insufficient the French manufacturer continued: "Lindbergh will meet presidents, premiers and all the great of France, and he should meet the working class. My 20,000 workers will give him a great welcome and through him send greetings to American industry."

Citroën had his way. The flyer, whose name was on the lip of the world, spent nearly an hour at the Quai Javel plant, where he had a great ovation. It is typical of the Citroën advance, which means the larger French industrial expansion, that the original unit has become part of a group of five motor-car factories in and out of Paris, with branches in England, Italy, Germany and Belgium.

With mechanical expansion has come intensive research. Factory methods are being simplified and new methods invoked, notably in the dye and chemical industry. For one thing the French are seeking to emulate the Germans in the business of synthesis. Their laboratories have also found a formula for the extraction of oil from coal, but it has not yet been commercialized. Here the Germans have beaten them to it, as I showed in the preceding article.

The reference to synthetic oil leads to the new French oil monopoly, which vitally concerns us. It is part of the bigger program to tie up and control every income-producing activity. Monopoly, I might add, is the middle name of France. Everything from matches up has been monopolized. The latest is in oil. Under the Margaine law, a state control of gasoline and other oil products is set up. If carried out it means almost the complete extinction of American oil interests in France, which represent an investment of more than 1,000,000,000 francs.

More Man Power

The oil monopoly was to have gone into effect on April first of this year. Although it would have added to French revenues, Poincaré was wise enough to see that it would complicate the debt situation so far as we are concerned. He therefore deferred operation for two years. It is worth mentioning, as we go along, that Spain has taken the cue from France, with a projected oil monopoly so drastic as to squeeze out every foreign undertaking.

The French desire for self-containment in oil, so far as control goes, may lead to the salvaging of the Russian debt to the republic. France was imperial Russia's principal banker. When hostilities began in 1914 the Russian debt to France was nearly 5,000,000,000 gold francs, and it remains unpaid. A movement is now under way to pay the French partly out of the immense crude petroleum deposits of South Russia, particularly the Baku area. According to the scheme, the French will refine the oil themselves, thus establishing a new industry.

With industry is linked the all-important factor of man power, long a French problem. In 1918 the population, despite the addition of the people of Alsace and Lorraine, was 400,000 under the 1911 figure. This was, of course, due to the war casualties of nearly 1,500,000. Since that time the birth rate has increased the population, so that it is now 1,250,000 more than in 1911, or 40,744,000.

A comparison with German population is of interest at this juncture. Although the Germans lost nearly 2,000,000 in the war, their man power today exceeds that of 1914 by 1,700,000. One German postwar phenomenon is the decrease in the birth rate, which has been offset, however, by a corresponding decline in mortality. Like its industry, the present German population of 63,378,000 is fitter than in 1914.

Unemployment is normally the index to national industrial health. In this respect France is all to the good. On the first of last July the total number of more or less idle men and women was, roughly, 70,000. Of these only 14,000 were on the dole. The remainder had some kind of employment on part time. The soundness of the country is apparent when I say that just before the war the roster of unemployed was 410,000.

The Rock of the Republic

The existing dearth of unemployment in France is all the more remarkable when you consider her floating population of approximately 1,500,000 aliens—mainly Russians, Poles, Spaniards and Italians. Most of them came in after the war to replace the lost man power. In any other European country the 400,000 Russians alone would constitute a factor to disrupt the economic fabric. The reverse is true in France. Many of these Russians are *émigrés* of the upper social class. There are almost as many Russian chauffeurs in Paris as native.

A comparison with unemployment in Britain and Germany is illuminating. The British out-of-work line-up still persists at 1,250,000, while the German remains around 700,000. In Britain, choice mainly dictates the size of the dole hosts. Sloth has been subsidized.

German unemployment is due to necessity. Except in a grave crisis that brought widespread depression, France will never suffer from unemployment, because of the inherent thrift of the people. The French have the work habit as perhaps no other Europeans have.

So far as the great mass of the population is concerned, the sore spot in France, as with every other Continental country, is increase in the cost of living. Nearly every commodity in common use is more than five times higher than in 1914, according to the index figures. The traveling American, however, does not have to consult statistics to find out how rates have soared. France still has two schedules, one for the visitor and the other for the French.

Just how the mass of the people feel is shown by an experience of mine. On the day I had the interview with Poincaré I met one of the floor waiters at my hotel just as I was leaving. He has served me for years and is a friendly soul. When I told him where I was bound he said, "Please tell the premier to reduce the cost of living. It is the only trouble he has not corrected."

Back of French financial restoration is that eternal stand-by—the land. When all is said and done, the French peasant is the rock of the republic. Patient, plodding and persistent, he is a figure of almost primitive strength and character. To have seen him amid the terror of war, when he clung to his shell-swept acres, was an object lesson in tenacious endeavor. In him reposes a great reserve of force, and likewise infinite capacity for hard and steadfast effort. His savings constitute the real reservoir of national wealth.

The French peasant is better prepared and relatively more prosperous today than before the war. His equipment has improved, especially in the former devastated area, and he has a larger cash reserve. Since the latest Poincaré régime he has put some of his money into the refunding issues instead of the proverbial sock.

As is the case with industry, French agriculture is undergoing an evolution in a considerable shift from cereal production to livestock raising. It grew out of the havoc wrought to farming during the war, as well as changed agricultural conditions throughout the world. Another factor is cheap wheat from abroad.

France has no agrarian problem and is thus spared one of the universal evils. Her 5,500,000 landowners are the bulwark against permanent communistic aggression. Though France as a nation is undoubtedly left in political leaning, the average French radical is not a Bolshevik. He will wave the red flag and sing the Internationale, but he knows deep down that he can never change the trend of the country. The reason is the peasant strength, unalterably conservative because it is linked with property ownership. The French worker is likewise fundamentally sound. The French Federation of Labor has refused to coöperate with the communist group which instigated the strike in the Citroën factories last May. The strike was a complete failure.

With intensive agricultural effort at home is a new program of expansion abroad. France has only of late realized the economic potentialities of her vast colonial empire, particularly the African domain. The French African empire covers about 40 per cent of an enormously rich continent, capable of supplying raw material to the whole world. As part of the war gains France received a large part of Togoland and the Cameroons embracing 188,382 square miles, with 2,172,837 people.

Few people stop to realize the immense resources of Africa. She is first in diamond production. The Katanga field in the Belgian Congo has become the largest copper and radium belt. French North Africa is a vast phosphate field. Every conceivable kind of timber can be found, together with manganese and tin. From the vegetal standpoint, French Western Africa in particular is a source of unlimited quantities of peanuts, palm oil, coffee and cacao. Liberia may help to solve the problem of new rubber areas. Cotton is grown in large quantities.

France is particularly fortunate in her African holdings, which tie up directly with the new industrial development. Algerian potash, for example, feeds the chemical factories. A vast copper deposit has lately been unearthed in the French Congo. The French oilseed industry has had a big boom during the past twelve months, due to big imports of raw materials from the one-time Dark Continent. Peanuts and palm oil are converted into edible oils, and soaps. A good deal of the so-called olive oil which reaches the American table is extracted from peanuts. The French African peanut production has grown from 285,000 tons a year to 463,000 tons, palm nuts from 67,000 tons annually to 127,000 tons. The output of mahogany and other valuable woods has expanded from 75,000 tons to 423,000 tons. From 1,000,000 francs in 1915, the foreign trade of the French colonies increased to 30,000,000 francs in 1926.

The New Spirit of Adventure

France has now entered upon a new era of colonial expansion. It must not be forgotten that the French were the pioneers of progress in Canada, Louisiana, the West Indies and India. Their conquest of Morocco is evidence of an administrative genius that has gone hand in hand with a sanitary development based on American research and results in Cuba and Panama.

Lack of capital has hitherto handicapped French colonial growth. With financial revival this defect is being remedied. The young man with savings is no longer satisfied to draw a safe income from government bonds. He is investing his money in productive enterprises in France and on an increasing scale in the French colonies. What might be called the new spirit of adventure, hitherto foreign to a people super-provincial

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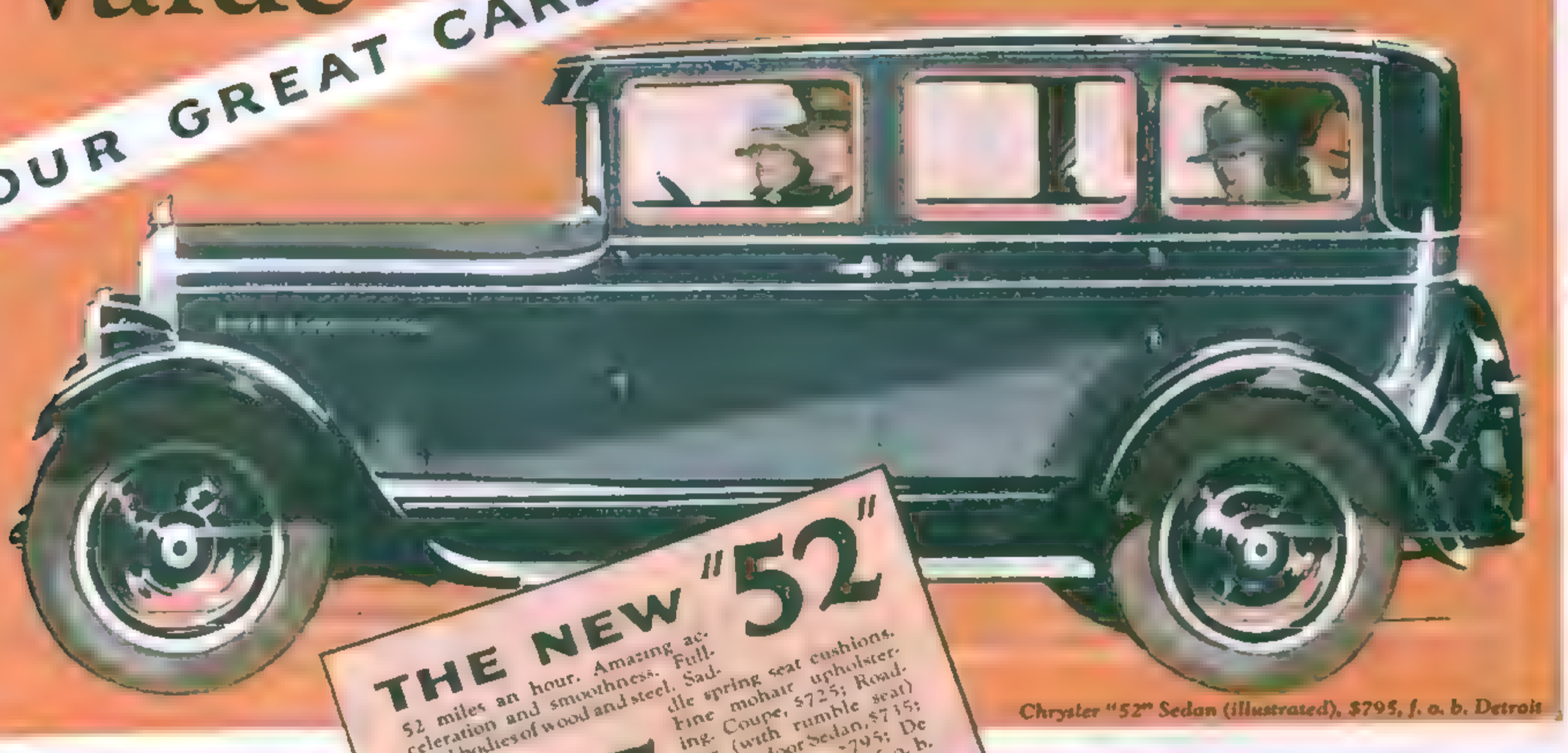

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THE NEW "52"

52 miles an hour. Amazing acceleration and smoothness. Full-sized bodies of wood and steel. Saddle spring seat cushions. Fine mohair upholstering. Coupe, $725; Roadster (with rumble seat) $725; 2-door Sedan, $735; 4-door Sedan, $795; De Luxe Sedan, $875; f. o. b. Detroit. Excise tax extra.

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"52 – 62 – 72 IMPERIAL 80"

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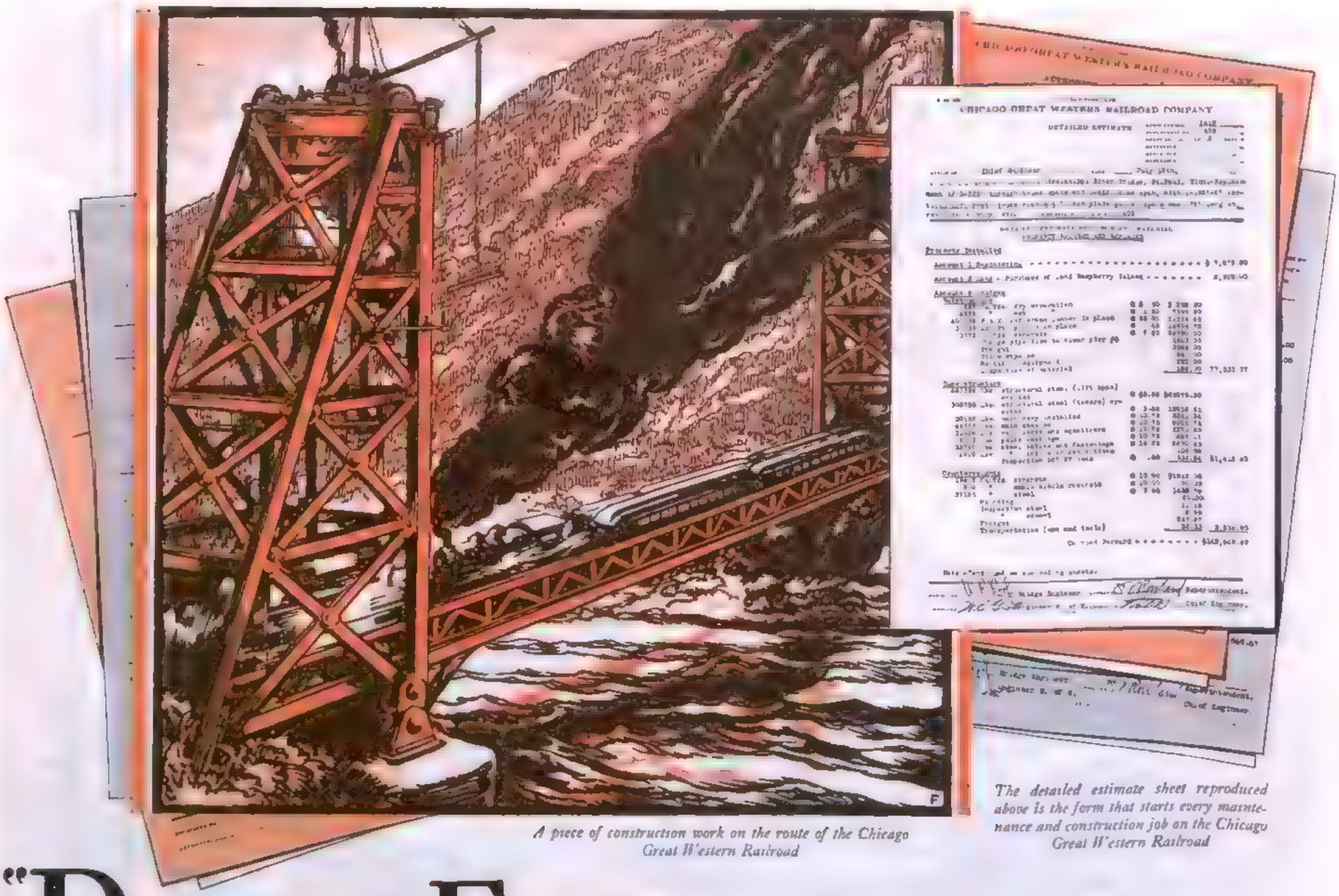

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The detailed estimate sheet reproduced above is the form that starts every maintenance and construction job on the Chicago Great Western Railroad

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Continued from Page 90.

so far as travel is concerned, is starting an exodus of youth to Africa and Indo-China. It has meant the setting up of factories, plantations and sorely needed transport facilities. Many Frenchmen now engaged in colonial development are war veterans who were not content with the humdrum life at home.

If French oversea expansion maintains its present pace Africa will mean to the republic what India has meant all these years to England and the Dutch East Indies to Holland. Practically every one of the existing Dutch captains of industry served an apprenticeship in the East. The East India Company was Britain's greatest training school for both arms and the man. Thus the French colonial empire helps to consolidate the national rehabilitation.

Not only is France beginning to capitalize her own dominions but she is becoming part and parcel of the industrial effort of sister countries. Like Germany, she is up to her neck in the new internationalization of production. Though Germany leads in participation in the many international cartels, being a member of every one, France is not far behind. In addition to the two major *ententes* with the Germans, in steel and potash, she is in internation groups for the manufacture of incandescent lamps, rails, iron pipe, pig iron, wood screws, pipe, copper, benzine and glue.

The benefits of all this internationalization are obvious. In the case of potash and steel, for instance, France is guaranteed markets and price stability. Furthermore, what is fast becoming a Pan-European economic union eliminates the hazard of trade warfare so far as England and the Continent are concerned. The big alignment for competition is between Europe and the United States, because, with the exception of copper, we are not in any of the international combines or agreements.

France has matched industrial federation with political alliance. This phase is a necessary detail in an appraisal of the French situation. In the unrest which followed the World War, France realized that she must cast about for new kinships. At the moment the English Channel was like the poet's dreary sea that flowed between. Anglo-French relations became sadly strained. Thanks to Bolshevism, the old *entente cordiale*, which included England, France and Russia, had gone to pot.

France therefore sponsored and helped to finance the Little Entente, which consists of Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania and Jugo-Slavia. Poland, of course, was an old ally, and these ties were strengthened in every way. The plain truth was that at the time when the French began to complain about alleged American debt exactions, they were sending money and munitions to the Balkan and other smaller powers. They took no chances of being caught without friends. The one bad bet was the mandate for Syria, which has only netted loss.

The American Contribution

Today these alliances continue, and are further reënforced by a new Anglo-French understanding growing out of President Doumergue's visit to London in May last. France and England are now closer together than at any time since the end of the war—a state of affairs most disturbing to Germany, as I pointed out in the interview with Herr Stresemann earlier in the series.

The proposed pact of amity with the United States is another evidence of new political affinity.

French foreign trade is also an essential feature of this inventory; first, because it has shown a steady increase; second, by reason of our large exports to the republic. For three years up to and including 1927, France had an increasingly favorable balance of trade. Depreciated currency naturally helped exports. The first six months of this year show an adverse balance of 20,000,000 francs.

A stimulus to French commerce is the new treaty with Germany. Under it French perfumes, wines, soaps, porcelains, silks, woolens and several other manufactured articles have the benefit of a low German customs rate.

Unlike Germany, an adverse trade balance for France, even in big figures, is no sign of economic weakness. From 1892 to 1914 French exports exceeded imports in only one year, 1905. No real economic difficulties arose, since the balance of the payments is established through invisible factors, especially tourist expenditures.

This tourist item is of wide interest, since so many Americans go abroad every year. It is, of course, impossible to get the exact outlay. It is estimated that this year American travelers will have spent approximately $650,000,000 in Europe. I give the Department of Commerce computation. In the neighborhood of $250,000,000 was left in France alone. It is larger than the past year's amount.

With the franc from around thirty to forty to the dollar in the summer of 1926, the visitor was able to purchase more with less money. This spending by Americans is a big asset for the French. It stimulates business generally and at the same time expands the national revenue.

The Golconda of France

While more Americans went to Europe this year than last, their expenditures in France were less than usual, because most of them did not remain so long as in the previous year. This points a definite moral. The reduction in buying developed largely from the hostility shown to foreigners in 1926 over the debt. Though antagonism has entirely subsided, the memory remains. Then, too, the increased cost of living has been a contributory factor. Prices made when the franc was low have in many instances remained the same with revalorization. A woman buyers' strike developed on a small scale. Hence the gloom in many famous Paris dressmaking shops last summer.

Instead of lingering in Paris, thousands of American tourists this year spent more time in Germany, Switzerland and England. During May, June and July there were 45,000 more Yankee visitors in the British Isles than in the corresponding period in 1926.

Of interest to the United States is the new French tariff. It is a curious fact that at a time when most European countries—Spain is the latest—are leveling trade barriers, France is about to rear new ones. Provocation mainly lies in the evolution of the nation into an industrial power since the war. Certain existing rates are more or less inimical to the chemical, metallurgical and automobile industries. It is also felt that a reclassification of the tariff is necessary to meet readjustments in other lands. France therefore wants more protection, although many leading business men are opposed to a change.

Unless we make a commercial treaty with France similar to the Franco-German accord, which went into effect on September sixth, we shall find ourselves taxed four times the present customs rate on many commodities. Incredible as it may seem in view of the fact that the French buy more heavily from us than from any other nation, we have no formal trade agreement with them.

Every major agency that has made for French financial recovery has been disclosed save one. There remains the vital matter of actual monetary reserve and resource which enter so vitally into capacity to pay the debts to America and England. As most people know, both the Franco-American and the Franco-British debt agreements remain unratified by the French.

Topping the list of items are the gold holdings, which aggregate the equivalent of $1,140,000,000. This treasure is either in the vaults of the Bank of France or in England and the United States. As I have already indicated, it comprises the second largest gold store in the world and provides sufficient cover to stabilize the franc at the present rate of about twenty-five to the dollar. Many believe that the franc could be stabilized at a higher rate, but it would mean loss to the government on the foreign currencies bought at a lower price, and dislocation to industry.

Reënforcing the yellow Golconda is the French ownership of foreign exchange, mainly pounds sterling and dollars, to the amount of approximately $900,000,000. Thus the available resources roll up the immense total of $2,040,000,000.

Next comes the national income, which considerably exceeds the prewar figures. How French income has expanded is shown by the government revenue from all sources for the past July. It reached 4,747,157,400 francs, as against 2,994,093,100 francs for June. This is an increase of 1,500,000,000 francs over the income for July, 1926, allowance being made for the revenues allocated to the autonomous sinking fund. For the first seven months of this year national revenues showed an advance of nearly 6,000,000,000 francs over the corresponding period of last year, and 1,000,000,000 francs in excess of the budget estimate.

A significant contribution to French fiscal solidarity is the continued growth of savings deposits. They were 2,000,000,000 francs higher on August first than at the same time in 1926.

Since Poincaré assumed stewardship of French finance the treasury has repaid 14,000,000,000 francs advanced to the state by the Bank of France, and still has 7,000,000,000 francs available. This working balance is in sharp contrast with the pittance of less than 10,000,000 francs in the till at the end of July, 1926.

A growing asset which further bulwarks French finances is reparations. Let us see just what France has received and will receive. For the first annuity year—1924–25—her share was 454,512,000 gold marks; for the second year it reached 584,432,000 gold marks; and for the third, which ended August thirty-first last, it was 744,676,000 gold marks. In American money, these figures are respectively about $113,000,000, $146,000,000 and $186,000,000.

The Dawes annuity for 1927–28 is 1,750,000,000 gold marks. France's allotment has averaged about one-half the total, which means that for the next period her portion will be about 875,000,000 gold marks, or in the neighborhood of $218,000,000. When the so-called standard annuity of 2,500,000,000 gold marks is reached for the 1928–29 term—it remains fixed—France will net approximately $312,000,000.

Not all this indemnity is cash. Some of it is in kind. The fact remains that, whether in money or goods, French national solvency is strengthened by the steady stream of reparations. You can now see why France will oppose any revision of the Dawes Plan.

A Country Financially Strong

It may be opportune to point out an observation made by Hugh Quigley, the British economist, in his new book, Towards Industrial Recovery. Commenting on the Dawes payments to France, he said:

"It is obvious from these estimates that in a few years France will have a lower debt charge per head of population than almost any other country in Europe, which, at its worst, will be not much more than one-quarter of the British average. France, financially, will be one of the strongest countries in the world within a space of less than a decade provided no revision in the Dawes Plan is made."

Under the Mellon-Berenger agreement France is required to pay progressive annuities, which include interest and principal. They commence with $30,000,000, reach $125,000,000 in the seventeenth year, and continue thereafter at this figure except for the sixty-second and final year, when it is slightly less. In the circumstances, no diagram is required to show that

Loss~
in mileage,
time and money~
results from
Incorrect Inflation
Tire Service
Depends on
Proper Inflation
NEEDLESS waste of tire mileage, added expense and annoying roadside delays invariably result when balloon tires are not kept properly inflated.
Just putting air in your tires is not enough. You can be sure of maintaining correct air pressure only by testing—regularly—with an accurate tire gauge.
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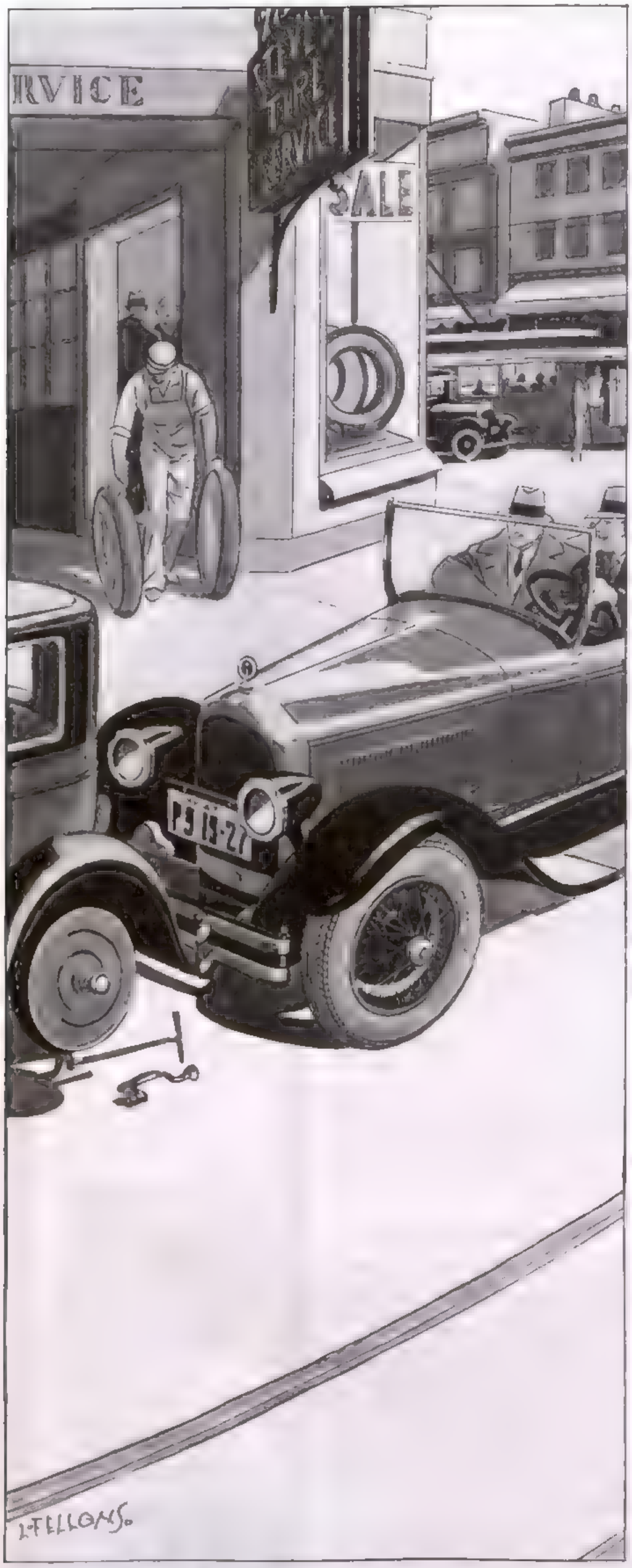

"What an optimist Bill is!"

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, after eight years' driving experience he's still buying other makes of tires in the hope that they are going to give him Kelly-Springfield mileage!"

the wherewithal is there to meet the obligations. The final question therefore is: Will France pay?

It would be foolish optimism to say that debt accord is actually in sight. The point to be emphasized is that apparently the majority of the French people, excluding the politicians, are beginning to look more tolerantly upon some form of settlement. I base this statement on conversations with men in every walk of life. When I talked to the same type of person in 1926 they were hostile to any kind of debt arrangement. The argument of French sacrifice in the war was invariably pitted against the logic of honest obligation.

Again the mental factor is to the fore. The French were inflexible so long as they saw only a sixty-two-year vista of payments stretching ahead. The moment Poincaré decided to begin the unofficial payments of $10,000,000 each on what is termed the political debt to us, based on a sort of year-to-year informal arrangement, hysteria vanished. The bogy of signing on the dotted line was removed.

The unofficial debt payments do not commit the French Government to acceptance of the Mellon-Berenger agreement. They do, however, reflect the ability of the government to face its financial responsibilities. These installments have been added to the annual service of $20,000,000 which France has paid each year since 1920 on the war supplies we sold her. The principal of $400,000,000 will be due in 1929.

Although debt talk was ruled out beforehand in my conversation with Poincaré, I am convinced that he is inclined toward settlement at the earliest possible date. The fact that he initiated the unofficial payments is evidence of his state of mind. In a parliamentary speech on March eighth he said: "France does not want to deny her debts. She will pay according to her full capacity, but she will not promise what she cannot afford." The summary of resource that I have presented leaves little doubt of her ability to pay.

The way to ratification, however, will continue to be hard. Leading politicians like André Tardieu, Minister of Public Works in the Poincaré cabinet and a potential premier, are unalterably opposed to the Mellon-Berenger agreement. When I asked Tardieu to give me his views on the debt he said:

"Why should America complain at our refusal to sign the Mellon-Berenger agreement, when she refused to sign the Versailles Treaty? We are willing to pay principal based on principle, but not based on actuarial calculations. The debt arrangement is a hard bargain that must not necessarily be fulfilled."

A Fig for Tradition

One obstacle to debt ratification is intrenched in the United States. Whenever the French make a gesture toward acceptance some uplift group over here gets busy with petitions for cancellation or reduction. The various university adventures in sentimental economic statesmanship have given aid and comfort to the antidebt element in France. No satisfactory settlement can be reached until all this academic intrusion ceases.

There is little likelihood that the Mellon-Berenger agreement will get before parliament until late in 1928. While politics have been temporarily taken out of domestic financial rehabilitation, they still infect international fiscal relationships. If Poincaré had sought a show-down this year on debts he would have been overwhelmingly defeated. He put consolidation of French finances above ratification.

The situation is further complicated by the fact that the next French general elections are held in May, 1928. Indications point to an increased left representation in parliament. This wing is perhaps less hostile to debt settlement than the right. To offset it is the possibility that Poincaré will be forced out of office before the end of this year through some political maneuver. Happily for France, he has fortified recovery. His retirement, however, might impede progress of debt payments. Thus adjustment remains on the lap of politics—always an uncertain seat.

This article can best be rounded out with a close-up of the man who has proved to be the architect of France's good fortune. Poincaré is not easily accessible. Linked with his official and personal aloofness is a distaste for being interviewed. When he has something to say he either puts it in the form of an article or makes a speech. After his retirement from the presidency he became one of the leading journalists of France. He writes as he talks, which means that his product is keen, crisp and logical.

Poincaré has reversed every French presidential tradition. Ordinarily when a man retires from the Élysée Palace—the French White House—he becomes a back number. In this respect the chief executiveship of France has been akin to the vice presidency of the United States. Roosevelt was an exception. It remained for Poincaré to make an ex-president of the republic the most influential force in the country.

After some negotiation an appointment was made for me to see Poincaré on a Saturday afternoon at half-past four o'clock. That he was available on what is ordinarily a half holiday, especially in official circles, shows how he sticks to his job. His workday begins at eight in the morning and usually lasts until nine at night. He writes his speeches—even the instructions to his subordinates—by hand. He is meticulous in everything he says and does. The lawyer is always in evidence.

A Passion of Patriotism

Like all busy men, Poincaré is punctual. The gilt clock on the wall of the reception room in the wing of the Louvre palace which houses the finance ministry had just struck the half hour when the attendant said, "Monsieur the President will see you." As president of the Council of Ministers, a French premier is always referred to as Mr. President. Both to the public and in common parlance he is the president.

I pushed aside the heavy red velvet curtains that screened the door and entered a beautifully appointed chamber that looked more like a salon than the nerve center of a nation's finance. I had not entered that office since one of the darkest periods of 1917, when I called on the veteran Ribot, then moving heaven and earth, including the United States, to find the sinews of war.

At an Empire desk sat the man of the French hour. Poincaré is short and almost slight of build. At first glance he might be a provincial functionary. This illusion is soon dispelled. He has a pallid mask of a face, with straggly white beard and mustache. His manner in repose seems cold and distant, which is very un-French. Directly he begins to talk he becomes transformed. Then you discover vital force and with it charm.

It had been specifically understood beforehand that our conversation was to be entirely informal and therefore not to be reproduced as an actual interview. The premier expressed his satisfaction over the state of French finance and his confidence in the future. The Economic Conference at Geneva had just ended. He felt that it meant a big step toward European coöperation. As I have already indicated, he spoke of Colonel Lindbergh in terms of the highest admiration. Like many of his colleagues, Poincaré believed that the gallant young aviator was an envoy of good will whose sentiments were sincerely reciprocated by all France.

You cannot meet Poincaré without feeling that patriotism is his passion. It inspired the nationalization of confidence which has enabled France to find herself.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Europe. The final article, which will appear next week, will be devoted to Italy.

In 1888, a roof of Barrett Pitch and Felt was laid on the Superior-Euclid Arcade Building, Cleveland, Ohio, by Hugh Huntington & Son Company of that city. The roof is still giving satisfactory service after 39 years
1888

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"Then came the 80's—an age of disagreements between opposing groups of architects and builders. One group advocated this method of procedure, another that. On one point, however, there was nothing but harmony. During the 60's and 70's, a certain type of roof had consistently shown such a wide margin of superiority over all others, that scarcely a voice was raised against it. This was the carefully built roof of coal-tar pitch and felt."

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1927

A Barrett Specification Bonded Roof covers the Cleveland Public Library, Cleveland, Ohio. Architect: Walker & Weeks. General Contractor Lundoff-Bicknell Company Roofer: Norton Bros. Company. All of Cleveland.

Barrett Specification Roofs

LES AMÉRICAINS TOUJOURS PRESSÉS

(Continued from Page 41)

that the reporters are repeating what they had read, or have only seen what they expected to see. The alternative is that America has not changed in any essential particular since 1840. Before examining that idea it may be well to analyze a few of the stock criticisms to discover why they were made.

The essential thing to note is that all these observers came from old countries, where the social framework had been rigid for centuries, and applied their own standards to a country which was still in the experimental stage. A man leaving Paris for Lyons on the stagecoach knew within near degrees of accuracy exactly how long it would take him to go there. Whereas a man starting out from Vermont to go out West to find a new home could not know, because, among other things, he did not know how far he was going. If he hurried a little on his way it was natural enough; he did not want to be overtaken by a rainy season or a hostile band of Indians. The Frenchman, observing his haste and his anxiety, would be right, perhaps, in noting them as national characteristics at a time when everyone was going West. But he would still be missing an important qualification.

That qualification can be suggested in a question about the American of yesterday or the American of today: Is the American in a hurry by his own standards, or does he merely seem to the European to be in a hurry? A fat man who can walk only a mile and a half an hour may think the saunterer who covers three miles is in a hurry; to the remorseless pedestrian who ticks off his mile every fifteen minutes the saunterer may appear as slow as a tortoise. So the whole question about American characteristics has to be resolved into its two elements: The thing seen and the prejudices of the observer—not necessarily an active dislike, but the kind of prejudice which comes with fixed habits, old standards of measurement and traditions. It is, for example, the habit of European business men to conduct their affairs slowly; they prefer writing letters to telephoning; they make an appointment a week ahead, and when all the ground has been covered they like to return to their offices and there, after mature consideration, write out their consent or disagreement. The American likes to call Tulsa on long distance, ask an almost unknown man whether he would like to come in on a deal, and expects yes or no instantly. It is rapid, but it is not necessarily hurried. The more kindly disposed of European observers have wondered whether there was not some additional electricity in the air which gave us our alertness, which made us seem so distressingly quick, and which encouraged us to believe in pep.

The Man and Not the Title

The American from the Northeast or the West succumbs instantly to a London cold on his arrival there, and can bear testimony on the question of hustle. The Londoner seems wearisomely slow. At the end of a week in winter the American wants tea in the afternoon to fortify him against the fog; in spring the excessive languor of the air makes him slow up. But he can easily see that the Londoner is not slow to himself, there are Londoners who work more rapidly than the average, or less. The average rate of activity is what counts, and if the rate in America is higher, it does not at all follow that the individual American is not taking his own good time. If statistics are any good in such a case it is worth recording that London was recently placarded with the statement that the average speed of subway trains, of taxis, and of pedestrians is greater there than in New York. To an Englishman New York will always give the effect of greater hurry, regardless of actual speed, because the vivacity of the American is so much greater.

As a contrast to a physical attribute, let us take an abstraction said to be missing in the American make-up: Reverence for authority. We are confirmed lawbreakers and we lynch. Here the facts, the cold statistics, are available, and they are nothing for Americans to be proud of. Yet we must remember that the early visitors to this country were judging by standards which we had specifically repudiated. Law and authority in Europe had been for centuries imposed from above, with the implication always that the king was directly appointed by God and the nobles by the king. The system was breaking down, to be sure, but the tradition remained. And Europeans came to this country, where law sprang from the common man himself, and authority was only the common man temporarily raised to power by the will of his fellows. It was natural for the exuberant American, knowing that John Jones was not specially anointed, to treat John Jones, even if Jones were governor, with comparatively little respect. It was also natural for the European, associating the actual or official nobility with the mere title of authority, to consider the American's impudence shocking.

Fired With Imagination

Almost all the characteristics of the early American sprang from the physical conditions in which he was placed, and the European, with a background different in every respect, failed to understand this. Americans, they felt, talked big. They accused them of exaggerating. But the fact is that the American's literal truth was as offensive as his boasting. The Mississippi does make the Thames and the Seine look like rivulets; it is nothing to boast about, but when it is mentioned it gives offense to those who care for that sort of thing. The American of the early 20's and 30's hardly "knew his own strength." He was only vaguely aware of the vast country in his hinterland, of its character and potentialities; his imagination went wild. And he talked wildly to people who knew every inch of ground in their tiny countries—every inch under cultivation for centuries; its possibilities known, proved and often exhausted. Europe, after the turmoil of the Napoleonic Wars, was tired; it suspected that it had had its great period and was coming down from the crest. And it sent observers to a country which was only beginning. The contrast was shocking; but the observers took the shock too personally, and set it down to the discredit of the New World.

"Their single thought and purpose is to dominate the material world," they said, remembering that in Europe a triumph in manners or in the arts, a scientific discovery or a new thought or a new epigram were also the aims of civilized men. But here again they failed to consider the conditions. The conquest of the material world meant hacking down trees, cutting paths through forests, fighting the soil for a few hundredweight of meal, destroying wild beasts, protecting oneself against enemies. As one strip was conquered another was opened up; America went westward, and the westering pioneer dominated the imagination and gave his impress to the character of the country. The conditions improved slowly, but the courage and endurance and restlessness and imagination of those who made cord roads repeated itself in those who later opened canal routes and built railroads. Given the extent of the country, it was a matter of national life and death to have rapid and cheap transportation, so that it could be one country, not five or six.

The European had conquered his material world centuries ago. He had forgotten the days when he had to cope with trackless forests infested with wild beasts; his cities were centuries old, his highways established, his sources of supply definite and fixed. He speculated in lotteries or commerce, and was surprised to find Americans speculating in land. He was trying to master the world of the mind, because he had no need to worry longer with the world of physical facts, and it baffled him to find men who still fought the forces of Nature. And not considering that this struggle was actually the struggle to keep alive, he declared that the American had no thought and no time for anything finer. He saw the second generation, or the third, still preoccupied with work, and wondered why the museum at Cincinnati was so silly and trivial. He did not count on the fact that there must be generations of leisure before the proper uses of leisure can be discovered. And never did the average European traveler reckon on the exhilaration and the triumph of making one's way in the wilderness. Making one's way was not the European habit; for them the way was made, marked out, and to a degree unchangeable.

But when the European of 1927 repeats this bit of national character analysis he hits much wider of the mark. The words he uses now are different: Psychology of production, love of comfort, belief in mechanical progress. Essentially they signify the same thing, that the American is preoccupied with the material world and contemptuous of the world of the spirit. It is the complaint of 1830 in modern dress. But the conditions have wholly changed.

A century ago we were trying to master the world of things; today, to a degree never before reached by man, we have mastered that world. We have, perhaps, gone too far in our devotion to hot baths and internal-combustion engines, but the fact is that now we have them and a century ago we needed them. And there is a world of difference between struggling for a thing and possessing it. The preoccupation of the pioneer was in getting; ours is in enjoying. The European a century ago had forgotten that people still had to struggle; the European now simply does not know how easy it is to enjoy the comforts of life. He imagines that we bow down before the needle shower and the radiator, because to him these are still strange gods; he refuses to believe that we merely use them, as unconscious of their existence as he is of his tin tub and his brick oven. He assumes that we must be preoccupied with ways to be comfortable, because when he comes here they strike so constantly upon his eye, and will not believe that we accept these things with less labor than he accepts his own discomforts. For us the struggle is over; and what seems to the foreigner an intense absorption is only a rather childlike glee in having things and having them work perfectly.

The Uniformity System

This does not mean that Americans are not interested in mechanics and engineering; it does not mean that they are indifferent to money; it does not assert that they are all handsome, intellectual and gracious in manner. About one hundred and fifteen million people it is hard to make sweeping assertions—unless one is a publicist with the habit of condemning nations wholesale. What I am suggesting is that even when superficial characteristics seem to be identical for a century, there may be a significant underlying set of motives and meanings.

And that suggests, further, an answer to the question above. Is it possible that these parrotlike commentators are right, and that America is wholly unchanged from the first day to this? Certainly a few things seem permanent. We find Eli Whitney writing at the beginning of the last century that his machinery is intended to displace the accidents of human work by the accuracy of science, and suggesting the whole principle of interchangeable parts, creating what used to be called the "uniformity system," on which our modern large-scale production is based. The American mind has obviously worked at this problem continuously; you can say "this has always been and is still an American characteristic" as certainly as you can say "Pittsburgh was smoky in 1830 and still is." Some phrases like "Go ahead" seem to have occurred early in our history and to have expressed something in the national mind which has not died out.

But in a hundred years several changes have come which undermine all the glib generalizations about us. The country has been developed, there is no more free land, and a tremendous European population has been more or less absorbed. In 1840 Massachusetts mill workers would ask for raises in pay with the outspoken threat of going West if they were refused; the West of 160 acres at a few dollars an acre no longer exists. In 1800 the country was beginning to be faintly aware of foreigners; at a somewhat later date Tammany Hall was, briefly, hostile to the Irish-Americans. The whole situation of the immigrant has been changed twice over in the century. The new country of 1800 is a different country today. It is not reasonable to think that every essential criticism made then is valid now.

Characters Out of Dickens

It is here that we come upon the great discrepancy between the American, on the one hand, who thinks that the French are frivolous and fond of dancing and light wine, and on the other, the European who thinks that we are still fighting Indians. Let us assume that both impressions were correct when they first gained currency. Whatever was said of a European people was said after centuries of observation, corrected by thousands of experiences, and finally crystallized into a general statement. During the eighteenth century the education of a young English nobleman was incomplete until he made the grand tour of the Continent; thousands of visitors over a period of a hundred years finally combined their opinions and a general average was struck.

Furthermore, the countries they visited were comparatively set in their ways. Revolutions came, political and industrial, but the composition of the citizenry remained pretty much the same. The conditions of living changed slowly, except for the reallotment of lands after an upheaval. There was no West for France or England to conquer, no body of aliens to incorporate.

If the national character of France or of England was correctly reported a century ago, that report may still serve as a rough guide to France or England today. Loyal and discerning Englishmen have, indeed, suggested that Americans coming to England would be better off if they read the Falstaff plays and the Pickwick Papers, instead of guidebooks, because Shakspere and Dickens had set down a national character which has not, in fundamentals, changed. It was possible, twenty years ago, to trace the wanderings of a Dickens or Thackeray hero through the streets of London or the countryside in Surrey without being particularly affected by the sense of change. With an American novel you are lucky if you can find a street ten years after.

To the point of terrifying European observers, we are perpetually changing. They all say so. They are amazed, in 1826, at houses being moved, entire, up Broadway; and amazed, in 1927, at skyscrapers being torn down to make room for new skyscrapers. The fact that we are always changing is one of the few unchangeable things in our national make-up. And that is the tragedy of the foreign observer. He knows that we have changed, but his own report on us changes hardly at all.

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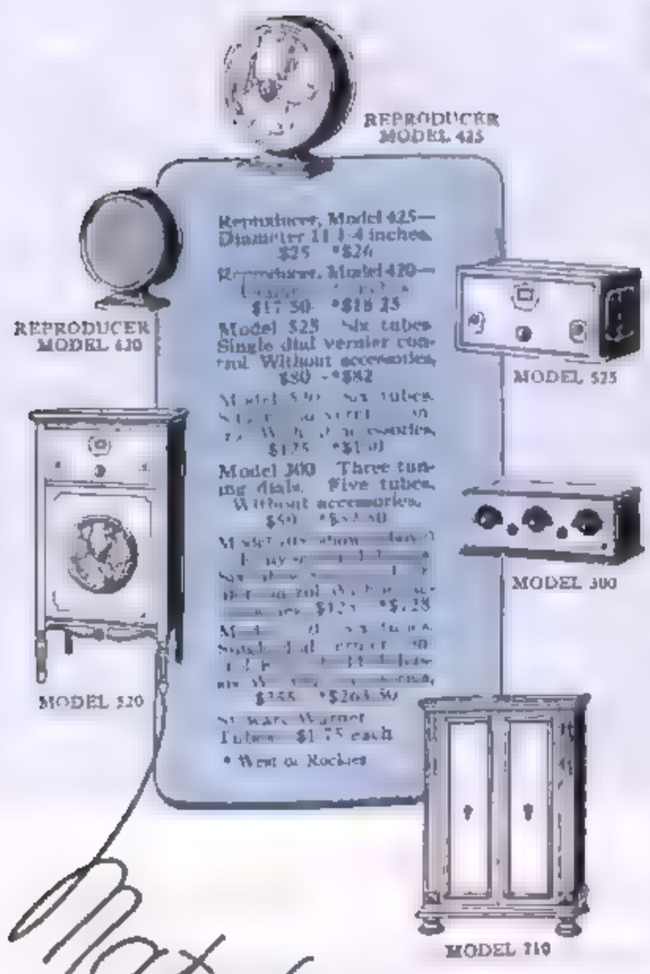

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POWER—the power of Chevrolet's valve-in-head motor whose fame is greatest where hills are steepest!

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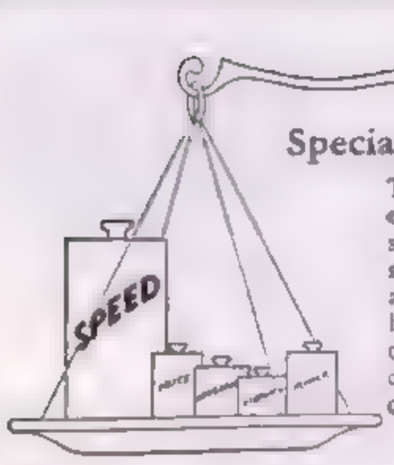
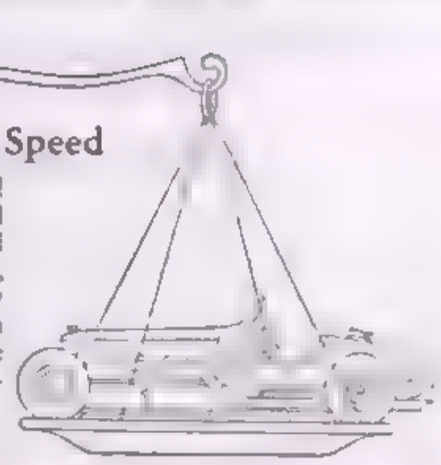
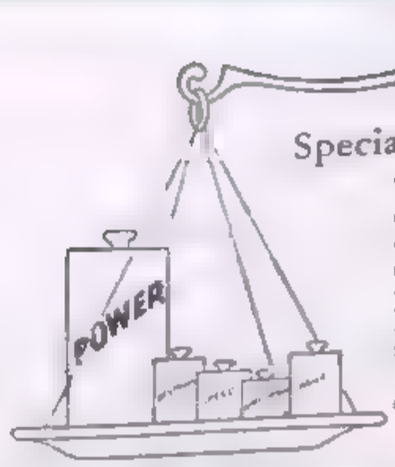


Specially Designed for Speed

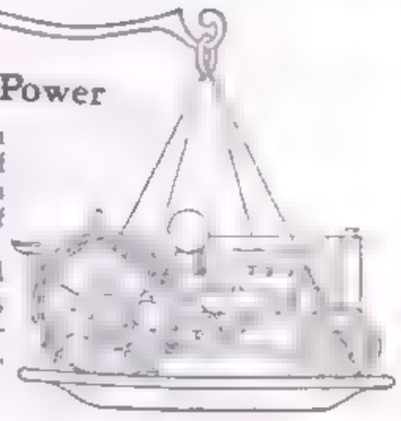
The racing car is a typical example of a car designed specially for speed. All such elements as comfort, appearance and economy have been sacrificed in order to achieve the one desired fundamental—excessive speed.





Specially Designed for Power

The tractor presents an outstanding example of design that emphasizes one particular phase of performance—power. Appearance, comfort and speed have, of necessity, been provided in an exceedingly small measure.



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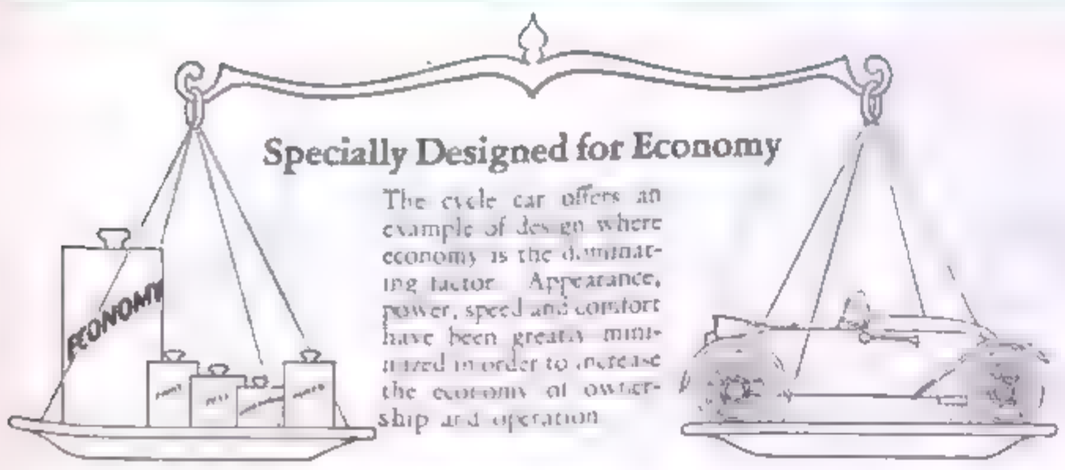
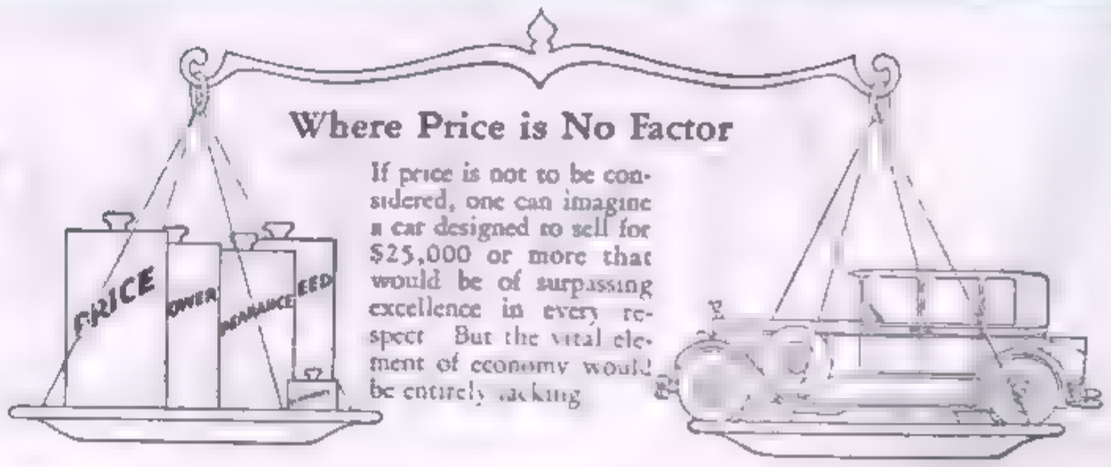


Specially Designed for Economy

The cycle car offers an example of design where economy is the dominating factor. Appearance, power, speed and comfort have been greatly minimized in order to increase the economy of ownership and operation.



Where Price is No Factor

If price is not to be considered, one can imagine a car designed to sell for $25,000 or more that would be of surpassing excellence in every respect. But the vital element of economy would be entirely lacking.

WE, who "do" your weekly wash, are keeping open house for a week in order that you may see for yourself how we do it.

We invite you to come to our party—you'll find it fascinating!

For instance, you will see how a bundle of rumpled clothes can be transformed into a neat pile of linen, crisp and fragrant. You will see polished washers awhirl with sparkling suds which cleanse without a bit of rubbing. You will see great floods of rainsoft water rinse away every vestige of soap. You will see a wonderful machine that does the work of a hundred hand-irons as quickly as you could smooth a handkerchief.

You will be astonished at the strides the modern laundry has made in the efficient cleansing of clothes. You will marvel how so large an establishment can be kept spotlessly clean as your kitchen. And you will understand why millions of women are making a play-day of washday by sending their clothes to the laundry—and why these play-days cost so little.

The dates of this laundry party? October 24 to 29. Watch your local papers for detailed announcements by your neighborhood laundries.

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SEND IT TO THE LAUNDRY

Visitors' Week

OCTOBER 24th TO 29th

—in every modern laundry

MERRY-GO-ROUND

(Continued from Page 9)

"No," said Janie heroically; "I'm willing to make any sacrifice for my children, just as you are. Two hundred certainly will be handy. But, oh, Bill, don't let's sacrifice everything! Let's decorate the inside of the bungalow as much like the studio as possible and keep our artistic fire alive in every way we can until we move back."

"Righto!" agreed Bill. "It's our only hope. Otherwise we'll be stifled by the commonplace—absolutely stifled, extinguished, out!"

So Janie went on and scraped the prim papers off the walls, and Bill swished on coats of brilliant paint, and they bought unfinished furniture and painted that also, and they made more floor cushions, all very chromatic, and the only curtains they put up were lengths of theatrical gauze which Janie had darned with bold designs in wools that looked like a Grand Canyon sunset. It quite cheered them up to do all this, and it certainly made them popular with the neighbors! Everyone on the street called to look at the house and stayed to like Janie and Bill, because they couldn't help it.

"They may be freaky in their tastes," was the general opinion of the neighborhood, "but they're both perfectly sweet." The women invited Janie to luncheon and to tea, and Janie put on her slinky little frocks and went, and they loved her, even if she did look like a sweet pea amongst full-blown roses. And the men slapped Bill on the back and put him up for the tennis club and said he was a good scout in spite of the trick whiskers and the funny pants.

No one in the neighborhood imagined for an instant that Bill and Janie were irked to madness by their chatter about furnace men and gardens and children's schools and cooks. "They never heard of Degas," groaned Bill. "And they think Renoir is the contractor who's filling in the new boulevard! They're so alike in their clothes and their furniture that they might have used one pattern for the whole street. Their minds are all of a pattern too. It's terrible!"

"But they're kind and jolly," said Janie, "and decent, and not so bad, if you don't get a lot of them together. Then, I must admit, I sicken and decay."

Nothing could have been a more satisfactory situation, with the Starrs feeling superior to the community and the community feeling superior to the Starrs, and neither suspecting the other. Superiority, unguessed, is a wonderful basis for mutual esteem.

Wells and Theodora, for whom their parents had sacrificed so much, took to the suburb delightedly, and grew strong and husky. Their teeth came through with no trouble, and they began to walk and to talk! As soon as they began to talk, Janie and Bill found that they had opinions—and such opinions!

The first inkling of these came when, at the age of three and a half, they were invited to the birthday party of Miss Mimi Landers, a young lady of five who lived two houses down the street. Heretofore they had been too small to go to parties; this was to be their very first society function. Janie felt that a new frock for Theodora was the least she could do toward making the event a success, so she selected a fascinating challis in scarlet with golden pomegranates meandering over it, and made it by one of her own designs, which necessitated much tiresome scalloping and binding with yellow ribbon. It was an intricate and clever piece of work, and Janie offered it to her small daughter with justifiable pride.

But at sight of it Theodora burst into a flood of tears. "Li'l' gels don' wear red dwesses to parties," she lisped in fury. "Li'l' gels wear w'ite dwesses wiv boo snashes. Nashty ole red dwess, nashty, nashty! Dora wanna w'ite dwess wiv boo snash!"

Patiently Janie first corrected the child for calling herself Dora when she had such a beautiful name as Theodora, then she explained how much more desirable and interesting it was to be dressed differently from the others, how banal, dreary and dull were white dresses with blue sashes. She might as well have talked to the wind. Theodora kicked and screamed. She hated the red dress; she wouldn't wear it. She'd rather stay home from the party than put on anything so nashty. A white dress with a boo snash was the only thing to wear to parties, and without a white dress and a boo snash Dora—not Theodora—would never, never go to any parties, anytime, anywhere.

When Bill came home that night he found a panicky Janie and a sobbing but still determined Theodora. When the situation was explained he suggested that a good spanking was in order. "And certainly she must wear the dress you made for her, Janie."

But Janie had doubts. "It's a knife in my heart, Bill, dearest, that she should have such tastes, but ought I to deny them? That's what I ask myself. When I was her age I hated my white dress and blue sash and would have been perfectly mad about this scarlet-and-gold one. I suffered agonies from the stupid commonplace clothes mother made me wear. Now shall I make my child suffer the same agonies, even though I deplore her taste? There's the question."

"But we've got to cultivate her taste, Janie. A three-year-old's aesthetic reactions can't be worth anything. We must lead her in the right direction."

"Well, I've done all the leading I'm capable of. Suppose you try it."

"Certainly, certainly! I'll go right into the nursery and talk to Miss Theodora and get it all settled."

With his heaviest paternal air, Bill started determinedly into the nursery, closing the door behind him. He came out in half an hour, subdued and uncertain. "I believe you're right, Janie," he confessed. "We must not force our children as we were forced. Lord, when I remember the Little Lord Fauntleroy suit I used to be decked out in, I can see what poor little Theodora is battling, though of course she is entirely wrong."

"Then I'd better get her the white dress and blue sash?"

"Yes; yielding this once makes no difference. I'm going to look round for some books of drawings—really good things—to replace their picture books and instill the right ideas subtly. They've reached the age when their plastic minds must be molded definitely, in the right way."

"Plastic minds!" said Janie musingly, and said no more. She was a sensible woman. She busied herself in making a new party outfit for Theodora and laid the scarlet-and-gold confection sadly away.

Theodora went to the party attired exactly like every other little girl there, and apparently had a beautiful time. Nor did she make demur the day after when Janie dressed her in her usual orange-and-pea-green rompers. Evidently her clothes consciousness was only awake in connection with social life. So life was once more serene in the Starr bungalow.

Serene, that is, for a time. Bill finally made good on his promise to buy some improving books of drawings and had found some fine folios of Italian primitives which he presented to the twins' attention. They were expensive, but Bill felt that nothing but the best was suitable. He ate cheap luncheons for a month and went without cigarettes to justify his extravagance, and was rewarded by Janie's report that the twins loved the books and refused to play with anything else.

This was gratifying indeed. But on a rainy Sunday, Bill took it into his head to see how much improvement had taken place in their æsthetic reactions and discovered that they had daubed almost every picture in the books with their crude water-color paints. This was gratifying too—it showed their keenness for color, their artistic tendencies.

Then young Wells, pursing up his mouth in the exact replica of his maternal grandmother, took it on himself to explain: "We painted the nakedy people—put clo'es on 'em. We're ashame' to have nakedy people in our books."

Bill looked at the infant Puritan with undisguised horror. He explained, as simply as he could, the beauty of the human body and pointed out the charm and loveliness of the pictures, indicated as much as he thought the children could understand of the principles of the various compositions, and in the end met first stubborn silence, then a stiff reiteration: "Nakedy people ought to be 'shame' theirselves."

In a rage, Bill took the books away from them and gave them back their nursery rimes. Then he went downstairs and spoke tragically to Janie. "What have we done to deserve this?" he asked.

And Janie replied, "We are only going through what we made our own parents go through, reversed, Bill. It is just."

"It is damn hard," replied Bill, and Janie assented.

Yet they were good children, and attractive—everyone liked them. Wells was blond and Theodora a fair-skinned brunette with curly hair and melting brown eyes. They were affectionate; they didn't tell lies or indulge in any really pernicious mischief; they were fairly obedient; and except for a very rare tantrum, indeed, they were sweet tempered. No parents could ask for more—no parents save Bill and Janie, and even Bill and Janie were usually content, and even proud.

Once more life ran smoothly and evenly for the Starrs. Bill found a much better job with another agency, and he and Janie began to think seriously about moving back to the city, but the doctor warned them that they could not count on the children's continued good health if they did. So they decided to remain suburbanites a little longer, but they bought a small car—not so common a possession then as now—and this necessitated building a garage; and as the lot next door was for sale, they thought it a good chance to get more land. If they had to live in the suburbs, there was no use in not doing it right!

As one building operation inevitably leads to another, the garage was hardly finished when they felt they must put an addition on the bungalow, thus enlarging the dining room and paving a terrace outside, putting in another bath and a linen closet and other conveniences. So in spite of Bill's better job he needed more money. Unwillingly, loathing the task, he made some sketches for a comic strip, and after a little hawking about, he sold them to a big daily. He called it the Yimpers, and it retailed the adventures of a family of typical suburbanites.

The Yimpers caught on and paid well, and the Starrs began to have real money in the bank and buy a bond now and then or a trifle of gilt-edged common stock. Bill signed the Yimpers with a pseudonym, and no one knew he drew them save Janie and the Sunday editor. Janie hated the Yimpers even more than Bill did, for they left him scant time for adding to the stack of canvases in the bungalow storeroom—canvases regularly sent to every exhibition and as regularly returned—returned, of course, because of the prejudices of the bourgeois committee. It was only a matter of time when art would catch up with Bill and bring him his merited laurels.

When the twins were a little more than nine, Wells began to have a dreadful series of fights. He came home from school almost every day bearing bloody marks of battle, and he reported that many other

no more of this!

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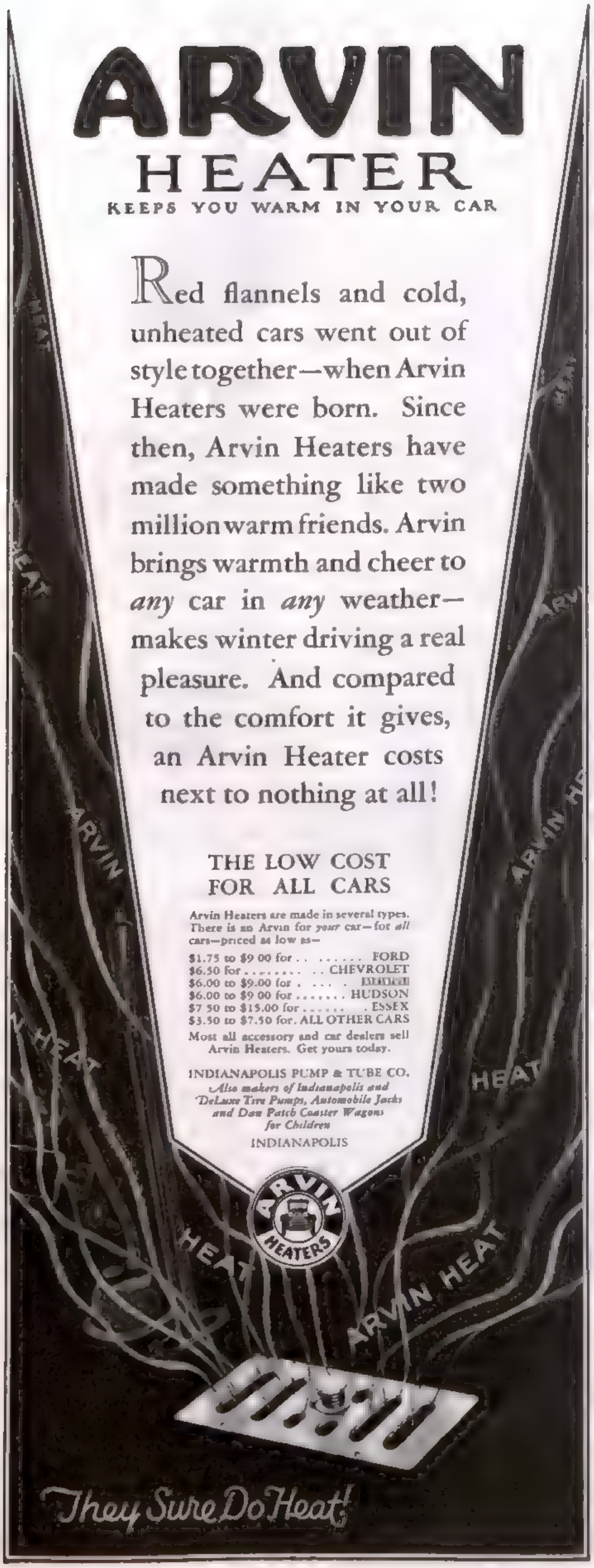

boys bore far worse ones, inflicted by his tough little fists. But he would not tell why he fought so often, so fiercely.

Theodora, however, at last confided to her mother. "It's because of daddy," she said. "The boys call daddy names like Mr. Brush, or Spinach, or Bunch of Lilacs, or Alfalfa; and Wells has to fight to make them stop. He's licked almost every boy in his class now, and he'll have to begin on the higher class next, and I do dread it, mumsy, because he'll be sure to get licked himself."

"Say father and mother, dear, not daddy and mumsy," corrected Janie, as she did regularly a hundred times a day without the least effect. "And why do the boys call father such odd names?"

"It's because of his funny whiskers. None of the other boys' daddies have whiskers, and they think they're ridiculous—and so they are. Mumsy, why don't daddy shave off his whiskers? They're so silly-looking. And why don't he wear clothes that look like other people's? And why don't you?" went on Theodora, her brown eyes all appeal. "Why don't you grow some hair and have dresses like other ladies? It makes me wild to be always explaining to the other girls."

"What do you say in explanation?" asked Janie.

"I say you had typhoid fever and your hair had to be cut off. I read that in a book. And I tell them daddy's too poor to buy you nice dresses and hats."

Janie was bereft of speech. But Theodora was not. She went on:

"It's bad enough to live in such a queer-looking house, with funny furniture, and have such ugly, heavy china"—Janie's cherished Italian pottery—"but if you and daddy looked all right, I wouldn't mind the other things so much. You'd be lots nicer looking than the other girls' mumsies if you had nice dresses and some hair. What's the matter with your hair, mumsy? Won't it ever grow?"

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth," thought Janie, "to have a conventional child!" Aloud she replied, "Of course my hair would grow if I would let it. But long hair is a badge of woman's subserviency."

"What's that?"

"Woman's slavery—woman's subjection to man."

Theodora laughed aloud. "You're just kidding me! If anybody's a slave in this house, mumsy, it's daddy, not you. You order him around all the time. Oh, mumsy, if you would let your hair grow, and get some pretty dresses like other ladies, and if daddy would shave off his awful whiskers and throw away that funny hat, Wells and I wouldn't have to suffer so!"

"You suffer—Theodora, don't use words you don't understand."

"But I do understand! If Wells doesn't suffer with two black eyes in three weeks, and his nose and chin cut, I'd like to know who does. And I suffer too. Girls in my class who don't know you, see me out with you and say, 'That's a funny-looking hired girl your mother's got'; and I have to say, 'That's not the hired girl, that's my mother!' I almost die every time."

Janie flung up her hands. "Go away, Theodora," she begged. "Go study your lessons or something. My head aches. I I must rest."

The truth was she could bear no more. When Bill came home they went into another solemn conclave on the subject of how far parents should sacrifice their own tastes and convictions for the happiness of their children.

"Must I be the slave of a razor because Wells' classmates are ignorant little brutes?" asked Bill indignantly. "Certainly not!"

"But, Bill, suppose our little boy gets terribly injured in some of these fights. Are you going to let him bear the brunt of your wish to wear a beard? He's been defending you with all his strength, and I call it very noble of him, and loyal. But you cannot purchase your whiskers with your son's black eyes and knocked-out teeth—you simply cannot!"

"No—no, I can't. But look here, Theodora doesn't get into fights because of your short hair. So you don't have to let it grow on her account."

"I consider mental suffering as painful as physical, and I know how I'd have felt if anyone had taken my mother for the hired girl. Bill, if you will shave off your whiskers and get a derby hat, I will let my hair grow and buy some horrible stylish clothes.

"But it's all wrong somewhere, Janie and I can't tell where."

"I know. Goodness, my father and mother didn't bother about my childhood agonies! Yet I can't—I can't let my children endure what I did!"

"Your father and mother and mine were of the herd, the crowd, the Philistines. And to think our children should be the same!"

Janie lost her solemnity, her woe. She began to giggle. "You know—it's an awful joke on us, isn't it, Bill?"

Bill grinned too. "It sure is. Well, I'll get shaved tomorrow and buy a sack suit and a derby hat. You won't know me when you see me coming up the walk."

"And I won't get my hair trimmed as I was going to. And I'll shop for a dark blue taffeta—badge of all suburban females—'so useful, my dear!'"

"I hope the little monsters will be satisfied when they see how tame we look."

"I hope so, but I doubt it. They'll think up something else, mark my words. They're Philistines, Bill, as you said. They're born conformists, conservatives, and they've got the well-known disease of all conservatives—they want to make everyone around them exactly like themselves."

"And they're doing pretty well at it," replied Bill grimly.

Janie's prophecy did not immediately come true. For several peaceful years the Starrs once more kept their accepted courses. Then letters from their families brought an urgent appeal that the twins should spend their vacation with them and become acquainted with their relatives. Janie and Bill had never gone home save for flying visits—they were smothered after three days in the ancestral atmosphere. After long debate they decided to let the twins go, and if in their affirmative decision there lurked a desire for a vacation for themselves, they made no open mention of it.

But when Wells and Theodora were safely on the train their parents lost no time in enjoying their freedom. Janie skipped into the city almost every evening and had dinner with Bill; they went to shows and they looked up their old friends, their old haunts. They did not find very many old friends, and those they did find were inclined to congratulate them on having had the courage to break away and go in for success while they were still young enough to enjoy it. These congratulations Bill and Janie accepted in embarrassed silence.

Their old haunts, though somewhat changed and elaborated, retained the same old carefree flavor, and Bill and Janie dipped into it gleefully. If it had not been for the necessity of getting out the daily Yimper, they could have gone much further and done much more. But Janie managed while Bill was Yimpering—to learn batik, just then the newest of the new crafts. She prepared yards and yards of batiked cotton and silk to make new cushions and curtains in the bungalow. It would be a delightful welcome to the twins to find their home all freshly decorated.

The letters that came from the families indicated that the twins were having a hilarious time, and that they were 100 per cent hit with their grandparents, their uncles and cousins and aunts and all the neighbors as well.

"They are such darlings, Bill—I'm terribly homesick for them," breathed Janie longingly.. "Oh, won't it be fine to have them home again, and won't they be delighted to see how perfectly lovely everything looks!"

Bill felt of his bare and shaven chin and made no reply. Whatever misgivings he

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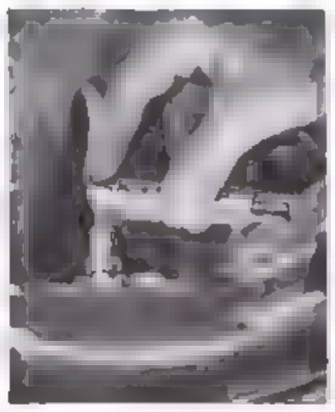

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Housewife: Well, the packers now authorize their members, and only their members, to use this "First Quality" Emblem which distinguishes their Sauerkraut from all others.

Dealer: I am glad to know this. I guess it will be to my interest to buy the brand bearing the Association Emblem hereafter. I know they have done a lot of good in telling people about the health properties of Sauerkraut. And they surely have succeeded for I am selling ten times as much Sauerkraut as I used to.

Housewife: In their recent advertising they explain the purpose of the Emblem—how it insures "First Quality" and safeguards their product against substitution.

Dealer: If they advertise this Emblem brand in the same way they did their other advertising, I know what will happen. I won't be able to sell any Sauerkraut without it. Although I lost a sale this morning, madam, I thank you. The next time you come in I'll have Sauerkraut bearing the Emblem of First Quality.

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had as to the twins' appreciation of Janie's batik he kept to himself. She had gone in for intricate and unusual dyes and did them very well.

The twins came home on schedule, a week before school started and two weeks before their fourteenth birthday. They had grown amazingly; they had actually sprouted up beyond Bill's shoulders, and Bill was a tall man. Not only had their height increased but they seemed far older and more sophisticated than when they went away

Bill and Janie met them at the train, and they all went home in a happy babel of chatter and high spirits. The twins did most of the talking, but their parents wanted to hear them. Just as they reached the bungalow Janie told them that she had a surprise for them, and they rushed in pell-mell to find it.

They stopped stone-still at sight of the batiks and their faces became very grave. Round and round the bungalow they went, looking at every piece of their mother's new handicraft, while Bill and Janie watched them fondly.

At last Theodora halted before her parents and spoke:

"This settles it—we won't have any party on our birthday."

"Why, darling, what do you mean?" asked Janie. "You always have a party on your birthday."

"Well, we're not going to this year. It's been bad enough before, with all the boys and girls pointing at our blue furniture and yellow plates and crazy curtains, and snickering behind your backs; but with this stuff added on, we simply couldn't bear it. Could we, Wells?"

Wells stood nobly by his sister: "No, we couldn't. I don't see why we can't have some shiny furniture and a big fat sofa with plush on it, and nice brown pictures like Sir Galahad and The Stag at Eve—not those awful things daddy paints."

"And a white tablecloth at meals instead of green-and-purple doilies."

"And a gilt clock on the mantelpiece with a horse on top of it."

"And a pretty scarf draped on the piano."

"And a pink lamp shade with bead fringe."

"All summer," finished Theodora passionately, "we've been living in houses that looked like houses—beautiful artistic houses—with elegant furniture just like everybody else's, and it was just too lovely for words, and we had such a good time, and now we come home and find everything freakier than ever."

"Did you say freakier, Theodora?" asked Bill.

"Yes, I did! This house looks like circus freaks, and it always has, and now it's worse than it's ever been. And Wells and I talked about it coming home, and we just hate it, and we're ashamed of it—and I don't see why you have to call me Theodora—great long, dumb, outlandish name—when Dora's a sweet name; and—and why do we have queer crazy things when everybody else can have nice things and a nice home?" She ended in a chaos of reproach, but there was no mistaking her sincerity. Every word she said came from a true sense of outrage.

Of course Bill and Janie knew they were beaten. There wasn't even any sense of starting a war of attrition, because it would be hopeless. Better capitulate now and have it over. The man with a toothache who goes at once to the dentist and spares himself a long preliminary agony is the wise man. The Starrs simply flung themselves upon the interior of the bungalow and repainted, refurnished and re-bric-a-bracked it until it looked exactly like the interiors of all the other bungalows in their suburb. That is, they did over every room except their own.

"I can't stand it in here, Bill," Janie said, "I'm not a strong enough woman."

The rest of the place was done in time for the twins' fourteenth birthday party, which was a magnificent success. Janie, in blue taffeta, and Bill, beardless and wearing a neat sack suit—the derby hat was on an antler rack in the hall—ran the phonograph, engineered the games and finally served salad and sandwiches, ice cream and cake to twenty young people who seemed to be having a ripping good time, though they did keep looking about them questioningly and with patent surprise.

Wells and Theodora were as proud as young peacocks. Their rapture compensated their parents somewhat, though Bill had an awful sinking spell when he heard Wells remark to one of his friends, "Yes, we've got some real art now," indicating the glossy brown prints of mawkish masterpieces which, framed in brown wood with gilded inner line, now adorned the walls of the living room in place of Bill's own highly cubistic sketches. Bill knew, as he never had known before, the zero place his work had in his son's estimation. He never told Janie of the blow.

The elder Starrs were now thoroughly subjugated. No one seeing them would ever have dreamed that these were once the daring young blades of revolt and secession. Janie gave up batik—and other crafts—for gardening, putting up preserves and playing bridge. She edited her garments severely down to the real suburban tone, aided by Theodora's helpful hints. Now and then she even addressed her daughter as Dora! It seemed so useless, so foolish, to struggle against small differences. She was rewarded by Dora's warm affection and complete confidences; and this, Janie felt, was worth much, for Dora was growing up into a bewitching creature, and boys were already beginning to dangle after her. Bill remarked caustically to Janie that she had intended to train Theodora to be a leader of her sex.

"Well, she's a born leader of the other sex," retorted Janie.

It was true. Theodora undoubtedly possessed the come-hither, and knew it. She could do wonders with a side glance from under half-lowered lids, with a shy smile—she was not in the least shy—with an arch tilt of the head. Gawky youths with changing voices and very new long trousers began to ring the doorbell and ask throatily if Miss Dora was at home. Older men joined her when she walked down the street. Some thoughtful male always saved a seat for her on the train in and out of the city when she went to get music lessons. Other males with little two-seater cars always had business at the station about the time Dora's train arrived, so that she never needed to walk home. It was easy to see that Dora enjoyed all this, expected it—nay, with easy unconsciousness, reached out and grabbed it.

As if to even things up, Wells hated girls. He was now a doggedly serious square-faced lad, intent in absorbing every bit of school work which pertained to finance and figures, indifferent toward all that had the least flavor of æsthetics. He was on his way to be a banker, and any bank which young Wells decided to honor with his services might just as well make up its mind that in him it beheld its future president. He followed the financial news with an uncanny astuteness and already was beginning to advise his father about investments.

"I don't suppose he'll ever marry," Janie said to Bill, as they communed over the children in the privacy of their room—the one remnant left of their artistic yearnings.

"Yes, he'll marry," said Bill. "He'll pick out the only child of a man with all the money in the world and go get her in his firm, determined, efficient way. There'll be no romance in it, but it'll be a corking business deal."

"Don't talk that way about our child!" cried Janie. "It frightens me!"

"Janie, I sometimes wonder if they are our children. No, that's not strong enough. I know they are not our children. Physically, yes; but so far as their hearts and souls and minds go, they're as alien to us as if they were born in another world. They have no understanding of us, no sympathy with us. Nor, if we will be perfectly honest, have we with them. Outside the regulation paternal and maternal affection which we feel for them, they're strangers to us. I love them, but they bore me sick. I resent the way in which we've been obliged to kotow to them. They love us, but we bore them sick. They resent the high-binder methods they've been obliged to use on us."

Janie meditated on this for some moments. "Yes, it's true," she said, sighing. "And I dare say lots of parents are more or less in the same boat."

"Hundreds and thousands."

"And, Bill, I've got something to tell you." She dropped her voice—whispered it: "Bill, they perfectly adore the Yimpers. If they knew you drew them, I am quite sure you'd go up awfully in their estimation."

Bill waved desperate hands. "Don't dare to let them know! That secret is my one last shred of self-respect. I shaved off my beard, I discarded my comfortable and individual clothes, I submitted to the hideous redecoration of my home, but I will not have my children know that I draw the Yimpers. I do not want to go up in their estimation that way. I look forward passionately to the day when I can chuck the Yimper contract in the wastebasket. The time will come yet, Janie, when we will once more be free to lead our own lives—and it is not so far away."

"Why, Bill—why, Bill, darling—oh, you get me all excited! What—when ——"

"Parents," enunciated Bill—"parents are free to live their own lives as soon as their children are grown up and self-supporting. I've figured it all out. Dora—I mean Theodora is headed straight for early matrimony. Wells is off to a school of business in a few more years. Then, Janie—then ——"

"—— we'll revert to type!" she cried ecstatically. "Oh, it's too wonderful, too heavenly! It's far, far too good to be true!"

"No, it isn't. You just wait a while and see."

"But won't they—won't they be angry if we do revert?"

"A little, maybe, but it won't be serious. We'll no longer be a unit, don't you see? They'll have caromed away from us and established units of their own. Those units will be their chief preoccupation, not the former one in which we participated."

"Well," said Janie, looking in the mirror, "the first thing I do will be to cut off my hair again. And here's a funny thing, Bill: I hear that lots of smart Frenchwomen are doing it—it's the newest of new styles."

"Don't follow it too soon, if you value peace in our unit," warned Bill; and then, his eye brightening: "But when you do get round to it, I'm going to let my beard grow again."

They clasped hands in expectant wordless transport.

Plans which include the younger generation so seldom turn out as originally made that it is agreeable to record the absolute exactness of those formed by the elder Starrs. Theodora, at eighteen, was led to the altar by the most eligible young man of her acquaintance. She made a bewitching bride, and both families came on *en bloc* for the event and surrounded the ceremony with that imposing stately quality which only elderly male relatives with silk hats and walrus mustaches and elderly female relatives with towering ostrich feathers and glittering diamond brooches can impart. There were eight bridesmaids in pink dresses with pink-rose bouquets, a maid of honor in pale blue, with tea roses, and Theodora herself all white satin and misty veil, white orchids and lilies of the valley. There were eight correct, slim, slick-haired ushers, and Wells looming large and solid for best man. There was a big reception afterward which filled the bungalow and overflowed into the garden. Every detail of the regulation June wedding was there,

(Continued on Page 107)

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EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 104

nothing correct and conventional was overlooked.

Janie and Bill tried to behave in the subdued, harassed manner common to brides' parents, but it was difficult. Now and then they exchanged rollicking glances that were wholly out of place. More than one guest remarked how pleased and happy sweet little Dora's daddy and mumsy seemed to be, how well they bore up under the loss of such a ray of perfect sunshine from their home. And someone would invariably add, "And Wells too—he's going to take a position in a bank this summer and go to business school in the fall; so he won't be at home any more either." The consensus of opinion was that Janie and Bill were dear brave creatures.

Just as the bride and groom were leaving to take the train Bill slipped an envelope in his daughter's hand. "A present from your mother and me, lovey," he said. It was the deed to the bungalow, its furnishings, the garden, and even Ardelia's niece!

And when the last member of the family had been shepherded to the train, and the bungalow had been cleared of the last scrap of confetti and grain of rice, a moving van drew up before it, and Janie and Bill assisted the men to put into it the contents of their own room—nothing more. They kissed Ardelia's niece good-by and they trekked gloriously to the Village.

And there you may find them at the present moment. Janie has a most becoming boyish bob, Bill's whiskers are as refulgent as of yore. The blue taffetas have gone, so have the sack suits. The Starrs have a snappy studio apartment, and Janie dabbles expertly with the crafts and Bill paints wild pictures—he has had two successful exhibitions, for they discovered at once that the procession had caught up with them; and all their youthful wildnesses, once regarded as so outrageously advanced, are now accepted as exactly, deliciously the thing. The Yimpers have disappeared forever.

Even as Bill had prophesied, Wells and Theodora are so intent on their own lives that they regard their parents' eccentricities with indulgent detachment. Besides, they find a certain value in a father and mother who are constantly being acclaimed in art periodicals as distinguished persons. Wells has finished business school and is doggedly climbing upward in one of the city's largest banking houses.

Theodora actually bobbed her hair before her first baby was born. The bob was so much the fashion she could not ignore it. Her act may have had some prenatal influence on the child, a boy, for when Janie went to see the new arrival she found him howling madly in a little blue-and-white frilly crib.

"I don't know what's the matter with him," said Theodora. "He cries all the time. He's perfectly well, but the nurse says he's the crossest baby she ever saw. What do you think, mumsy?"

Janie regarded the squalling infant and with a flash of intuition she knew! She lifted him from the characterless blue-and-white fluff where he lay and laid him on her own scarf, one she had tied and dyed in brilliant orange, scarlet, green and black. It was magical. Instantly he subsided, made gurgling sounds of content and peace.

Janie smiled. "He takes after Bill and me," she said softly. "He's going to be an artist. Ah, Theodora, you're in for it just as we were—your discipline has begun."

A VISIT TO THE FAMILY

(Continued from Page 17)

second-best guest room. This was a splendid chance for me, as Aunt Lily gave the most sumptuous teas in Buffalo. On these occasions the entire ground floor of the house was darkened at 3:30 in the afternoon, candles were lit, and in the dimness the ladies, receiving and "pouring," moved graciously about in full evening dress. Here I would inevitably meet the mothers of practically all the eligible young men in town. And if I passed their critical inspection invitations to dinners, dances and theater parties would follow, with desirable results. It was mostly a question of time.

But the visit did not last long. Aunt Ella had been glad to be rid of me on account of my unpleasant addiction to cold cream. But Aunt Lily had a deeper reason. It was in her house that I caught my first really ardent admirer, who, most unfortunately, happened to be Uncle Edward. Perhaps this is an incident over which a veil had best be drawn. Not a thin black-and-white malines veil such as I wore with the gray velveteen suit, but a heavy impenetrable mourning veil.

Suffice to say that while I was most certainly innocent of so much as winking the other eye at Uncle Edward, Uncle Ed suddenly took to staying at home in the evening—an almost unprecedented occurrence—and at once I found myself the center of curious looks on the part of my aunts. There was nothing definite, but I was made to feel hideously guilty. Quite properly Uncle Edward, a male, was held blameless. If a man who had no right to took undue interest in a girl, why, there simply must be something not quite nice about her, no matter how virtuous her conduct. In the face of this dreadfully delicate situation Uncle Henry as usual arose to the occasion and asked me to move over to his house right away.

This was at once a triumph and a reprimand, for Uncle Henry was the head of the family. He had the biggest house of any of my relatives—even bigger than those of my most successful aunts. Whenever anything went wrong in any branch of the family, Uncle Henry was instantly referred to in the matter, and his judgment accepted as final. Being asked to stay at his house was a little like being unexpectedly invited for a week-end with the Almighty. I was more afraid of him than I was of my own conscience, and I fully realized that his decision meant that "something simply must be done about that dangerous girl of Elinor's."

At any rate I moved over to the sumptuous mansion which the local photographer had so objectionably put on his post-card views of the city, and at last a real opportunity to accomplish my womanly object in life presented itself, for my uncle had a daughter of my own age—a daughter with young friends, for whom balls and parties were constantly given, and in which festivities I would now be magnanimously permitted to participate.

There was an air of pomp and luxury about the splendid mansion where I now shared a gorgeous new double bed with my Cousin Gracie. Her whole room, in fact, was just too cutie, being done in bird's-eye maple and pale pink wall paper covered with daisies. Her bureau was one mass of german favors, and the gas bracket beside it bore an enviable collection of old violet ribbons and dance cards, irrefutable evidence of her popularity. She had Yale and Princeton banners on the walls, and a pair of cuff links for her shirt waists made of four bona fide cadet buttons from West Point uniforms. The photographs of several football men seated on fragments of the Yale Fence stood upon her bureau, appropriately framed in solid silver from souvenirs. The bedspread was of real lace over pink, and worthily adorned that gorgeous affair of elaborate brass in the latest style. It was an ideal room for a young girl. Gracie certainly had everything she wanted, including six pairs of all-silk stockings for evening wear, and pink baby ribbon to run in the beading of her corset covers, instead of the usual washable tape.

She was a very self-assured young woman, rather blasé, so she informed me—having

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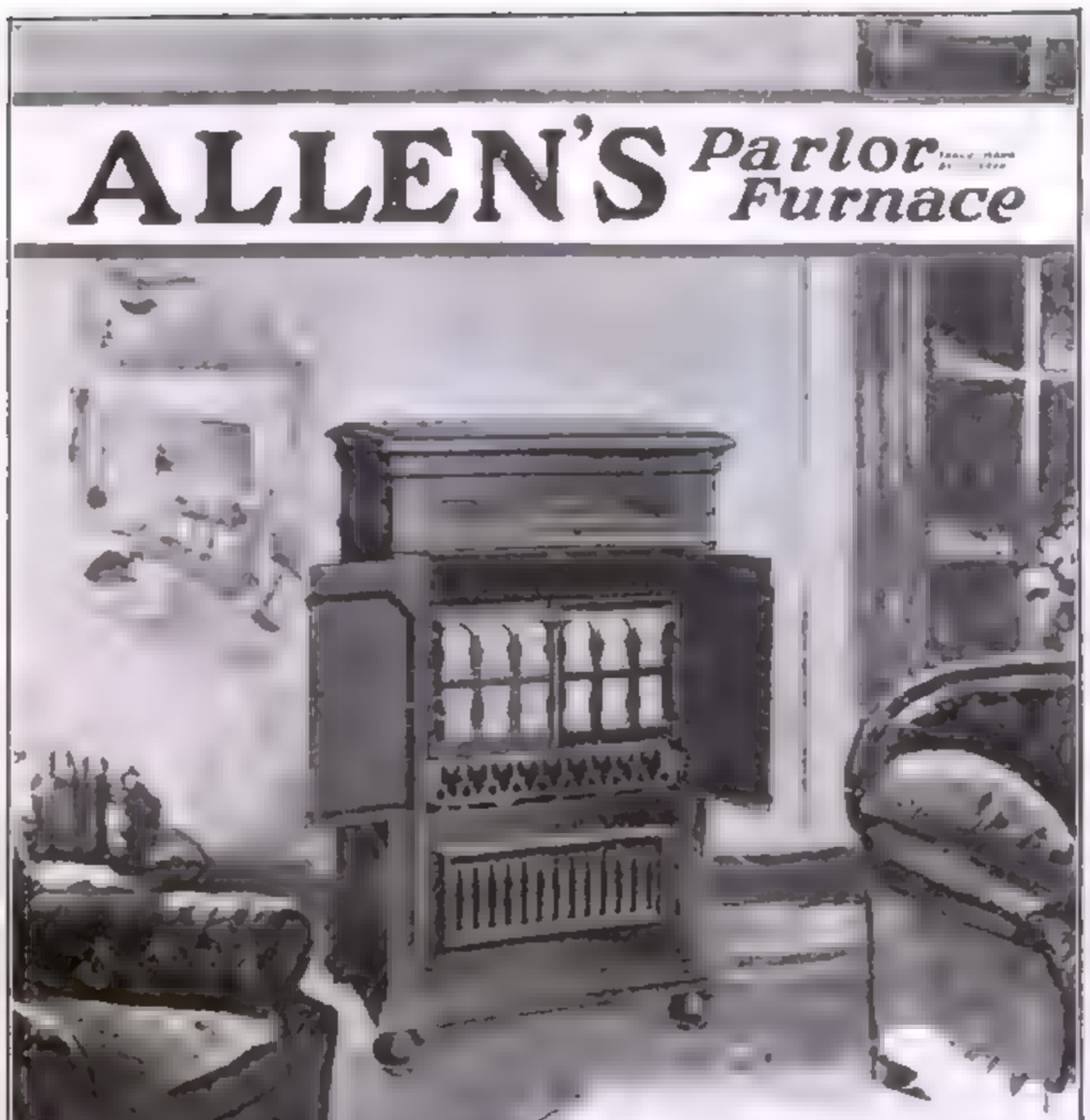

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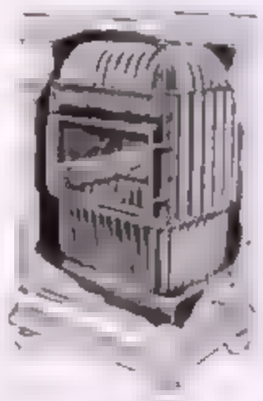

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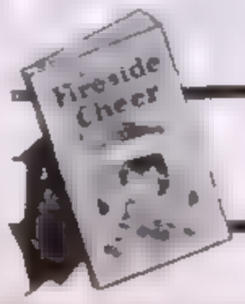

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seen pretty nearly everything, including the Eiffel Tower. She did not in the least mind my moving in. Her own marriage, as an heiress of no mean importance, was inevitably a mere matter of picking and choosing, so I could not possibly be a rival, even though she gave me every unbecoming hat she owned. In fact, I was a welcome addition to the household. She could boast to me about her triumphs and enjoy my visible amazement at her boredoms. She was a regular Gibson Girl type, and practically every boy on the bureau was in love with her.

"That's Charlie Chase," she said the first night as we were brushing out our long hair and rolling our artificial puffs—of which we each wore twelve—into tidy sausages which could be pinned on quickly next morning. I wore one hundred and five hairpins and Gracie only ninety-two—my one point of superiority. Anyway: "That's Charlie; he's center on the freshman team. And he's simply dippy over me! He's a pippin, too: an absolute corker. But I always keep him from popping, because I don't want to be actually engaged to him, and if I let him really say anything I'd simply have to tell him to skidoo!"

"Ha-ha! twenty-three for him!" I said appreciatively. "I think he's an awful good-looker, though."

"He asked me once what I really thought about love."

"What did you say?"

"That I thought it was the greatest thing in the world. He said he did too. We are both dotty about the moon and football and Yale. We have lots in common," said Gracie, seriously winding her front hair around her kid curlers.

"When I marry I'm never going to let my husband see me with curlers on," from me.

"Then how in the world are you going to keep your hair looking snappy? I do think snappiness means everything in a woman."

"Then I'll wear lace over my head at night."

"I don't think that would be quite nice. It sounds rather swift."

"A true woman ought to do everything in the world to keep her husband's love," I said indignantly. "It's her own fault if she loses it."

"I think so too," said Cousin Gracie. "I suppose I will get married sometime. In fact, I have the house all planned. I'm going to have it done in the new Mission furniture with big morris chairs and lots of Tiffany glass. And my bridesmaids are going to wear green. You can be one if you like."

"Oh, I'd love to! You're a peach, Gracie!" I said gratefully. "Will you carry carnations or lilies?"

"Real orange blossoms," said Gracie firmly. "Father has a grove in Florida, you know." Then suddenly, after a silence: "Nina, did you ever sit in a boy's lap?"

The stark immodesty of the question struck me dumb for a moment. But I had been dying to confess on this very subject.

"Gracie," I said solemnly, "will you promise on your word of honor not to tell a soul?" She nodded unsmilingly. "Well, then, I have!"

"Tell me, and then I'll tell you something, too," she coaxed.

"It was a young tutor over at the Richards'," I began. "We were terribly in love, but of course we couldn't marry because we had no money. I pointed this right out to him before he had a chance to propose. I wanted him to know at once that I fully realized our hopeless situation. Then one evening in the hammock ——"

"I understand," said Gracie. "I have one of these hidden tragedies in my own life. He is one of father's clerks. He kissed me too."

"Did you like it?"

"Not a great deal," said Gracie virtuously. "Besides, I don't think of that side of it. I am merely interested in the house and establishing the right kind of a home."

"They say that love comes after marriage," rather wistfully from me.

"Well, we will both have our tragedies to look back upon after we have made suitable matches," said Gracie, buttoning her cambric nightgown up to her slim white throat. "That's some comfort!" And she turned out the gas, leaving us to sleep upon the new pact of intimacy which this frank talk had engendered.

Of course it was only right that every girl should earn her way, on a visit like this, in some fashion or another, and I was well aware that such was expected of me. But for a long time I was at a loss to discover what my contribution might be. I was superlative at the eight o'clock breakfast, which was compulsory no matter even if Gracie and I had been up as late as twelve or one o'clock the night before. It was my Uncle Henry's invariable custom to appear at the heavily appointed breakfast board and Gracie's duty to be there first, fresh and bright, to pour his coffee. My duty was merely to be there on time. My Aunt Eunice, Gracie's mother, breakfasted in bed, a weakness which the family ignored in view of her other virtues.

I should have been, and longed to be, an asset at the card table. This would have pleased my Aunt Eunice, who even went so far as to employ a gentleman to teach me the rudiments of a new form of whist called bridge. But even at five dollars an hour a card sense could not be developed in me, and it was not until the discovery of my small talent for playing ragtime on the piano and singing coon songs in a comical manner that I felt I was contributing anything at all to the social aspect of the ménage.

It was doubtful talent, at that, but it served to enliven the evenings, and at length it brought Harry Schuchard into my life. To be sure, Harry was not exactly what I would have chosen for a beau, but he was what I got. Of the somewhat slim collection of young men who frequented my Uncle Henry's decorous drawing-room and ate his ten-course dinners, to say nothing of drinking his heavy wines, Schuchard was the only one not definitely annexed by Gracie, and the reason was not far to seek. If a fat six-months-old baby could have suddenly attained the height of six foot one, very little difference between it and Harry would have been noticeable, except that Schuchard had a faint excuse for a mustache on his upper lip. Above his vast beaming pink face his bright curls nodded sweetly and his peg-topped pants made his center girth a thing to marvel at. But, as he often bragged, he was light on his feet, and he loved to sing in a tightly pinched tenor voice. Five minutes after we were introduced we were at the piano, he leaning over me with all the grace of a young hippopotamus while I tickled the ivories and stepped on the loud pedal, and gazing upon me with tender merriment he implored:

"Won't you come home, Bill Bailey?
Won't you come home?
I knows Ah done you wrong!
Ain't it a shame?
Ah knows I'm to blame;
Billy Bailey, won't you please come home?"

My soul yearned for Chopin, whom I could not play, but any music was better than none, and this was the first really appreciative audience I'd had. I smiled a rapture that was not wholly inspired by Mr. Schuchard, but Mr. Schuchard took it unto himself and bellowed anew:

"What's the matter with Heinz?
He's been to fifty-seven saloons,
And Heinz is pickled again!"

Our repertoire was gay, if not classical. Long after the rest of Gracie's crowd had wearied of our melodies Schuchard would sing on and on, his face getting redder and redder, but his enthusiasm unfailing:

"Just because she made them goo-goo eyes
He thought he'd won a home and copped a prize,
He said, 'You are a wiz
And I need you in my biz'—
Just because she made them goo-goo eyes!"

(Continued on Page 110)

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Portland, Ore., 125 Tenth St., North
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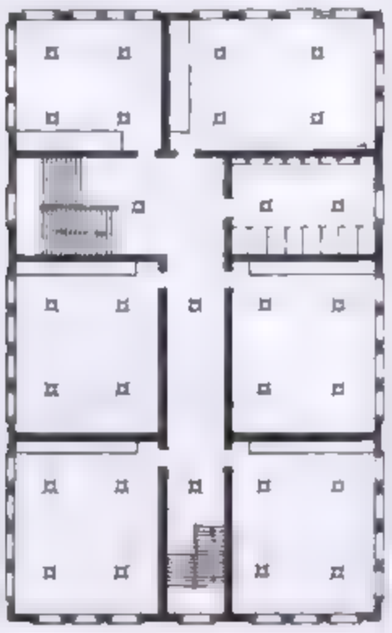

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(Continued from Page 108)

It went on and on. My fingers grew weary on the keyboard, and my smile automatic, but I persisted in my bright willingness to play. I had reached the desperate stage in my visit where I felt that if I had to go back and report to mother that I had landed no one I would die of mortification. To avoid this disaster was worth any amount of piano playing. And night after night Schuchard came back for more.

True, when our repertoire had been exhausted several times over, he did not seem to have much to say to me. Generally he would wipe his red face and wonder if the others were having something to eat. My heart fell slightly at such a moment, but I would brightly exclaim, "Let's buttinski and see," and we would join the argumentative bridge players at the other end of the house. Still, I was not completely failing, by any means. It was apparent that Schuchard considered me some baby doll, and it really began to look as if I might have the opportunity of acting as his accompanist for the rest of my life. Consequently I began to feel around clumsily to determine his general desirability as a husband.

I had no one to guide me in this. At least, I did not dare to come right out and ask. Shyness held me back, and naturally none of my aunts would have done anything so indelicate as to discuss his prospects frankly. But no objections were raised to his attentions, which had by now even gone to the lengths of his bringing me a large box of candy, which he at once devoured himself. I knew that his family had money, and one of my aunts had married a cousin of his, which augured well. I was not one scrap in love with him, but at least I wouldn't die an old maid if he could be trapped.

The prospects looked bright. We were on first-name terms now, and he indulged in slight familiarities such as tapping me on the shoulder after an especially good song. I even wrote a note about him to mother, and received an enthusiastic reply. Around me, the family feeling was more cordial, and from the strongholds of respectability and success along Delaware Avenue, there emanated a warmer welcome than before. Aunt Daisy's diamond beetle, presented on the birth of the fourth child, heaved charitably. I seemed in a fair way to be taken into the fold in a most creditable manner. And then I brought hideous disaster upon myself.

When Harry Schuchard first suggested it I knew I should have refused firmly. I knew all along it was wrong, and I offer no excuse except that I had been led to believe that a girl should always do what a man wants if she possibly can, without losing his respect, of course. But even so, I blame myself to this day for what occurred.

One evening when we had sung all the old tunes for the millionth time Harry had a bright idea.

"What say we make a sneak to the matinée tomorrow?" he said. "Just you and I. Weber and Fields are in town and it's quite some show, I know. I always see them. And the tunes are corking. They'll have the very latest coon songs, and the dancing hot stuff!"

"Oh, but, Harry—without a chaperon?" I said, pleased by this mark of his interest, but at a loss in such an unprecedented situation. "And Weber and Fields—but isn't that a burlesque show?"

"You bet your bottom dollar it is!" said Harry. "And a whale of a show too! Come on! Don't be a wet blanket—be a sport! Say you'll meet me at the corner right after lunch, and we'll have a corking good time! What's the harm?"

It was a terrible moment. If I said no I might lose him forever. He would think me a prune. If I accepted, what sort of a girl would he think me? Even as I trembled in the balance the rest of the crowd came in, and he had only time to slip me the wink, which somehow seemed to make the decision in his favor.

I could scarcely sleep that night for thinking of my guilty secret. And the next day when I met him I was so nervous and upset that I could only giggle aimlessly in reply to his remarks. Once inside the theater, however, I began to forget my fears in the delights of that inimitable performance. To see Fields hit Weber in the face was to behold one of the great artistic accomplishments of the century. The music, the lights, the dancing were a melange of delight punctuated brightly with the beauty of Lillian Russell and the graceful humor of Fay Templeton. I was in a maze of pleasure and amazement, for I had never seen such a presentation before, and the only mar to my happiness was my pity for the chorus girls.

"Oh, Harry!" I whispered tremulously as a blithe row of beauties scantily clad in polka-dotted knickerbockers tripped across the stage to the chorus of Rosey, You are My Posy. "Oh, Harry, isn't it just terrible to think that women should be forced to show themselves half clad that way in the public gaze for money."

But Harry consoled me from his superior masculine knowledge. He didn't seem to think they minded much. And the performance drew on to a glorious, gay finale, the happiness of which crashed about me with the final clanging of the orchestra, for whom should I perceive only three rows ahead of me but Uncle Henry, the esteemed head of the family!

There was a ghastly moment when he saw me and I caught the shocked expression on his face. I felt like thirty cents. Harry saw him at the same time that I did, and he gave my arm a nudge.

"Jiminy crickets!" he said. "We'd better mosey along, pronto!"

I nodded an agonized assent and we left the theater with all possible haste. Harry left me a block from the house.

"I hope they don't jump on you for this," he said. "Gee whiz, a person needs a little lark once in a while!" and then he vanished hastily around the corner. Twenty-four hours later I was in my mother's apartment, wearing my sateen-lined velveteen suit and my now noticeably soiled white mouflon fur—a veritable symbol, so it seemed, of my disgrace. And I was sobbing violently on the best gilt sofa.

"You know, you certainly know better than to have gone without a chaperon!" said mother indignantly. "And to a burlesque show, of all places! Don't you realize that no respectable person would have gone there?"

"Uncle Henry was there!" I retorted in feeble defense.

"That's entirely different!" snapped my mother. "Your Uncle Henry is a man! Men can do these things; ladies cannot! There is only one way in which I can be made to believe that young Schuchard meant no disrespect in tempting you to do such a thing!"

I had no need to ask what she meant. And for a week I agonizedly expected the box of American Beauties and the written offer of marriage which would redeem us both. But none came. And one afternoon mother caught me lying in my darkened chamber, crying softly and steadily. She came to me in instant anxiety.

"Why, Nina! What is the matter, daughter?"

"Oh, mother, mother," I burst out wildly, "I am such a hopeless failure! I can't seem to get anybody to marry me and I am so ashamed! I don't even want to get married! I don't love anybody! But I know you want me to, that I am a disgrace to you, not even engaged, like this, way into my second season! And I know you don't think I try, but I do—honestly, I do! I wish I was dead, I'm so miserable over it all!"

Instantly mother's soft arms were around me and she was cooing as if I had been a baby. Oh, the heavenly comfort of it!

"There, there, little girl!" she said. "Why, I never dreamed you were taking it so to heart. Don't fret any more now. Just forget the horrid old men. I don't want my little daughter to marry unless she falls in love and can be happy. Forgive your old mother if she has made you feel unwelcome in your own home. Don't fear, my darling. I will never mention such a thing again."

Forgive her! Forgive an angel of light? My secret burden fell from me like an old mantle as I sat up, smiling and sniffling, while mother pulled the curtains back and rang for a hot cup of Pinkerham's Home Compound, our favorite remedy for female hysteria. And when Hannah, the general houseworker, appeared with it, she at the same time brought a note which had just been delivered by hand. As I sipped the hot, spicy, slightly sickening beverage, mother opened her letter and read it carefully, a pleased smile spreading over her face as she gathered the contents.

"Why, it's from Mrs. Hopby-Jones," she said at length. "She's giving a large tea on the twenty-fifth and she wants you to pour. You can wear that lovely lace evening gown that Gracie passed on to you, my dear—and her son Arthur is home for the holidays."

Full of gratitude to mother, I sprang up with a smile and embraced her. Not a word was said, but we both understood that here was my opportunity to redeem myself and prove that I was not an utter failure after all.

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SEVENTH 'LEVEN

Continued from Page 23

"Then you take nothin'," snapped Percy Yeast. "'Cause I fades one hund'ed."

"I take the same," grated Keefe Gaines.

"Opus, how 'bout you?"

"I fades fifty-six. Shoot!"

"Man, don't be so unpatient to see yo' filthy lucretia git away. I shoots in plenty of time. Now, I asks you, boys: How does you prefer yo' agony—brief or drawed out?"

"Oh, fo' the love of tripe, shoot!"

"Done with you. Li'l' boxes, tell 'em who yo' papa is. An' it's a six! Six is my point. Sixty miles fum nowhere an' travelin' fast. I picks up the dice so, I flings 'em thuswise, an' yonder is the four-deuce which makes me rich. Gemmun, I shoots you all of that five hund'ed an' twelve dollars!"

The men were trembling. One dollar had pyramided to five hundred and twelve. It was an amazing thing. They knew that Pernicious was due to fall off. Semore Mashby fingered a huge roll of bills. The others were through and frankly admitted as much.

"Fades th'ee hund'ed," choked Semore. Then, in a pleading voice: "You cain't keep on winnin'."

"What a terrible accident is fixin' to happen to you, Semore. Th'ee hund'ed is chicken foods, but I assepts. Anybody else yearn fo' a dose of poison? No. All right, Semore, flop yo' th'ee hund'ed an' kiss it bye-bye, 'cause ——" He shook, rattled and rolled. There was a gasp and a chorus of exclamations:

"Seven!"

Pernicious beamed beatifically upon the multitude.

"Misfortunate fellers, bask yo' eyes on the worl's champeen dice flinger. Eight hund'ed an' twelve dollars he gits fum one measly buck. Some day when you'all learn to gallop them bones, look me up. Ise gwine be residin' in a hotel soot eatin' hearty an' smellin' roses."

He placed his hand over his belt buckle, bowed profoundly and left the room. The barren crowd of ex-players stared at the mute panels of the door. Then, utterly forlorn, Director Julius Cæsar Clump slipped into his coat and moved away.

"Ise gwine to Lawyer Evans Chew's dance," he said gloomily. "Over there I can listen to the music cheap an' eat free."

He was a sad and miserable man as he walked southward to the Chew mansion. Half a block distant he heard the jazz music. His advent was hailed with shouts of joy, and Florian Slappey, radiant with pep, descended upon him in a cloud.

"'Lo, fun'ral face. Where you come fum?"

"I come fum mis'ry land an' I ain't never gwine back. My gosh, Florian, you oughter see how hahd luck stepped right in the middle of my face."

"How come?"

"It was that dawg-bitted Pernicious Smith ——"

The smile left Florian's face and a light of keen interest appeared. For the first time since leaving the noisome little room he remembered the modest stake he had loaned Mr. Smith

"What 'bout that big hunk of tripe, Cæsar?"

"You woul'n't never hahdly believe it, Florian, but that guy started off with one dollar an' before he quit shootin', us was all stripped."

"Says which?"

"Says stripped. We coul'n't raise a dime amongst us."

Mr. Slappey clutched his arm feverishly. "H-h-h-how much did he win?"

"Eight hund'ed an' twelve dollars. Cash!"

The temporary quiet of the improvised ballroom was split by a strident howl. Mr. Slappey, dignity and poise forgotten, leaped across the floor and mounted to the little platform on which the musicians sat.

"Men an' ladies," he yelled, "gimme ear! Tonight my good frien', Mistuh Pernicious Smith, trimmed these amachoor dice shooters fo' eight hund'ed an' twelve dollars. Folks, I rise to make the 'nouncement that half of that is mine, on account I loaned him the dollar he started with an' I an' him agreed to split fifty-fifty. Now, folks, fo' a long time I has been asseptin' hospitality fum whoever had some to spare an' I proposes to discharge all my obligations. So I asts you, how 'bout ev'ybody comin' to a swell feed an' dance which I is gwine give with my fo' hund'ed an' six dollars next Chuesday night at the lodge rooms of the Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise?"

There was a broadside of applause. And thereafter the room buzzed with comment on Pernicious Smith's amazing luck and Florian's superlative generosity. Mr. Slappey himself became the center of interest. He was patted on the back and he talked long and loudly of the fixings and trimmings which his party was going to have. He promised lavishly, and before the Chew affair terminated the guests were singing the praises of the to-be perfect host.

The following morning Florian hied to the ramshackle house where Pernicious Smith had been boarding. The large person was gone and his landlady informed Mr. Slappey that he had presented her with his trunk and wardrobe.

"Said he was gwine reside pummanent at Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel fo' Cullud," she sniffed. "'Ziff my place ain't good enough fo' him!"

Having much time on his hands, Florian visited a caterer and paid an advance on the Tuesday-night refreshments. Then he conferred with Professor Aleck Champagne and laid out a deposit on the cost of the orchestra. After that he called upon Isaac Gethers, Grand Magnificent High Potentate of the Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise, and gave his check for the rental of the lodge rooms for one night. Everyone he met showered him with congratulations, and he felt that he was a very great man indeed

About noon he stopped in at Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, where he ordered coffee, Brunswick stew and deep-dish apple pie. Friends clustered about him.

And then, into the smoky haze of the pool room strolled the gargantuan Pernicious Smith.

Mr. Smith was garbed in a manner which would have made any green bay tree blush with shame. From head to heels he scintillated with new and startling raiment. Florian rose eagerly and walked to meet him.

"Well, if it ain't ol' Greases hisse'f! Congratulations, Brother Smith Fum the bottom of my heart I exten's mos' hearty felicitudes"

"Thank you, Florian," murmured Pernicious.

"I's sho put it across, di'n't we?"

"I suttinly did" Pernicious drew a deep breath. "An now, Brother Slappey, I has a triflin' matter of finance to settle with you"

"Ain't you tootin'"

"Las' night you loaned me a dollar." Mr. Smith produced a round silver piece from his pocket and extended it to Mr. Slappey. "Yonder it is, Florian"

Mr Slappey grinned as he tucked the dollar away. "Ain t you a humorous guy, Pernicious? What else does I git?"

Mr Smith gazed vacantly over Florian's head. "You gits my deep an' hotfelt thanks, Florian. An' now, Ise got to be goin', on account "

"Hey! Wait a minute!" Stark panic struck at Florian's heart. All about him was silence a silence almost audible "You is foolin' with me, big boy"

"I never fools with nobody."

"Now listen, Pernicious You win eight hund'ed an' twelve dollars las' night, di'n't you?"

"'Bout that."

"Well, you owe me fo' hund'ed an' six!"

Mr. Smith allowed his eyes to rest on Florian's tense face. His voice came sharply.

"What sort of foolishment is you utterin' with yo' mouf, Mistuh Slappey?"

"Us was partners, Pernicious, an' you know it. I staked you with that dollar—I didn't loaned it to you. An' half of what you got is mine."

Mr. Smith backed toward the door. His heavy lips curled into a sneer and he flung a remark at the startled little man.

"Try an' git it!" invited Pernicious.

Florian was suffused by the white heat of anger. He was trembling violently and his puny fists were clenched.

"That, Pernicious," he said with considerable dignity, "is the one thing I ain't goin' to do nothin' else but!"

Pernicious vanished into the noonday air. Florian stood like a statue. Stricken as he was, every iota of his fighting spirit had been aroused. In the capacious pockets of Mr. Smith's elegant new clothes were four hundred and six dollars which belonged to Florian. Worse than that, Mr. Slappey had definitely obligated himself to spend that amount in entertaining his colored friends.

But the ultimate cut lay in the fact that his discomfiture had been effected in the presence of Bud Peaglar's pool customers. Within a half hour, Florian knew, every colored person of consequence in Birmingham would have the details of the scene. The eyes of the whole city would be turned upon him. Mr. Slappey knew that he was facing one of the most grave and ticklish crises of his eventful career.

Would he welsh on his dinner dance? Would he permit Pernicious Smith to get away with such an affront? What would he do? Mr. Slappey blinked, as though the effort of looking was painful. He made a single terse comment to his friends.

"That big hunk of side meat is sho gwine be sorry," he prophesied, "an' I don't mean maybe."

The gage of battle had been flung down. Word was duly carried to Pernicious Smith and that pugnacious person merely gave a broad, gold-toothed smile.

"Shuh! Him? Why, he ain't on'y two bits less than nothin'. Does he fool 'roun' me, I takes him between my fingers—so—an' squshes him—so!"

Mr. Slappey went his way. But he was not the carefree radiant person that his friends were accustomed to. His face was drawn and stern, his tread firm and his eyes fixed on the future. Those intimates who tried to console with him were met by a frigid reserve.

"Ain't no feller gwine git away with such as that," he said bleakly. "One of these days ——"

"What, Florian? He's too big fo' you."

"Oh! I ain't cravin' to wrastle with him. He gives me a pain anyhow—goin' 'roun' like he was a real dice shooter. Why, what that feller don't know about craps would ——"

"Hush yo' mouf, slim boy! Any man which takes one dollar an' runs it into eight hund'ed ——"

"Luck. Hawss luck. One of these days he's gwine tie up with a real crappist—like me."

Pernicious Smith heard of Florian's threats. He immediately went in search of Mr. Slappey and located that gentleman draped around a lamp-post near the Penny Prudential Bank Building on Eighteenth Street.

Pernicious had always considered himself an expert cajoler of dice, and the happenings of the immediate past had done nothing to lessen his confidence in himself He posed before Florian and spoke loudly, for the edification of those within earshot

"They tells me you says I ain't no crap shooter, Florian."

"You ain't."

"No-o. With that dollar you loaned me I ——"

"Didn't loan you no dollar. It was my dollar, an' half of what you won is mine. If I ever gits a chance ——"

"Now listen, small bit. You sholy don't think you could win that off me in a dice game, do you?"

"Tha's the most thing I b'lieve—pervided you woul'n't pike when us started playin'."

"I ain't no piker. An' does I understan' that you craves to shoot me some dices?"

"That's the fondest thing I could be of."

"Then, le's go."

Florian shook his head. "Not now, Pernicious. But I tell you what Ise willin' to do. S'posin' you come to my party Chuseday night at the Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise hall. I promises you a good time, an' later in the evenin' us can git together. By that time I has plenty of money to trim you with."

Mr. Smith expressed himself as being delighted. Darktown buzzed. The consensus of opinion was that Florian had bitten off for himself an amazingly large slice—far too large for him to masticate with comfort. But Florian seemed more blithe. He went around whistling and making happy preparations for his expensive evening as host.

So it was that Tuesday night found dusky Birmingham present en masse. There was the reek of drama in the air, in addition to the certainty of a very good time. Everyone of note was there: Lawyer and Mrs. Evans Chew, Director Clump and his wife Sicily, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Boscoe Fizz, Opus Randall, Welford Potts, Keefe Gaines, Percy Yeast, Dr. and Mrs. Lijah Atcherson, Semore Mashby, Epic Peters, Jasper De Void. They flocked into the ballroom and proceeded to trip the light fantastic with gusto and abandon.

Pernicious came late, but plentifully. He was bedecked in full evening dress—the outfit having been rented from Yeast & Sneed's Tailoring Emporium. His advent occasioned a gasp. No question now that the great contest was to be held. Florian Slappey, the perfect host, came forward to greet his guest of honor.

"Mistuh Smith," he said gently, "you don't know how much happiness you brings me. I thought you was gwine git scart an' stay away."

"Scart of you? Don't make me laugh."

"I ain't aimin' to make you laugh. I preeposes to bring tears to yo' orbits."

"Any time you craves to commence, brother, just rattle a pair of bones an' I'll come a-runnin."

The merrymaking proceeded. Florian had not stinted himself in the slightest degree because of financial trouble. There was a competitive cakewalk for a silver prize and a Charleston contest for another trophy.

The music played steadily and at eleven o'clock delicious refreshments were served. It was at the conclusion of the Lucullan feast that Mr. Slappey rose and addressed Pernicious Smith.

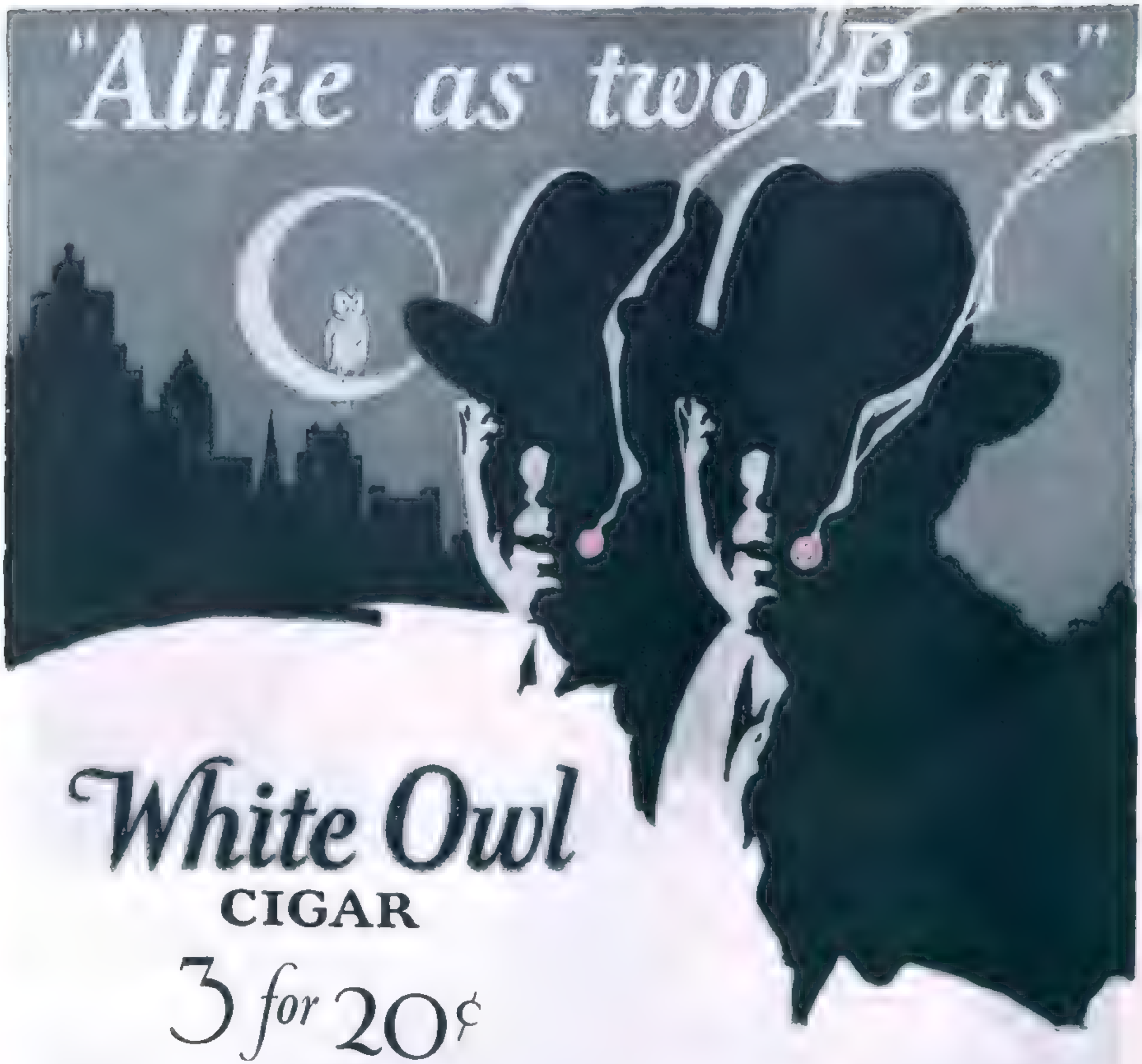
"An' now, Brother Smith," he asked, "shall I an' you adjoin to the nex' room fo' a li'l' business discussion?"

"Tha's the mos' thing us shall do, Brother Slappey."

Pernicious strutted down the hall. The other guests grimaced with distaste. Pernicious was universally disliked. He was too dawg-goned uppity, and the public was unanimously rooting for Mr. Slappey. For one thing, Florian's courage was admired, even though his judgment was questioned.

Ladies were barred. So, too, was the Rev'end Plato Tubb, who longed to be inside the closed doors. Merriment in the ballroom became pallid. Not so in the small room where Florian and Pernicious divested themselves of evening coats and knelt on the floor.

(Continued on Page 117)



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A New-Day Dental Discovery that Provides Gleaming Smiles by Scientifically Combating Tooth and Gum Disorders with a [illegible] Dentifrice

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(See Opposite Page)

(Above) Douglas Coath greets football weather with a brilliant smile—a smile that's made irresistible by his faithful use of Pepsodent.

ARE your teeth "off color," dull—lustreless? Do you feel that you are more prone to tooth and gum disorders than the ordinary person?

Dental research has recently thrown a new light on those conditions.

Dull teeth are traced *in their entirety* to a film that forms on teeth. A dingy film which brushing alone does not effectively combat.

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As a result, an utterly different way of tooth cleansing—Pepsodent—is being adopted by thousands.

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Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel a film; a slippery, slimy coating.

This film, it has been found, absorbs discolorations. And thus makes otherwise clear teeth dull and dingy

This film, it is now known, clings to teeth *too stubbornly* for many ways of cleansing to combat. It gets into crevices and stays. It is an ever-forming, ever-present menace in your mouth, say high dental authorities.

Germs, Tartar—Pyorrhea, Decay

Germs breed and multiply in that film. The acids of decay are invited. Those germs, with tartar, are the definitely proved cause of pyorrhea.

Before effective means of removing film were found, tooth and gum troubles were constantly on the increase. Most old ways had failed lamentably.

NOW—A Special Film-Removing Dentifrice

After long and exhaustive research, dental science finally found effective film-removing agents. These film-removing agents are embodied in Pepsodent; a tooth paste *different in composition and effect from any other known.* Developed in consultation with high dental authorities, Pepsodent meets the dominant dental exactments of today in modern tooth and gum protection.

(Above) AS NEW TEETH COME It's all-important to keep them white and free of film, the dentist tells wee Vera Crowley For this purpose be sure you ask for Pepsodent

How it Acts

Pepsodent curdles film; then *removes it from the teeth* as brushing alone never can do

Then Pepsodent—embodying gum protective elements which mark the most recent science knows—acts to firm the gums to healthy, coral firmness

Then it acts to multiply the alkalinity of the mouth's saliva; thus fighting the acids of decay.

Accept Test

Teeth can never be white, or smiles glistening, unless film is removed at least TWICE DAILY from the teeth.

Teeth and gums can never be protected properly against decay, gum troubles and their serious aftermath unless film is combated regularly

Send coupon for 10-day tube. Note how film is removed, how gums start to firm and harden. You'll agree that Pepsodent, along with regular attention from your dentist, marks the utmost in tooth care.

P E P

(*Above*) THE ANCIENT SPORT of archery is immensely popular with Long Island summer residents, among whom are Misses [illegible] where Pepsodent [illegible]

Smiles Worth Thousands

In business, in society, come when teeth are film-free. Dentists urging NEW-FOUND WAY to tooth beauty.

SMILES depend on gleaming, clear teeth. And that means film-free teeth. Thus thousands make the use of this special Film-Removing Dentifrice—Pepsodent—a twice-a-day habit. For this way cleanses the teeth thoroughly of dingy film. Then it polishes the teeth in gentle safety to enamel

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Urged by dentists as important in modern dental prophylaxis, this new-day way in tooth care has thus become, too, one of the great factors in modern beauty culture.

(*Above*) [illegible] IN REVUE TO CLAIM D. [illegible] Rex [illegible] Pepsodent [illegible] tibly charming, [illegible] seen [illegible] in her latest New York show "Burlesque."

(*Left*) ANOTHER WOMAN CHAMPION—Miss Dorothy Dawes. You'll note this fortune-teller wears a wedding [illegible] Pepsodent

(*Left*) AMONG DISTINGUISHED VISITORS to the horse show at South [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] and Mrs. R. Duke [illegible] Their smiles that mean much socially [illegible] by Pepsodent

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Continued from Page 112

The others ringed the room, standing with their backs against the wall and staring at the girded gladiators. Each colored man produced a huge roll of bills. Florian looked up at Lawyer Evans Chew.

"Jus' keep yo' eyes on my cash, Lawyer Chew," he requested. "I don't min' losin' at dice, but other ways I is opposed to."

Pernicious turned a pale lavender. He opened his lips and closed them again, but he was shaking with rage.

"Cease speechifyin', Florian, an' start somethin'."

"Good enough. Got yo' dices?"

Mr. Smith produced a pair of cubes. Each player took one and rolled for the first shot. Florian shot a deuce and Pernicious a six.

"My dice," announced Mr. Smith. "I shoots you a ten-spot, Florian."

"Faded."

"Heah us goes. Rattle, an' out comes a seven! I shoots the twenty, Brother Slappey."

"Faded!"

"Listen at me, dices. Heah me reques' you to show this feller he don't know nothin' 'bout no dice shootin'. I asks you to exhibit me some tricks. Out I comes, an' it's another seven!" There was a groan from the spectators. "Mistuh Slappey, I shoots the forty dollars!"

"Faded!" Florian's expression was impassive as he counted out four ten-dollar bills. One or two friends remonstrated with him, but he turned stony eyes in their direction and begged them to let him dig his own grave.

Pernicious rubbed the dice against his head. With a dexterous jerk he pitched them across the floor. The spots glittered—"Ace-fo'!" he exulted. "Phœbe, it is, an' she's my bes' gal. Listen at me, Phœbe! I never done you wrong, an' I know you ain't gwine two-time me. C'mon, fiver! There they go—an' it's an eight. 'Nother roll! 'Leven! Phœbe, heah yo' sugar daddy call. One mo' roll ——"

Pernicious Smith's expression altered. With a gentle gesture Florian Slappey nodded toward the seven that was showing and picked up the eighty dollars which lay on the floor.

"That makes us prezackly even, Pernicious," he murmured. "An' I shoots a ten-spot at you."

"I covers," snapped Mr. Smith.

Mr. Slappey did not talk loudly to the dice. He made love to them in a gentle murmur, flooding them with pet names and making honeyed promises. He shot gently but firmly. He won and dragged, then won again, but fell off, a meager twenty dollars ahead. Pernicious started off again with ten, won twice, dragged to ten and fell off himself.

From there on it was a cautious game—an epic contest between two masters of the art of double and drag. The tide of fortune ebbed and flowed, but the spectators realized that the supreme tie-up lay in the future; that glittering, glorious moment when one of the shooters should find the dice warm to his touch and then proceed to let his winnings ride beyond the point where his opponent could afford to fade.

Sentiment had crystallized strongly in Florian's favor. The dapper young man was playing a heady, earnest game. Pernicious, on the other hand, grew increasingly loud-mouthed with the passing of each moment. He held Birmingham's dusky citizenry in contempt and took no pains to hide that fact. His comments grew bitingly personal and raspingly frequent.

And then, shortly after midnight, the anticipated hot hand came along. Pernicious took the dice and led off with his usual ten-dollar bet. The piles of money in front of the players showed that they were about all square on the evening's tie-up.

Pernicious caught a four and bucked it. He rolled the dice again and took five for his point. When he successfully rode the five, the ten dollars had been increased to forty. He shot the forty, came out with an eight and promptly made another eight.

"Shoots all them moneys, Florian, an' I warn you, Ise right."

"Fumadiddles!" snapped Mr. Slappey: "You was born wrong."

"Does you fade the eighty?"

"Yonder's my cash money."

"Then heah I goes. Dices, give ear to yo' papa. Come seven! An' a seven it is! Mistuh Slappey, I shoots them hund'ed an' sixty."

Imperturbably, Florian faded his bet. With a great clatter of words, Pernicious rolled a six, then a ten—and then came the fatal seven. Florian took the money from the table without change of expression, while Mr. Smith informed the world and all in it that this wasn't no action.

Florian bet ten and lost. Pernicious rose disgustedly.

"Hour an' a half we plays an' we is all even. What kind of a piker is you, anyhow, Florian?"

"I never heard tell I was no kind of a piker."

"You is! Shootin' ten-dollar pin moneys."

Florian stared coldly. "You get the dices, Pernicious. Lay yo' bet."

Mr. Smith gave a large sneer. "How much would you fade on one bet?"

Florian's eyes bored into those of his opponent. "If you is any kind of a sport, Mistuh Pernicious Smith, you'll bet me four hund'ed an' six dollars!"

There was an audible indrawing of breath. Mr. Smith hesitated and his jaw sagged. Florian's words dripped like icicles.

"You been talkin' a heap about bein' a sport, Pernicious. Just you shoot me one time fo' that four hund'ed an' six dollars. If you wins, Ise th'oo. If you loses, likewise Ise th'oo. I reckon that proves whether you got water in yo' veins."

Mr. Smith surveyed the audience. He sensed their hostility, and he caught something more: They thought he was afraid. His lips curled and he rose to his feet.

"All I was hesitatin' 'bout, Brother Slappey, was how small that bet was. I shoots you four hund'ed an' six dollars."

"Faded," murmured Florian. "Take the dice."

The silence was terrific as the players counted their stakes and placed the money in one pile in the middle of the floor. Pernicious picked up the dice and backed against the far wall.

"I rolls 'em far an' fair," he announced with gusto. "Mistuh Slappey, I gits suggestive that you files yo' application fo' the poorhouse right away."

"Quit shootin' with yo' mouf," suggested Florian. "I craves to heah what the dice remark."

All eyes were focused on the big man. He stood in the shadows of the far corner of the room, rattling the dice. They castaneted teasingly in his hamlike hand.

"Dices," he said, "papa requesses you a favor. He craves you to come out on a nachel just to let Brother Slappey out of his mis'ry in a hurry. I don't aim to see him suffer long. Heah me, bones! Come nachel!"

He swung his arm back, uttered a long "Who-o-o-o-sh!" and the dice leaped and danced across the floor. The audience craned forward.

There was a gasp of horror. One die showed a four! The other displayed a ghastly three!

"Seven!" yelled Pernicious, making a dive for the money. "Big Boy Smith cleans another sucker."

All eyes swung to Florian. The face of that slender colored gentleman was stony. But his body was not inactive.

Just as Pernicious would have closed his acquisitive fingers around the eight hundred and twelve dollars, Mr. Slappey interposed himself between man and money.

"Just a minute, Pernicious," he suggested. "Just one teeny li'l' minute."

"Whaffo'?"

Florian turned to his guests. "Lawyer Evans Chew," he said, "I has got a hunch that the dice Pernicious just rolled out ain't the ones us has been playin' with all evenin'. Will you please pick 'em up as they lay an' inspeck 'em fo' yo'se'f!"

Pernicious gave vent to a howl of protest, but the crowd surged angrily about him. Lawyer Chew, ponderous and dignified, picked up the dice. Others gathered close. And then the stentorian voice of Birmingham's foremost colored attorney reverberated wrathfully through the room.

"Crooked!" he roared. "All of the faces on one dice is fours an' all the faces on the other dice is threes! He couldn't possibly th'ow nothin' but a seven on that roll!"

There came an instant of horrified silence. Two or three men grimly inspected the dice. They were as Lawyer Evans Chew announced.

"Rung 'em in fo' that las' th'ow, eh? Takin' no chances of losin' ——"

Fists were clenched. Shoulder muscles bunched. The spectators ganged close about the massive figure of the terrified, expostulating Pernicious Smith. That gentleman took a quick glance about the room. He read a message of disaster and annihilation. He thought quickly and decisively. With a wild howl of protest, he leaped for the door. One or two essayed to stop his flight, but met with little success. He burst through the door into the ballroom. His huge figure catapulted across the polished floor and out into the night, where he dug toes into the ground and headed for parts entirely unknown.

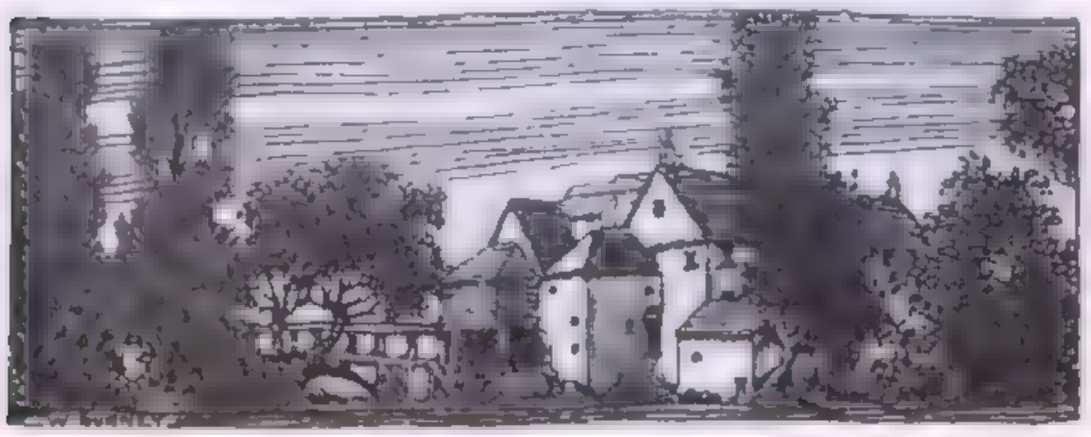
Back in the little room where the epic duel had been fought, Mr. Slappey picked up the eight hundred and twelve dollars and stuffed it nonchalantly into his pocket.

"That makes I an' Mistuh Smith ezackly even," he announced calmly. "He's been owin' me four hund'ed an' six dollars ever since the big dice game last week."

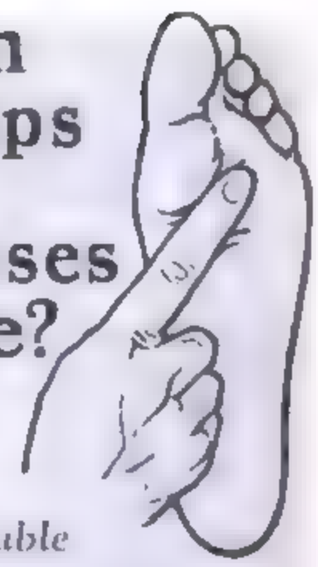
There was a chorus of congratulations. Lawyer Chew was particularly loud in his praise.

"I never did like Pernicious," he said, "but I was sure s'prised that he would roll crooked dice."

Florian looked up and grinned broadly. "So was Pernicious," he remarked. "That money was mine and I figured it fair to git it any way I could. So I gave him them dice myself!"



Pain Cramps or Callouses there?



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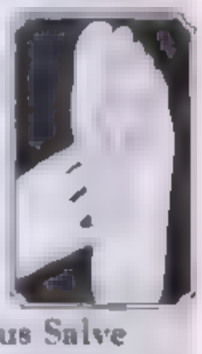

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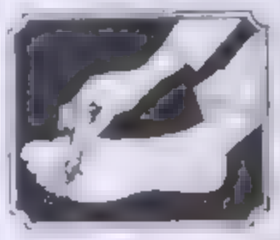

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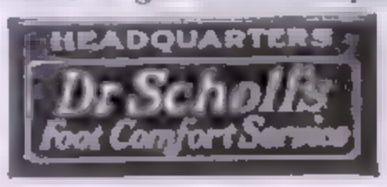
Where to get Foot Comfort



More than 10,000 leading shoe stores in the United States specialize in Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service. These stores are identified by the above emblem which appears on or in their windows. All of these stores have passed the required test which qualifies them to render Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service. Each employs a Foot Comfort Expert trained in Dr. Scholl's method of correction. Go to this store in your town and you will get speedy relief from your foot trouble

Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies

ATWATER KENT RADIO

Model 35, six-tube, One Dial Receiver. Crystalline-finished cabinet; gold-plated ship-model name plate, decorative rosettes and power supply switch. $65

Is it Simple?

The *simplicity test* of radio is its ease, swiftness and certainty of operation. A half-turn of the Atwater Kent One Dial takes you to all the broadcasting stations within a wide range. No need to wonder how to get there. Touch the dial—and there you are.

One Dial Receivers licensed under U. S. Patent 1,014,002

ATWATER KENT RADIO

Model 33, six tube, One Dial Receiver. Antenna adjustment device. Unusual selectivity. Solid mahogany cabinet, gold-plated name plate, power supply switch and vernier knob. $90

Is it Beautiful?

One of the many reasons more than a million families have chosen Atwater Kent Radio for their homes is its quiet, satisfying beauty. It never dazzles, never intrudes, always enriches the home in which it is placed. Good taste demands no more.

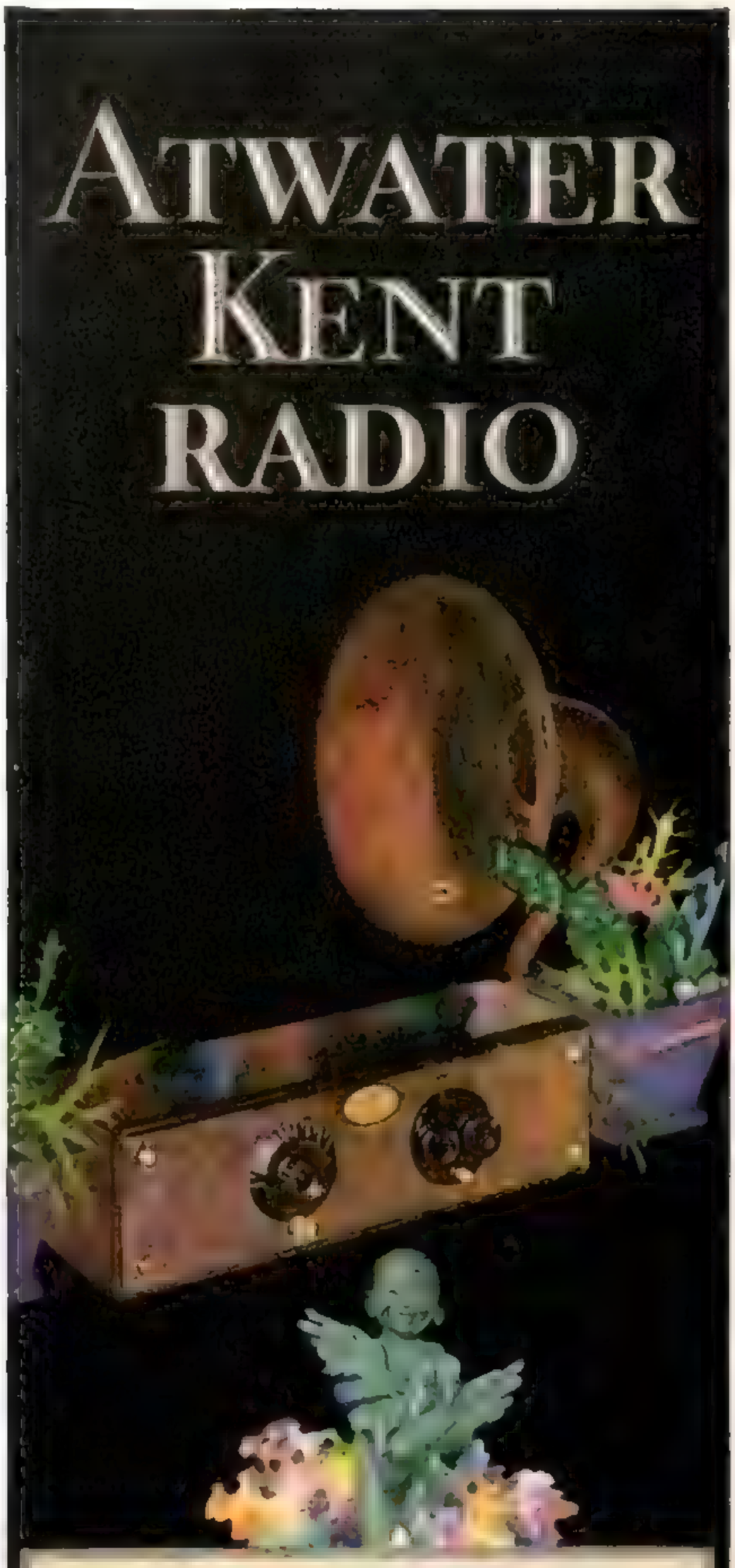
Prices slightly higher from the Rockies West, and in Canada.

MODEL F RADIO SPEAKER. The result of nearly three years' laboratory work. Faithfully covers the entire range of musical tones, from the lowest to the highest register. With 9 feet of flexible cord. $30

Has it Tone?

The *listening test* of radio is clear, natural tone. Some radio instruments meet it, some do not. All Atwater Kent instruments do. Models vary. Prices vary. Tone is constant. Music, voices, when heard through your Atwater Kent Radio, are *always* true to life.

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio.



MODEL H RADIO SPEAKER. Entirely of metal. Crystalline finished in two shades of brown. With 9 feet of flexible cord $21

MODEL 30, six-tube, ONE DIAL Receiver. Solid mahogany cabinet; gold-plated name plate, power supply switch and vernier knob. $80

What shall we Pay?

Atwater Kent Radio is all that radio should be, does all that radio should do, yet does not tax the purse unduly. The price is low because so many are sold. There is an Atwater Kent dealer near you. See him today.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4703 Wissahickon Ave. *A. Atwater Kent, President* Philadelphia, Pa.

Numetal
WEATHER STRIPS

for Homes and Public Buildings

SAVE 1/3 ON FUEL

YOUR FUEL bills can be reduced one-third by the use of *Numetal* Weatherstrips for windows and doors. They stop air leaks—shut out the cold, the draughts, the snow and the rain—hold heat even with the maximum fuel economy.

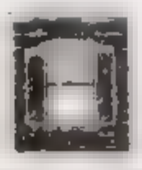
Prevent Window Rattle

Numetal Weatherstrip also keep windows from rattling—and keep out street noises, dust and dirt. They prevent cold floors. They are the finishing touch to any home, office or public building—old or new. *Numetal* Weatherstrips are made of spring metal and are automatically adjustable to all variations in window sash or door. The genuine have the name *Numetal* on every strip.

Easily Installed Without Removing Window Sash

There's no muss or inconvenience with *Numetal* Weatherstrips; they are quickly installed without tearing out window sash or removing doors. Inexpensive. Those who equip one door with *Numetal* Weatherstrips soon equip the entire house or building. We suggest that *you* try this. See demonstration offer below. Illustrated folder free. Mail the coupon.

NOW AND FOREVER
SHUT OUT BAD WEATHER



Macklanburg-Duncan Co.
Manufacturers
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Special door equipment [illegible] Numetal Weatherstrips [illegible] door bottom strip [illegible] as [illegible] demonstration price of $2 per door [illegible] guaranteed. If dealer cannot supply you, use the coupon.

MACKLANBURG DUNCAN CO.
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

☐ Please send free illustrated folder, *"The Finishing Touch,"* and name of nearest *Numetal* Weatherstrip dealer.

☐ Enclosed find $2.00 for which send me postpaid *Numetal* Weatherstrip equipment for one door size ____ inches wide x ____ inches high in accordance with your demonstration offer.

Name ____

Address ____

City ____ State ____

MARACOT DEEP

Continued from Page 27

"When I saw Maracot gesticulating with unwonted animation to one kindly lady, while Scanlan stood conveying his admiration in patomime in the center of a group of laughing girls, I realized that my companions also had begun to find that there was a lighter side to our tragic position. If we were dead to the world, we had at least found a life beyond which promised some compensation for what we had lost.

"Later in the day we were guided by Manda and other friends round some portions of the immense building. It had been so embedded in the sea floor by the accumulations of ages that it was only through the roof that it could be entered, and from this point the passages led down and down until the floor level was reached several hundred feet below the entrance chamber. The floor in turn had been excavated and we saw in all directions passages which sloped downward into the bowels of the earth. We were shown the air-making apparatus, with the pumps which circulated it through the building.

"Maracot pointed out with wonder and admiration that not only was the oxygen united with the nitrogen but that smaller retorts supplied other gases which could only be the argon, neon and other little-known constituents of the atmosphere which we are only just beginning to understand. The distilling vats for making fresh water and the enormous electrical installments were other objects of interest, but much of the machinery was so intricate that it was difficult for us to follow the details. I can only say that I saw with my own eyes and tested with my own palate that chemicals in gaseous and liquid forms were poured into various machines, that they were treated by heat, by pressure and by electricity, and that flour, tea, coffee or wine was collected as the product.

"There was one consideration which was very quickly forced upon us by our examination on various occasions of as much of this building as was open to our inspection. This was that the exposure to the sea had been foreseen and the protection against the inrush of the water had been prepared long before the land sank beneath the waves. Of course, it stood to reason and needed no proof that such precautions could not have been taken after the event, but we were witnesses now of the signs that the whole great building had from the first been constructed with the one idea of being an enduring ark of refuge.

"The huge retorts and vats in which the air, the food, the distilled water and the other necessary products were made were all built into the walls, and were evidently integral parts of the original construction. So, too, with the exit chambers, the silica works, where the vitrine bells were constructed, and the huge pumps which controlled the water. Every one of these things had been prepared by the skill and the foresight of that wonderful far-away people who seemed, from what we could learn, to have thrown out one arm to Central America and one to Egypt, and so left traces of themselves even upon this earth when their own land went down into the Atlantic.

"As to these their descendants, we judged that they had probably degenerated, as was but natural, and that at the most they had been stagnant and only preserved some of the science and knowledge of their ancestors without having the energy to add to it. They possessed wonderful powers and yet seemed to us to be strangely wanting in initiative, and had added nothing to that wonderful legacy which they had inherited. I am sure that Maracot, using this knowledge, would very soon have attained greater results.

"As to Scanlan, with his quick brain and mechanical skill, he was continually putting in touches which probably seemed as remarkable to them as their powers to us. He had a beloved mouth organ in his coat pocket when we made our descent, and his use of this was a perpetual joy to our companions, who sat around in entranced groups, as we might listen to a Mozart, while he handed out to them the crooning coon songs of his native land.

"I have said that the whole building was not open to our inspection, and I might give a little further detail upon that subject. There was one well-worn corridor down which we saw folk continually passing, but which was always avoided by our guides in our excursions. As was natural, our curiosity was aroused, and we determined one evening that we would take a chance and do a little exploring upon our own account. We slipped out of our room therefore and made our way to the unknown quarter at a time when few people were about.

"The passage led us to a high arched door which appeared to be made of solid gold. When we pushed it open we found ourselves in a huge room, forming a square of not less than two hundred feet. All round, the walls were painted with vivid colors and adorned with extraordinary pictures and statues of grotesque creatures with enormous headdresses, like the full-dress regalia of our American Indians. At the end of this great hall there was one huge seated figure, the legs crossed like a Buddha, but with none of the benignity of aspect which is seen on the Buddha's placid features. On the contrary, this was a creature of wrath, open-mouthed and fierce-eyed, the latter being red and their effect exaggerated by two electric lights which shone through them. On his lap was a great dark oven, which we observed, as we approached it, to be filled with ashes.

"'Moloch!' said Maracot. 'Moloch, or Baal—the old god of the Phenician races.'

"'Good heavens!' I cried, with recollections of old Carthage before me. 'Don't tell me that these gentle folk could go in for human sacrifice!'

"'Looks here, bo!' said Scanlan anxiously. 'I hope they keep it in the family anyhow. We don't want them to pull no such dope on us.'

"'No, I guess they have learned their lesson,' said I. 'It's misfortune that teaches folk to have pity for others.'

"'That's right,' Maracot remarked, poking about among the ashes. 'It is the old hereditary god, but it is surely a gentler cult. These are burned loaves and the like. But perhaps there was a time ——'

"But our speculations were interrupted by a stern voice at our elbow and we found several men in yellow garments and high hats who were clearly the priests of the temple. From the expression on their faces I should judge that we were very near to being the last victims to Baal, and one of them had actually drawn a knife from his girdle. With fierce gestures and cries they drove us roughly out of their sacred shrine.

"'By gosh,' cried Scanlan, 'I'll sock that duck if he keeps crowding me! Looks here, you bindlestiff, keep your hands off my coat!'

"For a moment I feared that we should have had what Scanlan called a rough-house within the sacred precincts. However, we got the angry mechanic away without blows and regained the shelter of our room, but we could tell from the demeanor of Manda and others of our friends that our escapade was known and resented. It was the one and only glimpse that we have had of the religion of these strange people.

"But there was another shrine which was freely shown to us and which had a very unexpected result, for it opened up a slow and imperfect method of communication between our companions and ourselves. This was a room in the lower quarter of the temple with no decorations or distinction save that at one end there stood a statue of ivory yellow with age, representing a woman holding a spear, with an owl perched upon her shoulder. A very old man was the guardian of the room, and in spite of his age it was clear to us that he was of a very different race, and one of a finer, larger type than the men of the temple. As we stood gazing at the ivory statue, Maracot and I, both wondering where we had seen something like it before, the old man addressed us.

"'Thea,' said he, pointing to the figure.

"'By George!' I cried. 'He is speaking Greek.'

"'Thea—Athena!' repeated the old man.

"There was not a doubt of it. 'Goddess—Athena,' the words were unmistakable. Maracot, whose wonderful brain had absorbed something from every branch of human knowledge, began at once to ask questions in classical Greek which were only partly understood and were answered in a dialect so archaic that it was almost incomprehensible. Still, he acquired some knowledge, and he found an intermediary through whom he could dimly convey something to our companions.

"'It is a remarkable proof,' said Maracot that evening in his high neighing voice and in the tones of one addressing a large class, 'of the reliability of legend. There is always a basis of fact, even if in the course of the years it should become distorted. You are aware—or probably you are not aware'—'Bet your life!'—from Scanlan—'that a war was going on between the primitive Greeks and the Atlanteans at the time of the destruction of the great island. The fact is recorded in Solon's description of what he learned from the priests of Sais. We may conjecture that there were Greek prisoners in the hands of the Atlanteans at the time, that some of them were in the service of the temple and that they carried their own religion with them. That man was, so far as I could understand, the old hereditary priest of the cult, and perhaps when we know more we shall see something of these ancient people.'

"'Well, I hand it to them for good sense,' said Scanlan. 'I guess if you want a plaster god, it is better to have a fine woman than that blatherskite with the red eyes and the coal bunker on his knees.'

"'Lucky they can't understand your views,' I remarked. 'If they did, you might end up as a Christian martyr.'

"'Not so long as I can play them jazz,' he answered. 'I guess they've got used to me now, and they couldn't do without me.'

"I expect he was right, too, for, with his cheery rough-and-ready ways, our mechanic was, before many weeks were over, very much the most popular of our party. Apart from his musical powers, Scanlan was an excellent dancer in the most recent American styles, and as I was also some performer when I was at Harvard, the two of us helped to enlarge the ideas of our submarine friends. They were a cheerful crowd and it was a happy life, but there were and are times when one's whole heart goes out to the homelands which we have lost, and visions of the dear old quadrangles of Oxford or of the ancient elms and the familiar campus of Harvard came up before my mind. In those early days they seemed as far from me as some landscape in the moon, and only now in a dim uncertain fashion does the hope of seeing them once more begin to grow in my soul.

"It was a few days after our arrival that our hosts or our captors—we were dubious sometimes as to which to call them—took us out for an expedition upon the bottom of the ocean. Six of them came with us, including Manda the chief. We assembled in the same exit chamber in which we had originally been received, and we were now in a condition to examine it a little more closely. It was a very large place, at least a hundred feet each way, and its low walls and ceiling were green with marine growths and dripping with moisture.

"A long row of pegs, with marks which I presume were numbers, ran round the

(Continued on Page 122)

This demonstration offer still holds

All 3 for the price of one

You men—millions of you—for whom the sting of daily shaving has been removed by Mennen Shaving Cream, read this. Remember, every man of you, whether or not you now use Mennen: Mennen was the first to enlist the men of this country in the shaving cream column, and has kept them there. Mennen Shaving Cream with its radically new beard-softening principle of *dermutation* has gone hand-in-hand with the safety razor to make possible the daily shave and to give comfort and pleasure to millions. Because Mennen has done so much to make self-shaving quick, smooth and painless, we are as a nation committed to the habit of the daily home shave.

Now they tell us—those who use Mennen Skin Balm and Mennen Talcum for Men—that those who don't are missing something good, too. It's a fact. If a tenth of the men who now shave with Mennen Shaving Cream regularly once felt the tonic touch of Skin Balm, the soothing aftermath of Mennen Talcum for Men, we'd have to build another plant—and we'd like to.

So now we're going to give you all the chance to know these big brothers of Mennen Shaving Cream—and all for the price of the cream alone. Your druggist can still supply you with this big, special combination package, a self-contained unit holding a big tube of Mennen Shaving Cream, a tube of Skin Balm and a shaker can of Mennen Talcum for Men; all three for the price of one. We're going the limit to acquaint you with the luxury of the complete Mennen shave.

This is a temporary offer, and every way you look at it, this is a big buy, a value double guaranteed by the increased comfort and perfect shaving results it brings. Get this Mennen Special Combination Package. Use it the next time you shave. The results in increased shaving comfort and a smoother, happier face will make us friends for life. The Mennen Company, Newark, N.J. The Mennen Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

HOBGOBLINS *and* GNOMES

Dance in the light of tiny Mazda Lamps on

HALLOWE'EN

THEIR soft, warm, happy light in colors of many hues brings the joyous spirit of carnival to any occasion.

Noma Decorative Sets, strung in series of eight tiny Mazda Lamps to a set, come in all colors of the rainbow.

Each set is equipped with a double-duty plug to fit either a lamp socket or a wall outlet.

Also by means of an extension device, patented and exclusive on Noma Outfits, you may attach one set to another and have a number of strings radiating from a single outlet.

As Mazda Lamps for household use give greater brilliance, longer life and economy of current consumption, so do these tiny Mazda Lamps, which are standard on all Noma Outfits.

Decorative outfits equipped with carbon filament lamps are often unsatisfactory and a disappointment both in brilliance and reliability.

Noma Outfits mean no blown-out circuits, no hasty calls for the electrician, for Noma Products meet the highest standards of electrical manufacture.

Noma Outfits may be used over and over again as table and room decorations on gala occasions—parties, weddings, lawn fetes, dances—and especially for gladdening all holidays.

NOMA *Decorative Lighting* PRODUCTS

FOR ALL FESTIVE OCCASIONS

NOMA ELECTRIC CORPORATION, 340-44 Hudson Street, New York

"Dralite": "Usalite," M. Propp Co.—Licensed under Noma patents.

(Continued from Page 120)

whole room, and on each was hung one of the semitransparent bells of vitrine and a pair of the shoulder batteries which insured respiration. The floor was of flagged stone worn into concavities, the footsteps of many generations, these hollows now lying as pools of shallow water. The whole was highly illuminated by fluor tubes round the cornice. We were fastened into our vitrine coverings and a stout pointed staff made of some light metal was handed to each of us.

"Then, by signals, Manda ordered us to take a grip of a rail which ran round the room, he and his friends setting us an example. The object of this precaution soon became evident, for as the outer door swung slowly open the sea water came pouring in with such force that we should have been swept from our feet but for this precaution. It rose rapidly, however, to above the level of our heads and the pressure upon us was eased. Manda led the way to the door, and an instant afterward we were out on the ocean bed once more, leaving the portal open behind us ready for our return.

"Looking round us in the cold, flickering, spectral light which illuminates the bathybian plain, we could see for a radius of at least a quarter of a mile in every direction. What amazed us was to observe, on the very limit of what was visible, a very brilliant glow of radiance. It was toward this that our leader turned his steps, our party walking in single file behind him. It was slow going, for there was the resistance of the water, and our feet were buried deeply in the soft slush with every step; but soon we were able to see clearly what the beacon was which had attracted us. It was our own shell, our last reminder of terrestrial life, which lay tilted upon one of the cupolas of the far-flung building, with all its lights still blazing.

"It was three-quarters full of water, but the imprisoned air still preserved that portion in which our electric installment lay. It was strange, indeed, as we gazed into it, to see the familiar interior with our settees and instruments still in position, while several good-sized fish like minnows in a bottle swam round and round inside it. One after the other our party clambered in through the open flap, Maracot to rescue a book of notes which floated on the surface, Scanlan and I to pick up some personal belongings.

"Manda came also, with one or two of his comrades, examining with the greatest interest the bathometer and thermometer, with the other instruments which were attached to the wall. The latter we detached and took away with us. It may interest scientists to know that 40 degrees Fahrenheit represents the temperature at the greatest sea depth to which man has ever descended, and that it is higher, on account of the chemical decomposition of the ooze, than the upper strata of the sea.

"Our little expedition had, it seems, a definite object besides that of allowing us a little exercise upon the bed of the ocean. We were hunting for food. Every now and then I saw our comrades strike sharply down with their pointed sticks, impaling each time a large brown flat fish, not unlike a turbot, which was numerous, but lay so closely in the ooze that it took practiced eyes to detect it. Soon each of the little men had two or three of these dangling at his side. Scanlan and I soon got the knack of it, and captured a couple each, but Maracot walked as one in a dream, quite lost in his wonder at the ocean beauties around him and making long and excited speeches which were lost to the ear, but visible to the eyes from the contortion of his features.

"Our first impression had been one of monotony, but we soon found that the gray plains were broken up into varied formations by the action of the deep-sea currents which flowed, like submarine rivers, across them. These streams cut channels in the soft slime and exposed the beds which lay beneath. The floor of these banks consisted of the red clay which forms the base of all things on the surface of the bed of the ocean, and they were thickly studded with white objects which I imagined to be shells, but which proved, when we examined them, to be the ear bones of whales and the teeth of sharks and other sea monsters.

"One of these teeth which I picked up was fifteen inches long, and we could but be thankful that so fearful a monster frequented the higher levels of ocean. It belonged, according to Maracot, to a giant killing Grampus, or Orca gladiator.

"There was one peculiarity of the ocean depths which impresses itself upon the observer. There is, as I have said, a constant cold light rising up from the slow phosphorescent decay of the great masses of organic matter. But above, all is black as night. The effect is that of a dim winter day, with a heavy black thundercloud lying low above the earth. Out of this black canopy there falls slowly an incessant snowstorm of tiny white flakes which glimmer against the somber background. These are the shells of sea snails and other small creatures that live and die in the five miles of water which separate us from the surface; and though many of these are dissolved as they fall and add to the lime salts in the ocean, the rest go in the course of ages to form that deposit which had entombed the great city in the upper part of which we now dwelt.

"Leaving our last link with earth beneath us, we pushed on into the gloom of the submarine world and soon we were met by a completely new development. A moving patch appeared in front of us, which broke up as we approached it into a crowd of men, each in his vitrine envelope, who were dragging behind them broad sledges heaped with coal. It was heavy work, and the poor devils were bending and straining, tugging hard at the shark-skin ropes which served as traces.

"With each gang of men there was one who appeared to be in authority, and it interested us to see that the leaders and the workers were clearly of a different race. The latter were tall men, fair, with blue eyes and powerful bodies. The others were as already described, dark and almost negroid, with squat, broad frames. We could not inquire into the mystery at that moment, but the impression was left upon my mind that the one race represented the hereditary slaves of the other, and Maracot was of opinion that they may have been the descendants of those Greek prisoners whose goddess we had seen in the temple.

"Several droves of these men, each drawing their loads of coal, were met by us before we came to the mine itself. At this point the deep-sea deposits and the sandy formations which lay beneath them had been cut away and a great pit exposed, which consisted of alternate layers of clay and coal, representing strata in the old perished world of long ago which now lay at the bottom of the Atlantic.

"At the various levels of this huge excavation we could see gangs of men at work hewing the coal, while others gathered it into loads and placed it in baskets, by means of which it was hoisted up to the level above. The whole mine was on so vast a scale that we could not see the other side of the enormous pit which so many generations of workers had scooped in the bed of the ocean. This, then, transmuted into electric force, was the source of the motive power by which the whole machinery of Atlanta was run. It is interesting, by the way, to record that the name of the old city had been correctly preserved in the legends, for when we mentioned it to Manda and others they first looked greatly surprised that we should know it and then nodded their heads vigorously to show that they understood.

"Passing the great coal pit—or rather, branching away from it to the right—we came on a line of low cliffs of basalt, their surface as clear and shining as on the day when they were shot up from the bowels of

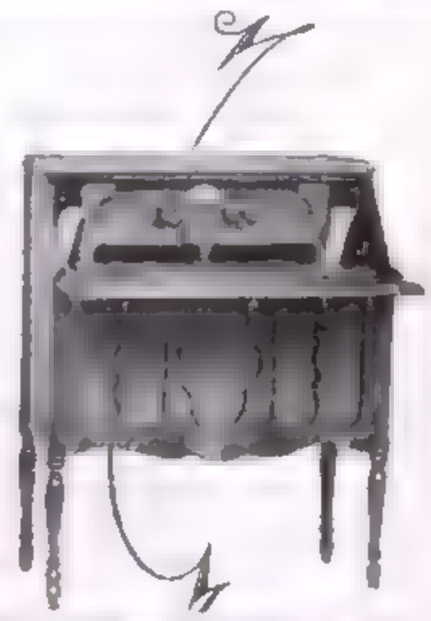
(Continued on Page 125)

The Ideal Radio Combination
AN
ATWATER KENT RADIO
IN A
Red Lion Cabinet

The new Red Lion Console, Model 4750, in hand rubbed walnut veneer with burl walnut panels. With Atwater Kent No. 49 set and Model E speaker—less tubes and batteries—$147.50 east of the Rocky Mountains. Console only, without set and speaker—$47.50.

The men have had their turn at radio. They've fiddled and fussed with a thousand-and-one hook-ups, amplifiers, relays and what-nots in their efforts to get "distance" and "volume" until our living rooms resemble the workshop of a boy inventor.

The ladies' turn has come and here is the instrument built expressly for them. It's a smart, little *personal* writing desk all the time and a wonderful radio whenever you switch on its built-in Atwater Kent Radio. And you get both desk and radio for the price you would expect to pay for either one. Once in your possession, you'll agree the copyrighted Red Lion Desk Model is really the perfect combination of luxury and usefulness. Drop in on the nearest Atwater Kent dealer today. See and hear this unique instrument. Then ask yourself if $110, $120, $130 or $140 isn't little enough for the radio you *want* and the desk you *need!* Present owners of Atwater Kent sets may buy a Red Lion Desk, without unit or speaker, for as little as $40.00. Prices slightly higher West of Rocky Mountains.



Red Lion Desk Model 33 is similar to Model 30 in design, but has, in place of the Model E speaker, a built-in Atwater Kent speaker unit and horn with Atwater Kent Model 30 set—$120.00, east of the Rocky Mountains. Desk with speaker, but without set—$50.00

RED LION CABINET COMPANY - - RED LION, PA.
Makers of the famous Red Lion Furniture

LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM

Painted for Scripps-Howard Newspapers by Walter Seaton

How the *fascinating adventuress* outwitted the level-headed bankers

A tiny item in the day's court news caught the eye of a SCRIPPS-HOWARD editor. An unknown Cleveland woman was being sued for $300,000 on an overdue note.

"Probably an unromantic business difficulty," mused the editor. "And yet . . . a woman who can borrow $300,000 must be interesting."

Urged by his curiosity, he sought out the sumptuous borrower. Indictments followed, and every day for the weeks that followed, SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers amazed their readers with a continuous story of the daring chicanery of a female Wallingford.

For "Cashing Cassie" Chadwick practised her wiles not on gullible widows and impressionable speculators, but on cautious, unemotional bankers and business men. Posing as the natural daughter of one of America's richest men, she borrowed huge sums of money from the strictest financial institutions, often giving as collateral bulky bundles of supposed securities, which were afterwards found to be bundles of old newspapers!

In exposing the colorful Cassie and bringing her to justice, The SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers not only achieved one of the most daring scoops in newspaper history, but performed a signal public service by ending the career of one of the most dangerous and, at the same time, most interesting characters in the history of crime.

NEW YORK *Telegram* · SAN FRANCISCO *News* · DENVER *Rocky Mt News*
CLEVELAND *Press* · WASHINGTON *News* · DENVER *Evening News*
BALTIMORE . . . *Post* · CINCINNATI . . . *Post* · TOLEDO . . . *News-Bee*
PITTSBURGH . . . *Press* · INDIANAPOLIS . . *Times* · COLUMBUS . . . *Citizen*
COVINGTON . . *Kentucky Post—Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*

AKRON . . *Times-Press* · YOUNGSTOWN . *Telegram* · KNOXVILLE *News-Sentinel*
BIRMINGHAM *Post* · FORT WORTH *Press* · EL PASO *Post*
MEMPHIS . *Press-Scimitar* · OKLAHOMA CITY . *News* · SAN DIEGO . . . . *Sun*
HOUSTON . . . . *Press* · EVANSVILLE . . . *Press* · TERRE HAUTE . . *Post*
ALBUQUERQUE *New Mexico State Tribune*

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(Continued from Page 122)

the earth, while their summit, some hundred feet above us, loomed up against the dark background. The base of these volcanic cliffs was draped in a deep jungle of high seaweed growing out of tangled masses of crinoid corals laid down in the old terrestrial days.

"Along the edge of this thick undergrowth we wandered for some time, our companions beating it with their sticks and driving out for our amusement an extraordinary assortment of strange fishes and Crustacea, now and again securing a specimen for their own tables. For a mile or more we wandered along in this happy fashion, when I saw Manda stop suddenly and look round him with gestures of alarm and surprise. These submarine gestures formed a language in themselves, for in a moment his companions understood the cause of his trouble, and then with a shock we realized it also. Doctor Maracot had disappeared.

"He had certainly been with us at the coal pit, and he had come as far as the basalt cliffs. It was inconceivable that he had got ahead of us, so it was evident that he must be somewhere along the line of jungle in our rear. Though our friends were disturbed, Scanlan and I, who knew something of the good man's absent-minded eccentricities, were confident that there was no cause for alarm and that we should soon find him loitering over some sea form which had attracted him. We all turned to retrace our steps and had hardly gone a hundred yards before we caught sight of him.

"But he was running—running with an agility which I should have thought impossible for a man of his habits. Even the least athletic can run, however, when fear is the pacemaker. His hands were outstretched for help and he stumbled and blundered forward with clumsy energy. He had good cause to exert himself, for three horrible creatures were close at his heels. They were tiger crabs, striped black and white, each about the size of a Newfoundland dog. Fortunately, they were themselves not very swift travelers and were scurrying along the soft sea bottom in a curious sidelong fashion which was little faster than that of the terrified fugitive. Their wind was better, however, and they would probably have had their horrible claws upon him in a very few minutes had not our friends intervened.

"They dashed forward with their pointed sticks and Manda flashed a powerful electric lantern which he carried in his belt in the faces of the loathsome monsters, which scuttled into the jungle and were lost to view. Our comrade sat down on a lump of coal and his face showed that he was exhausted by his adventure. He told us afterward that he had penetrated the jungle in the hope of securing what seemed to him to be a rare specimen of the deep-sea Chimæra, and that he had blundered into the nest of these fierce tiger crabs, which had instantly dashed after him. It was only after a long rest that he was able to resume the journey.

"Our next stage after skirting the basalt cliffs led us to our goal. The gray plain in front of us was covered at this point by irregular hummocks and tall projections, which told us that the great city of old lay beneath it. It would all have been completely buried forever by the ooze, as Herculaneum has been by lava or Pompeii by ashes, had an entrance to it not been excavated by the survivors of the temple.

"This entrance was a long, downward cutting which ended up in a broad street with buildings exposed on either side. The walls of these buildings were occasionally cracked and shattered, for they were not of the solid construction which had preserved the temple, but the interiors were in most cases exactly as they had been when the catastrophe occurred, save that sea changes of all sorts, beautiful and rare in some cases and horrifying in others, had modified the appearance of the rooms.

"Our guides did not encourage us to examine the first ones which we reached, but hurried us onward until we came to that which had clearly been the great central citadel or palace round which the whole town centered. The pillars and columns and vast sculptured cornices and friezes and staircases of this building exceeded anything which I have ever seen upon earth. Its nearest approach seemed to me to be the remains of the Temple of Karnak at Luxor in Egypt and, strange to say, the decorations and half-effaced engravings resembled in detail those of the great ruin beside the Nile, and the lotus-shaped capitals of the columns were the same.

"It was an amazing experience to stand in the marble tessellated floors of those vast halls, with great statues looming high above one on every side, and to see, as we saw that day, huge silvery eels gliding above our heads and frightened fish darting away in every direction from the light which was projected before us. From room to room we wandered, marking every sign of luxury and occasionally of that lascivious folly which is said, by the lingering legend, to have drawn God's curse upon the people.

"One small room was wonderfully enameled with mother-of-pearl, so that even now it gleamed with brilliant opalescent tints when the light played across it. An ornamented platform of yellow metal and a broken couch lay in one corner, and one felt that it may well have been the bedchamber of a queen; but beside the couch there lay now a loathsome black squid, its foul body rising and falling in a slow, stealthy rhythm, so that it seemed like some evil heart which still beat in the very center of the wicked palace.

"I was glad—and so, I learned, were my companions—when our guides led the way out once more, glancing for a moment at a ruined amphitheater and again at a pier with a lighthouse at the end, which showed that the city had been a seaport. Soon we had emerged from these places of ill omen and were out on the familiar bathybian plain once more.

"Our adventures were not quite over, for there was one more which was as alarming to our companions as to ourselves. We had nearly made our way home when one of our guides pointed upward with alarm. Gazing in that direction, we saw an extraordinary sight. Out of the black gloom of the waters a huge dark figure was emerging, falling rapidly downward. At first it seemed a shapeless mass, but as it came more clearly into the light we could see that it was the dead body of a monstrous fish, which had burst so that the entrails were streaming up behind it as it fell. No doubt the gases had buoyed it up in the higher reaches of the ocean until, having been released by putrefaction or by the ravages of sharks, there was nothing left but dead weight, which sent it hurtling down to the bottom of the sea.

"Already in our walk we had observed several of these great skeletons picked clean by the fish, but this creature was still, save for its disembowelment, even as it had lived. Our guides seized us with the intention of dragging us out of the path of the falling mass, but presently they were reassured and stood still, for it was clear that it would miss us.

"Our vitrine helmets prevented our hearing the thud, but it must have been prodigious when that huge body struck the floor of the ocean, and we saw the globigerina ooze fly up into the air as the mud splashes when a heavy stone is hurled into it. It was a sperm whale, some seventy feet long, and from the excited and joyful gestures of the submarine folk I gathered that they would find plenty of use for the spermaceti and the fat. For the moment, however, we left the derelict creature, and with joyful hearts, for we unpracticed visitors were weary and aching, we found ourselves once more in front of the engraved portal of the roof and finally standing safe and sound, divested of our vitrine bells, on the sloppy floor of the entrance chamber."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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So the bathroom severely unadorned is giving way to the bathroom of sunny aspect, decorated in warm and cheerful color. The fixtures themselves exhibit the beauty which results from admirable design and a high order of workmanship. Against their tinted background they gleam like china dishes.

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ANTICOSTI, THE STRANGEST ISLAND

(Continued from Page 7)

mails come only once in a while, that's an event!

My view gave me some preliminary idea of that odd northern town, truly a frontier outpost of white civilization; just such a place as enmeshes the imagination and as one likes to visit, to tell about. Far-off islands are always fascinating to me, because of their peculiar problems and the ways that people solve them—the ingenious manner in which humans, far from civilization, always somehow manage to carry on and make themselves comfortable.

PHOTO BY BEWING

A Tractor Sled at Anticosti

Port Menier looks decidedly comfortable. The buildings, I saw, were for the most part grouped about the plaza, at the center of which rises a tall flagpole. In addition to the office, Bureau de Poste and store, there's a church, priest's house, bakery, abattoir, ice plant, woodworking and blacksmith's shops, tractor sheds, barracks, hotel, dwellings, convent and school, Poste de Police and Poste d'Incendie, or fire department. Others there be, also, but never mind; enough is enough.

Most of the structures on the landward side are painted a warm red; those to seaward are nearly all sheathed and roofed with galvanized iron. Every chimney, big or little, carries a wire-netting spark arrester. The five locomotives are similarly guarded. These arresters and the galvanized iron offer some protection against the one surpassing peril—fire. When you dwell on an unusually windy island, together with more than 2000 square miles of pitchy forest, fire is a topic not long absent from your mind.

Monsieur Valiquette presently received me, questioned me, gave me the freedom of Anticosti. Bilingual, cosmopolitan, a man's man all the way through, he made me feel at home, putting at my disposal every facility for information and travel. Very gratefully I acknowledge his courteous hospitality.

A Tax-Free Utopia

After a surpassing dinner at the hotel with friendly folk, some of whom seemed to have walked right out of frontier fiction, Mr. Brooks and two others volunteered to give me a run up the railroad as far as I cared to go. On our way to the railroad, what was this I saw? A motor car!

"That's Monsieur Valiquette's car," Brooks explained. "The only one on the island. It's the only one in the world, I fancy, that has a filling station all for its own particular use. And as you see, it has no number plate."

"How's that?"

"It doesn't need any here. It isn't taxed." Nobody, by the way, is taxed at Anticosti. "This car isn't registered at all. Of course Anticosti is under the laws of Quebec Province, but the island, town and everything is all private property."

"Just like my back yard at home!"

"Quite so. Precisely like your garden." And so it is. For all its immense size and its 2500 population, Anticosti still remains a keep-off-the-grass proposition—which introduces some of the queerest social and legal twists imaginable. "Well, here we are," Brooks added. "If you don't mind riding on a speeder ——"

"I don't mind riding on anything once, from a camel up—or down," said I; and so we presently got under way. Speeders, you understand, are motorized hand cars, and they're properly named. We had a Frenchman to operate ours, and he surely was the boy to make her hum! On rough tracks such as lead out into the Anticosti bush, you hang on tight and wish you'd lived a better life.

The Specter

For many miles the railroad penetrates a forest wilderness. You see signs everywhere: ATTENTION AU FEU! or "Look out for Fire! Don't smoke while walking or working! Be sure your camp fire is out before leaving it!" Comparatively few signs of any kind are in English. Many of the staff officials—thirty-five at headquarters and twenty in the bush make up this staff—are French, and so are a great majority of the workmen. The percentage of those using English as their mother tongue is small. If you don't speak French at Anticosti you're sometimes out of luck.

Other signs warn you not to touch or molest any wild animals, especially young foxes. A little handling sometimes kills these. Posts beside the track bear the letters S and W, meaning *Sifflez* and Whistle. Our rushing motor hand car whisked us over brawling streams and past woodland lakes incredibly rich in fish; gave us glimpses of steam shovels at work, fire towers on hills, wide cuttings on either side of the railway to minimize the fire hazard, telephone lines carried on widespread tripods instead of on single poles—a fine idea in a land where heavy gales blow much of the winter.

We passed tents, log-built lumber camps and many thousand cords of pulp wood all along the line—miles of pulp wood. Much of it had been stacked on ten feet of snow the winter before. Melting, the snow had dumped it in fantastic confusions. Quantities of baled hay, too, were piled beside the track.

In a land where broad fields of timothy wave five feet high, it seems strange that hay should be imported for the horses that work in the woods. At one camp I saw horses hauling such hay on sleds, over bare ground. Wheels are of little use in that rough land.

"Princeton cache!" announced Brooks, as, far up the line, we slowed, and stopped at a big unpainted building. Three or four men came out to greet us. Our arrival was an event for such isolated ones. We all unlimbered and had a chat and a smoke, in a well-sheltered place. Nobody knocked any ashes around, either, and nobody smoked while we were traveling. Always, at every elbow in Anticosti, stands a crimson and threatening specter—fire!

WHY MEN LEAVE HOME
with half-clean faces

MOST fellows shave and bathe every morning, and yet go to work with half-clean faces. Hidden pore-dirt is the reason.

Pore-dirt hides in every face. Millions of tiny, grimy particles fly about in the cleanest air. You can't see them; they're too small—so small, really, that they get worked down under the skin where surface washing can't reach them.

After a while, pore-dirt gives you a grayish pallor . . . like a fellow who needs a good vacation.

"But I can't see any pore-dirt on my face," you say. That's because it's *in* your face, not on it. And here's the startling proof:

Send the coupon for the free tube of Pompeian Massage Cream. When it comes, first wash your face—then treat yourself to a quick, invigorating massage. Rub until the cream rolls out in dried pellets.

What happens?

Goes in pink, ROLLS OUT GRAY!

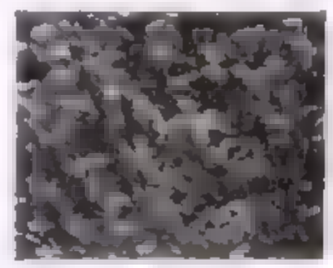
The upper picture, taken under the lens of a powerful microscope, shows a section of skin *before* using Pompeian Massage Cream.

Compare it with the lower picture taken *after* using Pompeian Massage Cream. That's skin that really IS clean—Pompeian clean! See those dark marks . . . dried pellets of cream, gray with the pore-dirt that a few minutes' massage brought out.

And remember, *that* imbedded dirt couldn't have been washed free in a month of Saturdays!

Give yourself a Pompeian Massage.

Free your pores of sallow-toned dirt. It not only sets you up with a clean, confident feeling, but invigorates your whole skin with a fresh, ruddy, athletic glow that makes the others say, "Never saw you look any better, old man . . ."



Photomicrograph taken under the lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.

Photomicrograph of the same section of skin after using Pompeian Massage Cream. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with the pore-dirt that has been rolled free

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Though Anticosti is largely a limestone formation, with plenty of clay for bricks and tiles, almost the entire surface is rich black peat. One peat bog alone is some 160 square miles in area.

"Our surface soil, called duff, is made of very fine, inflammable particles," one of the party explained. "The least spark, so small that you could drop it in a hayloft without starting a conflagration, on a dry day will start a forest fire here. So, you see, our fire hazard is worse than living in a hayloft. We don't take a chance."

"We have these caches scattered all about," added Brooks. "Like the lumber camps, they have phone connections. There are nine caches in all."

"So if your main supply burns up, you won't all starve to death?"

"Precisely. You see, we're totally cut off from the world, from the time navigation closes in December or so till it opens in the spring. Last year the ice breaker Montcalm got within three miles of shore, January fifteenth, and landed some freight over the ice, but that sort of thing is very uncertain. We're isolated for two or three months. No mail, no supplies. We have cable and wireless, of course, but you can't import freight that way."

"You have to be ready to stand a regular siege, eh?"

"That's the idea. With a population like ours and work to be kept going, we can't afford to keep all our eggs in one basket. At Port Menier and in the caches we carry six to eight months' supplies foodstuffs, tools, hardware, spare parts for all our machinery, everything. If only part of our caches escaped destruction, we could still carry on. But if we were to lose everything all in one place ——"

If a thing like that were to happen in winter, there'd be the makings of a first-rate large-scale catastrophe on Anticosti.

A Strange Pig

The hydrographic instruments kept at the caches give data as to moisture and rain precipitation—vital factors in a tinder box like this island. So Brooks explained, as we carefully knocked our pipes out in a damp place, trod on the ashes and once more started along the railway. There vast *brûlés* bore witness to former raids by the great red enemy. Mother Nature had, with colorful wealths of fireweed, daisies and other blooms, tried to enliven those mournful expanses where stark dead trees stood against the sky line like the distorted tree souls of suicides in Dante's seventh circle.

We traveled almost to the end of the line, through unbroken miles of forest where no ax had ever swung, till I had seen enough. On the journey back to Port Menier men came out of camps to see the cars go by, as it were, and give us letters to post. We met another speeder coming upcountry, heavily laden with bushmen and their baggage—men going into the wilderness, there perhaps to stay until next spring amid solitudes primeval. Hardly had we lifted our car off the irons to let the other pass, and then got under way once more, when behold! here came a limy pushing a train laden with cement. That meant another lift-off, and not much time to spare either. Railroading in a country with few sidetracks has its problems.

A limy, by the way, is a queer, double-jointed, loose-hung contraption of a locomotive. It runs on eight drivers, operated by bevel gears and universal joints and other things, all driven by cylinders set amidships and slanting downward. Once or twice I had the honor of a special limy to carry me out to lumber camps. Such engines take no prizes for speed or beauty, but they're bears for negotiating heavy curves, grades and tonnage. Big lumbering operations find them invaluable.

Before we go any farther, why not get some historical background for Anticosti? Be not afraid, the dates are few. But note, if you will, that the name of the island is either derived from a Montagnais Indian word meaning "Place where you hunt bears," or is a Spanish compound signifying "Before the coast." The adventurous Jacques Cartier named it Île de l'Assomption and took possession of it in 1535 for that gallant French King, François I, who immortalized himself by declaring

Femme toujours
varie;
Bien fou qui s'y
fie!

In other words:

Change is woman's
only rule;
The man who
trusts her is a
fool!

Here Lies Gamache, "The Wizard of Anticosti," Overlooking the Bay That Once He Dominated

More than a century later, Louis XIV gave it all to Louis Joliet, the French-Canadian explorer who opened up the Mississippi Valley. With a country on his hands bigger than many a European principality, Joliet seems to have been stumped. But he made at least an attempt to colonize his gigantic island. He twice wintered there, and in 1690 underwent the attack of Admiral William Phips, governor of Massachusetts.

Phips, with 35 warships and 2000 men, destroyed the fishing and Indian trading posts, captured Joliet and his wife and rounded up all the settlers. The Phips expedition, however, ended in wreck and disaster, with terrific sufferings for all the surviving attackers. Today, at Baie Ste. Claire, one rusty old cannon from Phips' vessel, the Rainsford, serves as a melancholy reminder of that fruitless war. Joliet returned to Anticosti. He died in 1700 and is thought to lie buried somewhere on the island, though none can tell you where.

After the vicissitudes of several colonizing schemes, the island still remained almost unoccupied save for a few squatters and three or four light keepers on the south coast. Some appalling stories of shipwreck and misery are recorded in early days. More than 140 wrecks are known to have occurred on Anticosti: the unknown, unrecorded, must have far exceeded those. One attempt at settlement was noteworthy because of the marvelous stock of supplies sent down from Montreal for the colonists, including:

Six quarts of violin strings, innumerable files of all sizes, an incalculable number of coffin handles, fishpoles and flies for fly fishing, several thousand pounds of steel bars, also harness buckles, iron boot heels, anvils, carriage steps, English saddles and a printing outfit"—but bacon was selling for a dollar a pound!

Strange that so vast an island, capable of producing wonderful crops and fabulously rich in timber, minerals, fisheries and furs, should never—until Henri Menier took hold of it—have been successfully colonized. The climate can hardly be blamed, for Anticosti claims as mild a one as any part of Eastern Canada. True, winter winds are severe and drifts sometimes pile up sixteen feet high at Port Menier. But the same is true at the Miquelons, long since settled and with a real city in St. Pierre to boast of. The fact remains that there was nothing doing at Anticosti till 1895, when Henri Menier bought it from the last owners for $125,000.

Tremendous agitation developed against letting a French citizen own such a huge strategic island, commanding the entrance to the St. Lawrence, but in time this subsided. Menier colonized with French and French-Canadians. He built Baie Ste. Claire and Port Menier; established farms and made surveys; constructed roads, railways, canals and dams; drained swamps and lakes; stocked the island with game and preserved the native animals.

Menier conducted scientific and social experiments in the grand manner. It all seems like some Harun-al-Rashid tale, or a chapter out of Utopia. He had specialists write treatises on the island's geology, fauna and flora. One strange fact developed: Anticosti possesses forms of animal and vegetable life not found elsewhere, or found only in the Arctic regions. Some of its life is known as relict, from preglacial times.

Though nominally under the laws of Quebec, the island became practically an independent country, autocratically administered. Menier's laws simply went, without argument. One of the strangest was a law, still in force, against the admission of any kind of dog whatsoever. Dogs, you see, might hurt the wild animals. Oddly enough, while I was on the island the captain of a collier, not knowing this law, brought his pet dog ashore—the first dog seen there in thirty years. Fido certainly made a sensation. Some of the islanders had never even seen a canine. The children cried in French, "Oh, behold that queer, small pig!" Need I say the dog was promptly evicted?

Menier's Hunting Preserve

Menier built a palatial château, the Villa. It took three years and must have cost, with furnishings, all of $1,000,000. An immense four-story palace, it is a marvel of spacious luxury from its regal salon to its pointed slate roofs. Such lavish and intricate magnificence I have never beheld anywhere else. At most, the great chocolate king never occupied it more than two months a year. He established numerous hunting and fishing pavilions at lakes, salmon pools and river mouths. Anticosti is big enough to have lots of large rivers, such as the Jupiter, Observation, Vaureal, Oil, Becscie and others. Menier and his friends used to visit these pavilions, sometimes using odd flat-bottomed boats with tent-like canopies. They enjoyed fabulously rich sport.

Despite the magnate's pulp-wood business, his sealing, his lobster and salmon canning, the island probably cost him $120,000 a year—some $2000 a day for his hunting and fishing. Across the promontory opposite Port Menier an immense strip is cleared through the forest.

"And what's that for?" I one day asked.

"Menier had that cut," a friend told me. "He and his guests used to wait in the clearing. His beaters would drive the game out to them. They used to make some enormous bags that way." It reminds one of imperial methods. "Yes, Menier used to do things on a grand scale." He lived and labored and played like a monarch—which in fact he was.

In 1914 Menier went the way of all flesh. His brother Gaston inherited the immense island and ran it till last year, when he sold it to the present corporation for $6,000,000—hardly enough to cover the cost of improvements made. Gaston Menier still for a specified time retains the right to visit Anticosti a few weeks each year; to live in the Villa at such times; to hunt and fish. Save for this transitory phase, however, the old romantic and Utopian régime has passed.

No longer is the island primarily a vast hunting park, with other affairs subsidiary. Today it is being surveyed, developed and worked for pulp wood. Thus does hard-headed industry at length always displace Arabian Nights dreams. The corporation

(Continued on Page 133

Anticosti Has Ten to Fifteen Million Cords of Timber in Sight

Building Roads and Reputation

THOUSANDS of rugged Internationals are working at the mighty job of road making in every state in the Union—and over the world.

The government of Quebec is using a fleet of Internationals to blaze a highway through the virgin wilds of the Gaspé Peninsula. The Peruvian government has 54 Heavy-Duty Internationals on the great Olmus Project in the mountains of Peru.

Internationals are owned by hundreds of cities for street maintenance and public works. At the head of the list is New York City, using fleets of them in eighteen Departments and Boroughs. Another fleet of 40 is helping to build the city's new subways through solid rock, and working under difficulties that try out and prove every truck quality.

International Harvester builds five sturdy models for heavy hauling—two sizes with double-reduction-gear drive for 2½ and 3½-ton loads, and three with chain drive for 2½, 3½, and 5-ton loads. Whatever your hauling problems or your type of load, ample evidence is at hand to show you how well International Trucks will serve you.

The Herringbone Gears in the Double-Reduction Drive Models

Among the advantages in this modern design is the increased efficiency resulting from the greater tooth surface. Other advantages are reduction of wear—evidenced by a remarkable quietness—and unusual accessibility. The performance of the heavy-duty Internationals is due to such developments in International design, the fruit of 23 years' automotive experience.

Besides Heavy Duty Trucks the International line includes eight types of Speed Trucks, 4 and 6-cylinder, for 1¼, 1½, and 2-ton loads; and the sturdy ½-ton Special Delivery truck. Sold and serviced through 154 Harvester Branches in the United States and Canada, with adequate representation in foreign countries. Folders will be sent on request, and the trucks are on view at the nearest display room.

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Reznor Gas Radiant. A powerful heater at exceptionally low price. Four sizes. Price $11.50 to $18.00.

Reznor Asbestos Heater. Efficient. Six sizes $5.00 to $17.00

Reznor Orthoray No. 505. Finished in Brass and Black. Three sizes. Price $15.00 to $25.00

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Reznor Reflector Heater No. 501 to 513. Six sizes. Price $4.00 to $13.00

Reznor Reflector No. 2 to 13. Eight sizes. The world famous heater. Price $4.00 to $15.00

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Reznor Orthoray is first of all a gas heater—the latest and greatest advance in safety, sustained efficiency, quick room-warming capacity, thorough diffusion of warmth, and dependability!

It is, too, that essential thing in the well appointed home—a correctly designed and beautifully decorative furnishing of so conspicuous a spot as the fireplace!

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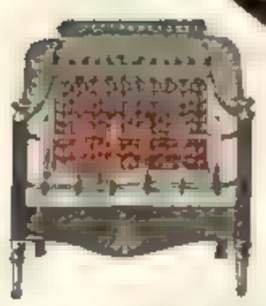
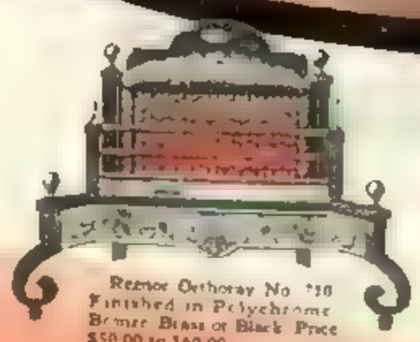
ORTHORAY



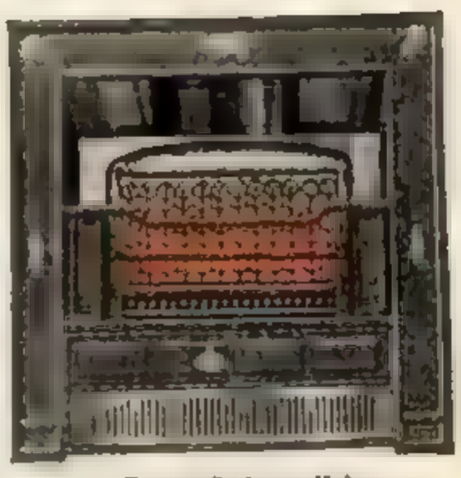
Reznor Orthoray No. 610. Finished in Brass with Crystallized Black body. Three sizes. $18 to $28



Reznor Orthoray No. 710 Finished in Polychrome Bronze Brass or Black Price $50.00 to $60.00

Reznor Orthoray No. 909 Finished in Dull Brass and Statuary Bronze Price $35.00 and $42.50

Reznor Orthoray No. 909 With Andirons Finished in Bronze and Dull Brass. Price $40.00 to $50.00



Reznor Orthoray Hob Grate Finished in Art Green Brass Relief Price $45.00.

All the Charm of an Old Fashioned Fireplace

Warmth and beauty are essential elements of human happiness!

In America, happiness and comfort center in the home. In the development of Reznor Orthoray we have combined comfort and safety with a supreme beauty and enduring charm, which will make your fireplace a thing admired and enjoyed by family and friends alike.

You simply must see these superfine heaters. A dealer near you has them on display—or write us for free illustrated booklet and the nearest dealer's name.

REZNOR

Special to Dealers

Stocks are carried in all principal cities of the United States and Canada. Write or wire us.

REZNOR MANUFACTURING CO. • MERCER, PA.

608

While You're "*Guessing*" *it's* COLD Your Motor *can be* Ruined

Authorities now urge positive, automatic motor protection—leaving no chance for the car owner to guess or forget

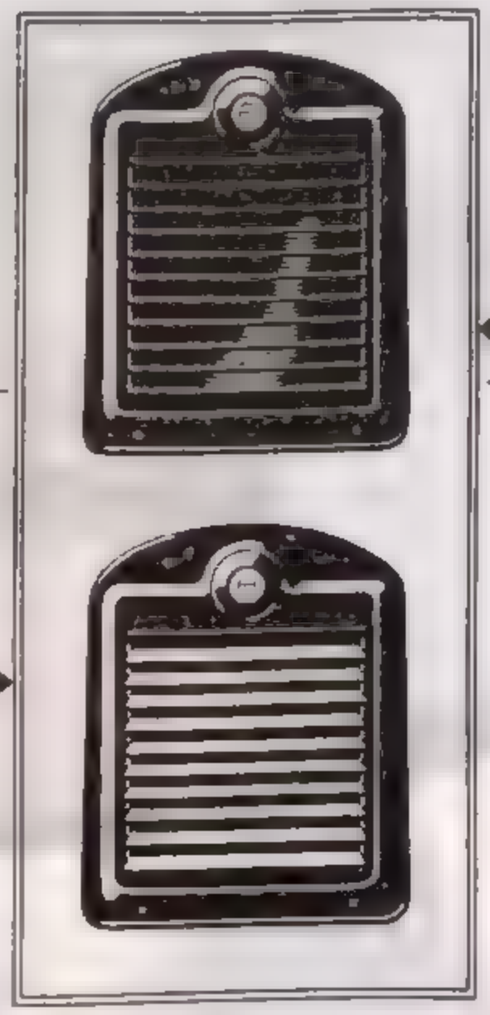
COLD—the enemy that causes 50% to 75% of all premature motor wear—is far too serious a danger to guess about.

There is one way — according to leading authorities — to effectively combat this destroyer of motor life and efficiency. That's by *automatic* motor protection. Thus cold is kept out and away from the motor by scientific means. There is no chance to forget.

To be effective, motor protection *must* work *automatically* — must be timed with scientific exactness to the temperature of the motor. To give you the full season's protection, your automatic radiator shutter must be put on at 60° Fahrenheit. That's when cold strikes its first blow.

"Over-choking" warns you

Coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting are the danger signals. Out comes the "choke" — flooding cold cylinders and cylinder walls with raw gasoline. Glass-like metal surfaces are washed clean of the vital oil film of protection. Vital motor parts are exposed to grinding friction Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, high gas consumption, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. These are the troubles that bring *big* repair bills — troubles for which *cold alone* is responsible.



Closes itself when your motor needs heat.

Opens itself when your motor needs cool air.

Winterfront regulates motor temperature—keeps cold out—ends heat-waste—automatically

The radiator on your car was put there to waste heat—thus to prevent overheating in hot weather. An efficient radiator throws away 35% to 40% of the heat of the fuel. At 60° Fahrenheit there is no heat to spare—yet heat-waste continues through the radiator. Obviously, therefore, there is only one place to efficiently control motor temperature — that's at the radiator. where heat-waste occurs.

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts.

The shutters then begin to open, *automatically*, allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

* * *

Pines Automatic Winterfront is standard equipment on Packard "8," Pierce-Arrow, Peerless "8" and Peerless De Luxe "6."

Pines Automatic Winterfront is the only Automatic Radiator Shutter on the Market

The only shutter that assures you timely, constant protection against the destroying force of cold.

The only shutter that automatically eliminates the boiling danger a danger that always exists when the radiator is completely covered by makeshift methods

You can't forget to operate it There's nothing to remember Its results are possible *only* because it is *automatic*.

Important — When your motor stops — Winterfront shutters start to close, and are fully closed while your motor is hot. Thus you are certain always of complete motor protection. There is no chance for dangerous neglect.

With a Winterfront on your car, you "warm-up" in seconds. You lose the dangerous "choke" habit because Winterfront eliminates the need for it. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain You enjoy a noticeable increase in gasoline economy —snug warmth inside your car—summer-time smoothness and flexibility in your motor.

Put on any car in ten minutes

Pines Automatic Winterfront is sold by automobile and accessory dealers everywhere. It is installed in less than ten minutes without changes of any nature to your car. Pines Automatic Winterfront is the only *automatic* radiator shutter on the market. Remember —it's *automatic*. Insist on getting the original for this reason. Cold is too serious a menace to take chances with. Winterfront results are possible only because it is *automatic*. Models for all cars—priced $22.50 to $30.00. Special models for Ford, $15.00; Chevrolet $17.50; Dodge Four, $20.00. Slightly higher prices in the Rocky Mountain area and West — also Canada Pines Winterfront Company, 422 North Sacramento Blvd., Chicago.

The motor car dealer who recommends and sells you a Pines Automatic Winterfront is considering your interests first. Take his advice. Your dealer will supply you.

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

(Continued from Page 128)

is now a huge organization supplying all its own needs. Don't think of going to Anticosti to start a business. It can't be done! The corporation feeds, warms, lights, employs and regulates all hands; gives them medical and dental service—does everything. It owns and controls all animals, birds, furs, fisheries, mines, minerals, water powers, ships, buildings, roads, railways—everything except the post office, telegraph and cable service and the eight lighthouses. The only outside concession is a laundry, conducted by three suave Celestials.

These three form the only nonwhite element. Not a single negro can be found there. Anticosti is the whitest white man's country I have ever visited. It's unfortunate the population is so unbalanced by the dearth of femininity. I should say the proportion of women was hardly 10 per cent. A few wives of officials and some of the workers, the sisters who conduct the convent and school, the hospital nurses and a handful of employes make up the total of women. So the majority of Anticostites live in womanless camps or barracks, hives of exclusively male activity. Women are at a premium, yet I have never seen a place where they enjoy such punctilious respect. It's hard to define that attitude exactly. To me it seemed as if they were treated more like friends and brothers than like women at all.

A spirit of wonderful and refreshing comradeship exists on that distant frontier of white civilization. Women tramp around in knickers and rubber boots and all kinds of queer rigs; and as for anybody trying to flirt with them or be in any way gallant, it's unthinkable. If you want to get a new angle on the well-known man-and-woman question, visit Anticosti.

The Laws of Anticosti

The laws in force are only slightly altered from those made by Menier. I will greatly condense them:

Anticosti is the private property of the Anticosti Corporation. Everybody must conform to the corporation's rules. No one, except in case of shipwreck, can land without permission. No one can remain, or can lodge, feed or entertain anybody; import or export anything; have any guns, snares, nets or traps; hunt or fish; molest or capture any animal or bird; touch any nests or eggs; own any boat or motor car; bring any animal to the island, without permission.

No alcohol is allowed, nor any beverages stronger than 12 per cent. Anybody finding any mine, mineral, spring, wreck, or anything washed up on shore, must report it at once. Nobody can recover damages for any injury done by any wild animal. All motors must have silencers. All births, deaths and marriages must be reported; also all contagious diseases. All persons suffering from such are to be isolated; everybody must be vaccinated; no burials can be made outside of cemeteries. Only the corporation can post notices, which no one must mutilate or remove.

The strictest sanitary regulations as to dwellings, harbor and immigration are enforced. All imported animals are quarantined. No broken glass shall be thrown about. Without permission, no bushman can leave his job and go to work for another camp; if he does, he will be paid off and deported. No fire shall be lighted outdoors without permission. If fires are discovered, they must be extinguished; or, if beyond control, immediately reported. Anybody lighting a fire and not extinguishing it will be deported. Adults and employers are strictly responsible for all acts of their children, wards or employes; and in case of damage, must pay for it and pay any fines. All guards must strictly enforce the regulations.

The famous dog law, in full, reads:

The possession or introduction of any dog, of no matter what species, is formally prohibited, dogs having been recognized as essentially harmful to the island, to persons as well as to wild and domestic animals.

Such, in brief, are the constitution and laws of this strange country. I call any country strange that has brief, practical laws which actually work, with no ifs, ands or buts, appeals or equivocations; laws that the ordinary human being can really understand and obey. Brief, efficient, to the point, I recommend the Anticosti legal code to the Solons of larger lands. Economic determinism never had a finer demonstration—the principle that the manner in which a country makes its living very largely determines its legal and moral code.

At Anticosti, the government, for all practical purposes, is in Monsieur Valiquette's able hands. He saith unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to another, Do this, and he doeth it. That's all there is to it. There's no politics at Anticosti, and no voting and no pulling of wires. The only logrolling is the real kind that makes the money.

Anticosti's big job today is getting out the pulp wood on a gigantic scale, and fools who play with fire or rock the boat get short shrift. It's efficiency plus. While I was there one independent young man looked as through a glass, darkly, upon too much of the 12 per cent stuff and attempted to clamber over his fellow men. Constable Bolton presently escorted him to the magistrate. This gentleman, who is also the customs inspector—and who has a lockup at his disposal—fined the independent young man thirty-six dollars and deported him. And that was that!

Fire in the Fire Tower

When you go cruising on Anticosti, it doesn't necessarily mean with a boat. No; often it signifies a plunge into the bush, the wilderness. Can I ever forget those wondrous expanses of brooding, mysterious forest? Mystery does, indeed, infold them. Never yet have they been thoroughly mapped. Parts of the island are still less known than Central Africa. The Canadian Government has charts showing its coast and bits of the largest rivers, but no detailed maps exist save those now being drawn by corporation surveyors aided by airmen, who report one-third of the island to be barrens, peat bogs, lakes and rivers, while two-thirds contains merchantable timber.

"We get this timber out by means of contractors and jobbers," one of the three district managers explained to me on a cruising expedition. "They contract for so much acreage or so many thousand cords, and keep big gangs cutting summer and winter."

Afar, in isolated clearings, we visited log camps chinked with moss and hay; camps where, if fire swept through, men and horses would have no more chance than spiders in a red-hot stove.

My mentor showed me how surveys are made. "The compass, you see, keeps us on a straight line through the forest. This ticker"—and he exhibited a device like the bell punch of a Fifth Avenue bus conductor—"registers distance. I hold it in my left hand and click it once for every so many paces. So many clicks, one mile—see?"

He showed me the running of blazed control lines a mile and a half apart; then the cruising lines at right angles, a quarter mile apart, with blazes at start and finish of each line. He explained his estimates of spruce, hemlock, pine, balsam and hackmatack and other woods.

"We note the watersheds, too, and the drainage areas," he expounded, "so we can plan how to get the timber out best. Away from the railroad, it has to be driven down to the coast, then rafted and towed to Ellis Bay. I mark the timber on a numerical scale. Ten is a good normal stand—say, twenty-five cords to the acre. Zero is muskeg or barrens." The map he showed me looked like Joseph's coat of many colors.

"Dark green is good timber, light green is next best and brown is scrubby. Blue is for lakes and rivers. Red is burnt area. These stippled places are barrens. The green lines show logging roads and contours."

It was interesting to see him take contours in that wilderness. He did it with a clinometer—a queer apparatus with a graduated arc, plumb bob and hinged mirror. The forest looked impenetrable to me, but the manager was thoroughly at home. Every 200 feet he would take a sight on a man 200 feet ahead of him, squinting into the little mirror. The angle of the plumb line gave him the slope. A cinch—when you know how! He also noted the natural advantages for fire protection, such as brooks, roads and clearings.

Each manager has ten to fifteen men under him—fire wardens, deputies and lookouts in towers. There are also caches of shovels, mattocks and pails. It seemed to me that if fire once got a tooth into that rich, resinous feast, nothing could stop it; but the manager talked calmly of trenching, felling trees, starting back fires, and all kinds of expedients.

"The last fire we had"—he laughed—"was when one of our watchtowers got ablaze from a stove in the living quarters and burned down." If you want to find yourself "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," travel into the bush with a gang of Anticosti timber cruisers. You won't remember there's such a thing in existence as the outside world of business, debts and worries. Make way through the untracked forest, or paddle up some all but nameless river in a heavily laden canoe, with palisades of conifers and with high, stratified cliffs on either hand. Maybe your French-Canadian companions will sing some chanson of the old days when the explorers and the *coureurs de bois* first woke Canadian echoes with:

Alouette, gentille alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai!

or else:

À la claire fontaine,
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné!
Il y a longtemps que j'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai!

Make camp with the cruisers, hear the fresh-hooked trout sizzle in the pan, scent the perfume of the crisping bacon and the steaming coffee; then by the camp fire smoke your pipe—and, boy, how good it tastes!—while shy northern stars peep above the somber crests of hemlock and black spruce. You'll not forget such hours at Anticosti!

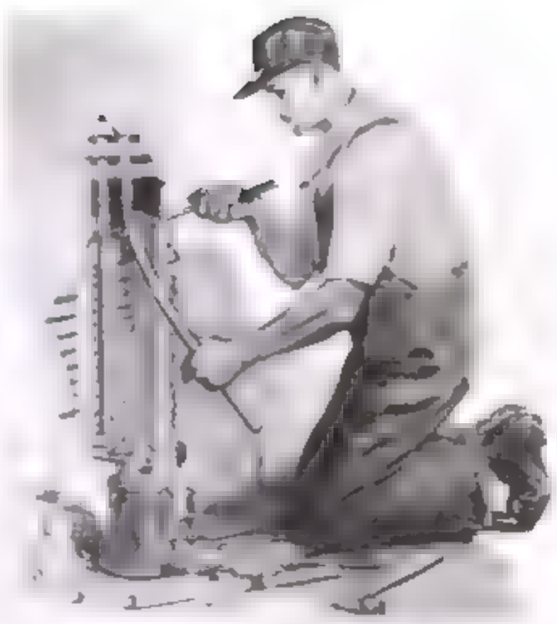
Barren Ground for Labor Borers

Timber cruising continues the year round. In winter, on snowshoes and with tenting equipment only, hardy men trek out to survey, record and plan. A rigorous life, yet the cruisers enjoy it. Everybody at Anticosti seems to enjoy the job. I've never seen a more contented, good-natured crowd, or one that pulled together with a finer spirit of cooperation.

Perhaps being on their own, far from the world, draws them fraternally together. It gives them pride in the job of getting out timber, timber, still more timber. The job! That's what counts—the big job, a man's hard work done in a man's indomitable way!

There's much to tell of what my good friends showed me—the wonderful farms where I saw vegetables far excelling my own garden 500 miles to southward; the splendid cattle and horses; the brooks where I was allowed to cast a fly and watch the rushing ripple of eager trout. Then there's my auto trip to Baie Ste. Claire—the only trip I've ever made in the one and only car in a country.

We traveled nine miles of excellent road, and—strange!—we had to slow down for horses. Anticosti horses still fear the automobile. Deer by the dozen jumped across the highway, loped off with white flags raised, or stood in the tall grass, interestedly watching us. You can hardly leave Port Menier without sighting deer, often in herds. They swarm everywhere. At night you see their eyes shining like little lanterns. I declined a shot at a deer. Shooting with a camera is good enough for me. But one of our party made a wonderful long-distance shot out of the car window. Dusk though



HIDDEN PIPES —HIDDEN WORRIES

Concealed pipe which rusts means constant worry. Anaconda *brass* pipe means economy—no worry. Which for *you?*

CONSIDER the following facts carefully. They present two pictures of vital interest.

Modern plumbing presents a problem because water pipes are concealed—a problem in houses with *rusting* pipe.

But concealed *brass* pipe doesn't need ripping out because of rust. It *can't* rust. It stays sound.

Water pipes of rustable metal clog with cakes of rust. Water diminishes to a reddish trickle. Leaks result.

Anaconda Brass Pipe is a great economy—saving an average of $26 every year. It costs a little more in the beginning, but the saving soon makes up the difference.

After four years, these pieces of pipe were taken from water lines installed in the same building at the same time. At the left is Anaconda brass pipe—at the right, pipe of rustable metal. The brass pipe couldn't rust, the other pipe was clogged with cakes of rust and pitted on the outside

To learn the economy of rust-proofing with Anaconda Brass Pipe, Anaconda copper for gutters and leaders, and bronze screens, mail coupon for informative booklet, sent free.

ANACONDA COPPER
BRASS ANACONDA BRONZE

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY.
General Offices Waterbury, Connecticut

Name

Address

City State

Rust-Proof
Because
PARKERIZED

"THIS is an easy job! I wonder why more manufacturers do not rust-proof their iron and steel parts!"

Many manufacturers who do use these metals are "listening" to the demand of a more exacting buying public. They are taking advantage of the opportunity to rust-proof all exposed iron and steel parts by Parkerizing, thus creating an added sales appeal and increased good will of the users.

Parkerizing is a simple process, requiring only inexpensive equipment, protecting iron and steel from the ravages of rust. Parco Powder, an inert, dry chemical added to a tank of boiling water provides the bath into which the metal parts are immersed.

In efficiency and economy Parkerizing stands alone as the method of rust-proofing iron and steel.

If you use iron or steel you have a rust problem which our engineers and chemists can help you solve.

Parkerizing jobbing service plants are located in twenty-one industrial centers.

If you are interested to know more about Parkerizing we will gladly mail you our monthly publication, THE PARKERIZER and our book, The Parker Rust-Proofing Process. Write for them.

PARKER RUST-PROOF COMPANY
Detroit, U. S. A.

it was, he got his deer; and later I was inconsistent enough to help eat it. Venison, by the way, sells at the public market for as low as eight cents a pound.

The greatest lack at Anticosti is social life. A billiard table and a very small library seem inadequate for the colony. Books or magazines sent to the Anticosti Club, Port Menier, P. Q., would be a godsend. There used to be a clubhouse, with movies and amateur theatricals, but the great influx of laborers for enlarging the pier turned it into a barrack, where swarms of men present their tickets not now for a show but for grub, when the iron triangle is hammered.

In the winter, Anticosti publishes a little weekly paper, formerly L'Aiglon, now the Anticosti News, with wireless dispatches and personal ads. No dog items, however, are to be found in it. As for the clubhouse ——

"We're going to have that back again as soon as the pier's done," say the Anticostites. "It won't be long before we're putting on plays and movies again. We've still got sixty old films from Menier's time—not too bad. Sports? Oh, we used to play a bit of hockey, but it died out. Baseball? Never had it here."

Incidentally, if somebody would only start baseball, what a blessing! Some 2500 people on an island, without baseball—it's all wrong. I wish somebody would send them an outfit—or anything else, in fact, that would divert hard-working, isolated white men and women—the whitest you ever saw.

One Grand Character

You can't stay long at Anticosti without hearing about Gamache. Ellis Bay, indeed, where the town stands, used to be Baie Gamache. The spirit of that great legendary figure still seems to brood over the island. Folklore up there still largely revolves about that extraordinary man, who has become a sort of tutelary demon or ogre—even a *loup-garou*.

An old French sea captain, down in the Hut, which is the headquarters of the Société des Trappeurs, told me something of Gamache. This Hut, where rules chief trapper Salaman, stands at the shore end of the pier, and is a shoe-cobbling establishment as well as a repository of furs, stuffed birds, guns, nets and fishing gear. What a setting for a movie! Pleasantly it smells of good clean leather, with whiffs of salt air and kelp blowing in over the bay. Pleasant it was, too, sitting there on an ammunition box, smoking my pipe and listening to the grizzle-whiskered, blue-eyed old cap'n with the silver watch chain almost heavy enough for a ship's cable.

"Yes, m'sieur, he was one grand character, Gamache was. He was protect' by a special devil, an' often speak with the Old Boy himself—so they tell. Some calls him one pirate, robber, evil spirit. But me, I calls him one damn smart man. He ain't never got—what you call?—the cold foot! Smart, m'sieur!"

Picked out of the genial cap'n's narrative, here are some facts about Louis Olivier Gamache, Anticosti's patron saint—or devil, if you prefer. He was born away back in 1784, near Quebec. After years of adventuring as a sailor, he settled on Anticosti, where the solitude, hunting and fishing exactly suited him. Near the spot where Menier's gorgeous Villa now stands, he built himself a queer home. There he lived more than forty-five years, with a couple of servants, two successive wives and a numerous brood of children.

His house was more than half a fort, a regular arsenal that could be solidly barricaded against a siege, for in those rude days marauders and pirates often made short work of the defenseless. His doors were of heavy oak, his walls immensely thick. On his piazza he mounted a cannon. He had a dozen guns, some of them double-barreled. Every room contained one or two of these, plus swords, sabers, pikes, bayonets and pistols. Around his house grew up barns, a farm, sheds for storing wreckage, till he seemed to have a village all his own.

"A wonderful hunter and trapper he was, too, m'sieur. He catch seals, he fish, he trade with the Montagnais Indians on the north shore of the St. Lawrence. They like him an' fight for him. I think he give them rum for furs, which is against the law. Gamache, he make his own law. Reef, fog, gale—nothin' ever frighten that man. Every pilot and sailor know Gamache, an' some calls him in league with Satan.

"Some say they see him stand up in his schooner with a dead calm an' command Satan to give him a wind. Then his sails fill an' away he go, m'sieur, an' all the other ships lay there. Do Gamache dispute his wicked reputation? Never! He even work to get a more worse one. That protect him, *n'est-ce pas?* Smart, he is!"

During one voyage to Rimouski, Gamache went to the inn, ordered an immense dinner and had places laid for two.

"And who's coming to dine with you?" asked the mistress of the inn.

"Is that," he retorted, "any of your business? Never mind his name! But he's a tall thin gentleman all in black, with a clubfoot. Serve dinner—and afterward, keep away. Be sure not to come till you're called. Above all, no peeking!"

He shut himself in the dining room. Soon the door opened, closed again, with no human agency that the frightened inn folk could see. They heard Gamache talking to somebody, who answered. Terror reigned. When Gamache finally called the landlady, she almost fainted. Both places at table had been used. All the viands were gone—and what mortal man could eat so much?

Thus by dint of a stick and a string to move the door, and at the expense of an overdistended stomach and a few vocal gymnastics, Gamache enormously enhanced the prestige of his name—and thereby increased his safety on his desolate isle.

In time he and his invisible companion were accused of wrecking ships, seizing rich cargoes, even massacring entire crews. Sailors in their forecastles and landsmen in their chimney corners whispered parlous tales about Gamache. He became the Wizard of Anticosti, a bogy, a figure of terror.

Gamache's Little Joke

"Some English sailors say they rather climb up the citadel at Quebec against the French guns," my cap'n went on, "than land at Baie Gamache. Some say he roast men alive an' eat them. They tell how he act when his first wife die. She die one winter, while Gamache is away on the hunt. When he come back, with one companion, he find his two little girls near froze to death an' starved. No fire in two week, nothin' to eat but bread. That was one time when he have no servants. That *pauvre* wife, she's die all alone, except for little girls. Now she's lay froze stiff on the floor. An' Gamache, what he say? Nothin', but, 'Well, that's how they goin' find me, some fine day, myself! Each one got his turn. Anyhow, she's dead, so we got to bury her up—*vold!*'"

Lonely as his fort home was, thirty miles from the nearest neighbor and isolated from the world half each year, Gamache found a second wife. He had more children, and when Wife Number 2 passed on, contemplated taking a third. But fate willed otherwise by decreeing his own death in a fitting manner, as we shall see.

Once a hostile Indian landed at the bay, and, knife in hand, advanced to the attack. Gamache shot the savage, but only in the leg. Thereafter he nursed and fed his enemy for six weeks, then turned him loose with the warning that if he or any other hostiles ever came again, he'd put lead through their skulls. "And," he added, "I never miss!" Thereafter all unfriendly redskins let him alone.

Late one autumn at Quebec, when selling his furs and laying in his winter supplies, he was boarded by a bailiff who came to arrest him. Gamache royally entertained this catchpole—so royally that when the fuddled bailiff mounted on deck, he found the schooner already far down the mighty St. Lawrence. In vain the bailiff wept, pleading to be returned to wife and children. Despite all, Gamache bore him off to Anticosti, where the officer passed a long and particularly severe winter. Bailiffs, from then on, gave him a wide berth.

Once when a storm drove an English pilot ashore on the island, the pilot, with fear and trembling, went up to Gamache's house. There the old sea dog heartily welcomed and dined him, showed him the arsenal, assured him "I never miss!" and finally locked him in a bedroom for the night, with this comforting farewell:

"You can sail away tomorrow—if you're alive then!"

The pilot spent sleepless and prayerful hours. About midnight, Gamache unlocked the door and strode in with brow of menace. He held a rifle in hand. And, oh, horror! "I've come to give you *le dernier coup!*" announced Gamache.

He raised the rifle—and hung it on a couple of pegs. Then taking a bottle of brandy from his pocket, he poured the pilot a stiff drink. In French, you see, *le dernier coup* may also mean the final drink, as well as the death stroke!

"Good night, friend," laughed Gamache, toasting the guest's good health. "If I come back again, shoot me. You see, the devil's not as black as he's painted!"

A Prosaic End

Then there was his famous disappearance feat, when once pursued at sea. The Compagnie des Postes du Roy had a monopoly of fur trading and persecuted Gamache for dealing with the Montagnais Indians. One day a *compagnie* ship discovered Gamache's schooner at Mingan, on the north shore, surrounded by a triple line of canoes. Gamache fled, pursued by the ship. Night fell. The ship followed what seemed to be Gamache's light. But when the ship overhauled this, the *compagnie* men captured only a raft surmounted by a tar barrel with a fire burning therein.

In the dark, Gamache had given them the slip. Next day they found him back at Mingan, quietly trading, and dared not molest him. The story was whispered—and believed—that if too closely chased at sea he could vanish in a blue will-o'-the-wisp flame.

"One morning in 1854," my French cap'n went on, cleaning his pipe with a broom straw, "Gamache is found dead in bed. He die at the age of seventy, white-haired but still strong an' hearty an' full of tricks. He die of drinkin' rum, m'sieur. Always he drink rum an' water, early. But that mornin' he leave out the water. The clear rum before breakfast—ah, it finish him! He is buried up there near the Villa. You can see it for yourself, m'sieur, the grave of that greatest Anticosti pioneer."

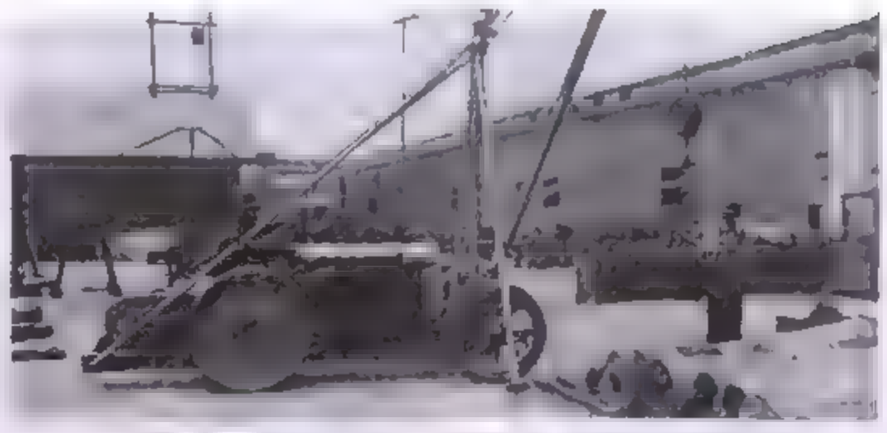
I did, indeed, see his grave for myself. Under a hemlock that whispered in a breeze redolent of brine and pulp wood, with many a wild flower nodding all about, Gamache lies under a plain wooden slab, crudely lettered. Kipling's line recurred to me: "And after all your traipsing, child, lie still!"

Very soundly Gamache sleeps, yet he still seems watching over Anticosti. Mothers still quiet their young children with the threat: "Be good, or Gamache will get you!" When the corporation made its first surveys, natives could not be induced to enter the interior. Men had to be brought from Esquimaux Point, on the north shore, for that work. Strange tales were whispered about direful animals inhabiting the lakes and lying in wait to

(Continued on Page 138)

Famous for Beer
Woven Yarns
FAMOUS FOR BEER
COLORS

VISIT a foundry . . . a steel mill . . . a construction job . . . an oil field . . . a logging operation . . . almost any place where industry carries on . . . and you'll either find a Fordson industrial power unit or you'll find a place where the Fordson would save time and money.



Lifting and loading a 5000-lb. billet of steel!

The power needs of all industry can be summed up in five movements . . . pulling, pushing, lifting, carrying and driving belts. The Fordson is doing them all . . . pulling long trains of heavily loaded trailers . . . pushing and shunting freight cars . . . operating hoists for mine cars and oil drills . . . picking up and loading heavy castings, 5000 lbs. in some instances, with a small, convenient crane . . . driving rock crushers, pumps, compressors and a great variety of belt power jobs.

In many instances, the same Fordson is doing several of these operations . . . one after another! The Fordson equipped with a small crane, for instance, will not only load a trailer and haul it off, but will handle all sorts of belt power work as well. The Fordson with a winch is perfectly capable of doing any of the other operations required of it. Many of the most profitable uses of the Fordson require only a simple hitch . . . easily attached and removed . . . leaving it free for any other sort of work.

Quick, economical loading of heavy castings

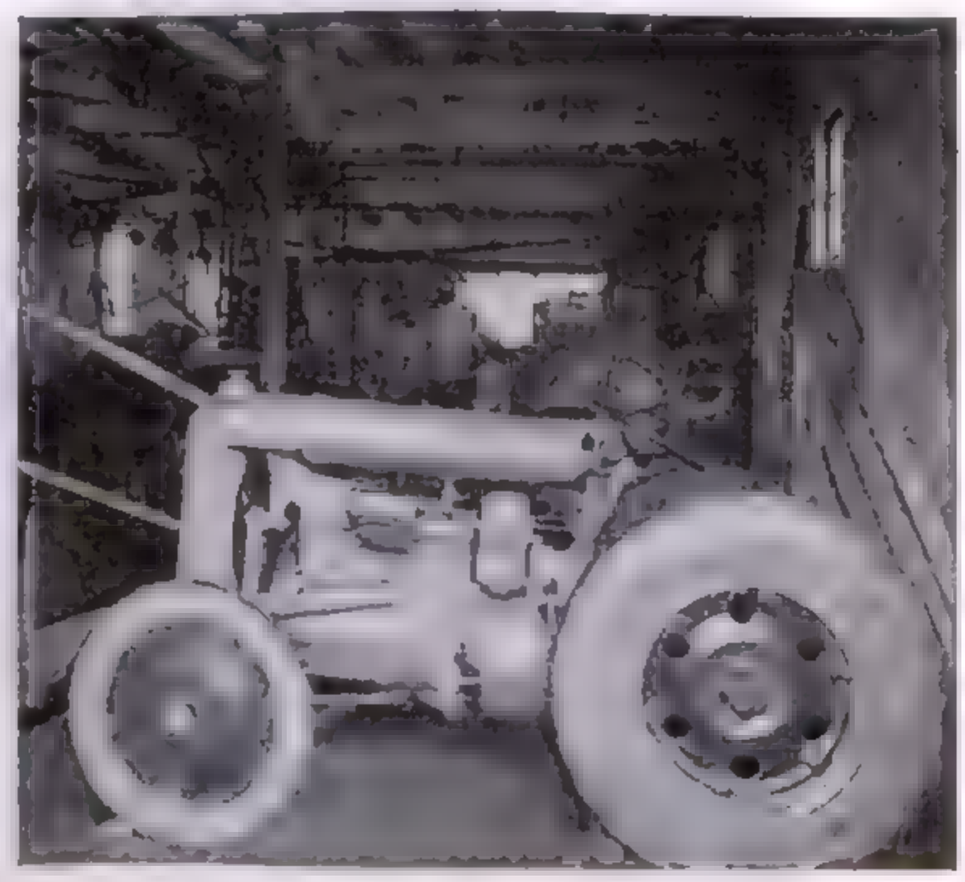
THE FORDSON

Because the Fordson may be so quickly and inexpensively adapted to such a great variety of work, it has won its place in industry. Because the Fordson is low in first cost, economical in operation and upkeep and ample in power, it *keeps* that place.

The simplicity of construction and the dogged reliability that have characterized all Ford automotive products reaches a high point in the Fordson. The world-wide service organization that has followed the spread of Ford cars and Ford trucks to every crossroads of the nation provides trained mechanics and standard repair methods wherever the Fordson is used.

There is a place in your work for the Fordson industrial power unit. There is a place in your business where the Fordson will save time and money . . . pay dividends.

Study the power needs of your work. No effort could be more timely or more profitable in this day of critical production costs. Let our engineers show you how others have applied Fordson power to work similar to yours . . . perhaps exactly like it. Let us share with you the great mass of information we have acquired on power costs from a study of the operation of the 600,000 Fordsons that are in use throughout the world.



The Fordson helps a laundry through an emergency with belt power!

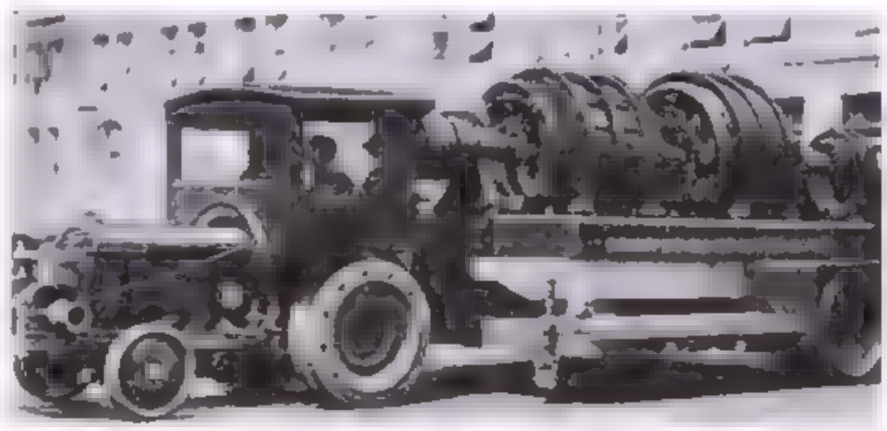
Power..and industrial progress

THE industry that is *under powered* today finds itself at a decided disadvantage in competition. Where power is insufficient, labor cannot *earn* satisfactory wages. Production is low . . . and costly. Markets are limited . . . for the final cost of the products and services of an under-powered industry must necessarily be higher than that of its full-powered competitor.

Between the extreme situation of the industry that has practically no power methods and that of the industry that uses ample power, there is much middle ground.

Almost any industry in America can speed up production and save money somewhere in its operations by the proper application of power. The astonishing number and variety of industrial uses to which the Fordson Industrial Power Unit has been turned are definite evidence of this fact.

Wherever men or animals pull or push . . . lift or carry . . . wherever unwieldy stationary engines drive belts on semi-temporary locations . . . a portable power unit will save time and money.



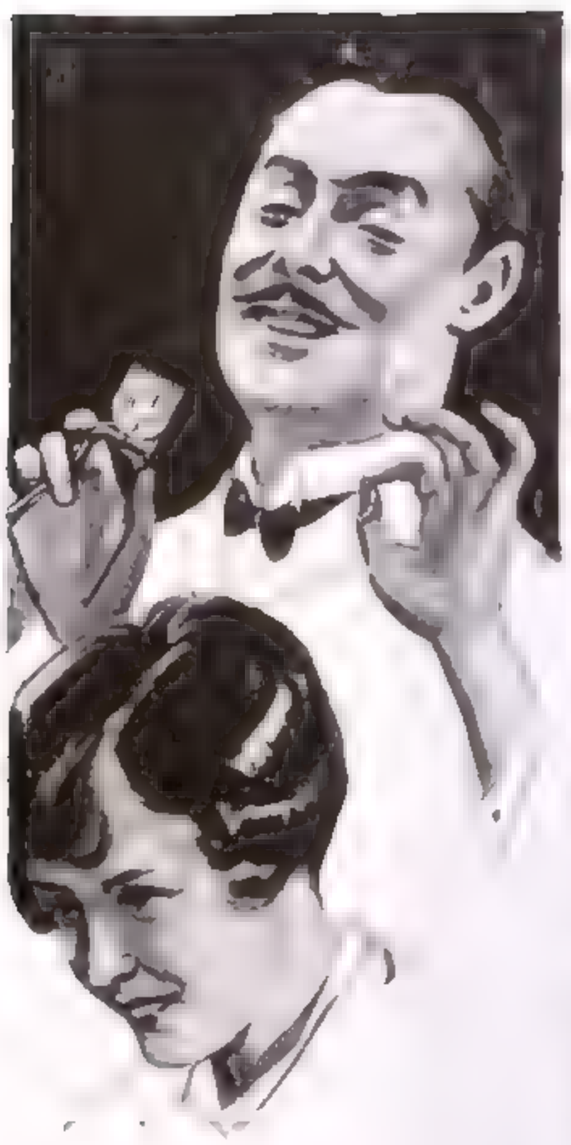
12,000 *lbs.! The Fordson pulls it without difficulty*

Industrial progress depends on the use of power. Only by giving labor the tools of high production can industry pay the present high production wage scale. Modern competition demands power methods.

. . . and the fact that over twelve million Fordson horsepower have been applied to work that was formerly done by hand or animals would seem to show that the Fordson is playing a worth-while part in speeding up the world's production.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

HAS WON ITS PLACE IN MODERN INDUSTRY



A beauty PRESCRIPTION "Take Frequently"

"A HAIR trim every ten days" is one of the best prescriptions for beauty that you can follow. The modern hairdresser does more than merely cut your hair. He trims your bob to suit your individuality.

Closely cut at the back of the neck, your bob defines the shape of your head, and fast-growing hair soon spoils this trim line. Visit your hairdresser often. Regular trimming helps your hair, experts say. It certainly helps your appearance.

Many people find it handy to have a pair of clippers in the house to trim bobbed heads, the children's hair, and to use whenever they happen to be out of reach of the barber.

When you buy hair clippers, be sure that they're good ones. Nine out of ten barbers use Brown & Sharpe clippers because they last longer and work better than any other make. Good cutlery, barber supply and hardware stores sell them.

BROWN & SHARPE MFG. COMPANY
PROVIDENCE, R. I., U. S. A.

VISIT YOUR BARBER MORE OFTEN

(Continued from Page 134)

seize the unwary. Weird spirits were supposed to roam the muskegs. Gamache is their leader. "Gone, but not forgotten," his epitaph might well read.

So much still remains to tell about Anticosti that I'm puzzled what to leave out. If you're interested in feathers, fish or furs, Salsman will tell you all about the island's martens, otters, seals, bears, elk, reindeer, moose, deer and foxes—reds and silvers. Deer have become so numerous that thousands die every winter. Salsman claims they eat dogwood bark, which kills them. Doctor Grenfell helped Menier introduce a herd of 100 reindeer. Forty still survive, but there's not high land or moss suitable for them. They are now, however, probably increasing again. The black bears occasionally get so bold around the camps that they have to be killed. One peculiar breed of bear is found nowhere else than on this island. Menier brought in beavers, which have increased till now their tree cutting and their dam work have become a nuisance. The young foxes are born in April; the old ones live through the winter on deer carcasses, rabbits, hares, rats and mice and dead fish along the beaches. Anticosti is the largest fox farm in the world.

"We've got bird life here by the million," Salsman will tell you, concerning this stupendous game preserve. Incidentally, there are no English sparrows yet, nor any porcupines or snakes. A sparrowless land is agreeable. "We have wild geese, about twenty-five species of ducks—including blacks, divers and mergansers; herring, mackerel and barnacle gulls; sawbills, gannets, black-throated divers, widgeons, sandpipers, curlews and herons; two kinds of cormorants; white-headed and big black eagles; Arctic owls and ptarmigan from Labrador; partridges, larks, woodcocks, plovers and Lord knows what all.

"You ought to see the Bird Cliffs at East End, mister! Ah, there's waterfowl for you! Millions of 'em, nesting and breeding. They scream so you can't hardly hear yourself think, and when they fly it's like a black cloud. No, sir, you can't touch a bird or an egg. The island's all patrolled. I've got forty game wardens keeping the Gaspé and other poachers out. These wardens trap in winter and they supply the corporation with fresh fish. We give bonuses for the best furs and keep 'em busy."

Despite the strict game laws, provision is made for shipwrecked sailors and castaways. All along the coast shacks are scattered, each provided with beds, flour, matches, firewood, kettles and pails, stoves and the like. Some fifty in all, they offer havens of refuge to the unfortunate. Anticosti, though it means business, has a heart.

Seagoing Caterpillars

"Fish?" queries Salsman. "I guess there's fish! Cod, haddock, herring, capelin and mackerel, sardines, squid, eels, flounders and halibut, sir, up to 200 and 300 pounds or more. The lakes and rivers are just swarming with trout and salmon. We can some lobster and salmon. If you like, we'll rent you a fishing stream, anywhere from $1200 to $2500 a month. You wasn't thinking of that, was you?"

"Oh, no, no," I assured Salsman. "When I rent a stream, I want something really expensive—nothing so cheap as a mere $2500 a month!"

A sportsman's Eden—that's Anticosti. But at the gate a burning sword turns every way and none but the duly authorized may tote a gun or fishpole. The game laws are practically independent of Quebec, and far more strict. Poaching on Anticosti might be defined as an extra-hazardous occupation.

So much for one kind of game up there. The other and far bigger kind is the game of getting out the pulp wood. Menier viewed his princely demesne less as a commercial proposition than as a wonder place for regally entertaining his friends. Today, Anticosti is on a strictly business basis. Incalculably rich in natural resources that many years of intense labor cannot exhaust, it is wholly devoted to exploiting its millions of cords of wood. An army of bushmen are cutting this wood, sawing it up, railroading and driving and rafting and towing it to Ellis Bay. Wonderful machinery handles it, machinery that would delight a wiser technician than I.

The wood is hauled on long trains of gigantic sleds, drawn by powerful tractors costing $15,000 apiece. At sea, it is towed in booms. Remarkable slash saws, which are circular saws mounted on rafts and driven at high speed, cut it up into four-foot lengths. Extraordinary amphibious devices called alligator boats—seagoing motorboats with caterpillar treads under their hulls—coerce the wood on land or water with equal facility. You can see these queer creatures, like antediluvian monsters, shoving masses of logs about, clambering over them in the water, or climbing up on shore to drag down stranded wood by the thousand cords. You're tempted to exclaim, "There ain't no such critter!" And yet there is, and the alligators work miracles.

At Anticosti you see vast cribs and piers that have been built on the ice and then sunk to position. You see an immense boom stretching far across the harbor and holding more than 50,000 cords impounded. In rough weather, the engineers worry. If the boom breaks, maybe $500,000 worth of wood will churn away to sea.

Logs by the Bucketful

You find a horde of men loading the pulp wood on a fleet of chartered steamers, bound for Port Alfred, Trois Rivières and St. Maurice. This loading is a science in itself. Electric winches haul a vast boomful of wood out of the retaining basin and bring it close to the concentrating basin, where it is gobbled up by immense jack ladders of special design. Each ladder, at its lower end, floats on an immense caisson—this being an Anticosti invention - and each is operated by its own individual electric motor. The ladders, four feet wide instead of V-shaped, take logs in any position. Busy lumberjacks with long pick poles shove unwilling logs to the ladder chains. Ra-cha-cha-cha! Ra-cha-cha-cha! clank the chains. In a steady stream the logs climb up the wet clean ladders. Over they drop into the vast concentrating basin with its heavy timber walls.

B-r-r-r-r! Down swoops a gigantic clamshell bucket. Cur-rump! It crashes into the heaving, swaying mass of logs floating three or four deep. The clamshell, reminding you of one of H. G. Wells' Martians, lolls and sinks. G-r-r-r-r! Up it heaves again, with about a cord of logs in its hungry maw. Whish! And it soars on high, sluicing a very Niagara of water. It sweeps dizzily far aloft, runs over to the ship on the other side of the pier, plunges, spills its load down a gaping hatchway or on deck.

There men armed with picaroons swarm all over it. Picaroons are queer pointed tools with ax handles. These men work in one hatch or at one end of the deck, while the cranes are loading another place. After the hold is full, they build up a solid deck load nearly twenty feet high.

The cranes handle tons of logs as easily as you would manipulate a box of matches. And well they may, with their immense size and power. Striding like Colossi of Rhodes, they devour a carload of pulp wood at every bite. They are more than 100 feet tall and cost $180,000 for material, $40,000 to erect. Each burns six tons of coal a day, and each has three engines, totaling nearly 400 H. P., to operate and move it along its track. In twelve hours these mighty towers can load 1200 cords aboard a steamer. Some towers!

A mere layman, a modest and unmechanical outsider, I spent many an hour watching this vast process. Streaming smoke from the tower tops, murky and bark-strewn waters, pungently pleasant aroma of spruce and balsam, leaping of the brown and yellow logs; these and the clatter of busy machinery, the shouting of men far out on rafts and booms that heaved in surf, deluges of gleaming spray from high aloft, massed activities of gangs toiling like ants—all made a wondrous scene.

The romance of industry, indeed—one song in the tremendous epic of lumbering!

Never have I beheld such immense masses of inert matter handled so easily, swiftly, efficiently, as at Anticosti. That's part of the island's amazing contrasts. The hinterland is a tremendous wilderness. Only one per cent has been completely surveyed; not one-tenth of one per cent has yet been worked. As for the rest, primeval Nature still holds sway wild beasts and birds and forest life of every sort. Yet at Ellis Bay the most modern machinery in the lumbering industry is daily working miracles on a gigantic scale. Small wonder that, once you see Anticosti, you cannot soon forget it.

Only two final pictures and my story is ended. One picture is of my last evening on the island, at the end of a calm and lovely August afternoon. The last fading gold and crimson are dying far over Ellis Bay. Dusk comes creeping; lights begin to twinkle on the long pier; a silent steamer glides with tiny green starboard light a-glow; from distant surf a murmur rises, falls. Vague figures pass. Children are laughing as they play in the tall grass; the clock on the store chimes thinly. Cigars and pipes are smoldering and dim lights gleam in windows across the little plaza.

All at once someone exclaims, "Look!"

I look, and in the half light see a great, proud, noble creature walking into the settlement. Its every line and motion shows a total lack of fear, an absolute indifference to man. Immense pronged antlers branch from its high-poised head. An elk!

Quietly the elk advances, here pausing a moment to browse, there questing ahead. No one molests it. With quiet interest, all watch. The elk, a big buck, moves onward. A moment, it grows wondrously silhouetted against the dying gold and crimson—one of the most magnificent pictures I have ever seen. Then, onward once more, it vanishes.

Another Great Event

That vision of the elk against the sky line symbolizes for me the untamed wilderness life of Anticosti. The smoke forever drifting from those tall towers on the pier seems to evoke an image of the island's other phase—its tremendous industrial development. So my second picture of farewell is down close to the towers. We are going out, as Anticostites call leaving the island. Aboard the Fleurus once more and moving from the pier, tremendous rackets assail me. Whistles, sirens, pipings of locomotives, shrieks from the vast towers, whoops from dredges and tugs, stridors from our own whistle—all shatter that crystal northern air. Shouts mingle with the wavings of handkerchiefs. Everybody who can get away from work is down to see the boat off. For that, next to her arrival, is the one great Anticosti event.

Gradually Port Menier fades. The pier grows small, the flickering kerchiefs dim. We pass a laden pulp-wood steamer all ready to clear for upriver, another just making port. The towers, topped with drifting steam and smoke like Aztec teocallis, dwindle and fade.

Now the long wooded headland advances. Our steamer swings boldly westward, cradling on the mighty river swell. Menier's Villa is suddenly blotted out, then the town, the gigantic towers. But for a while, as the heaving vastness of the St. Lawrence receives us, I still see drifts of smoke—symbols, to me, of the island's pulsing, eager, young vitality.

That smoke, too, at length dies quite away. Anticosti has in every probability forever vanished from my eyes. Anticosti, strangest of all my islands, farewell!

BOSCH announces The LITTLE SIX

BOSCH RADIO *Model Forty-Six*

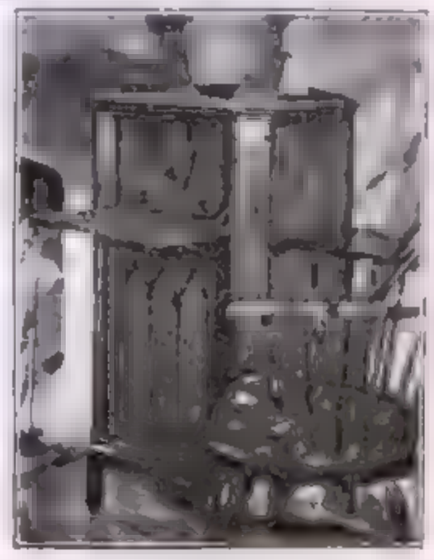
Price $68.50

Those who have seen it, heard it and operated it have named this model Bosch Radio the "Little Wonder Six." They have been amazed that a six tube, single dial radio receiver with such tonal quality and perfect performance could be purchased for so little as $68.50. Consider the features which make the Bosch Little Six an outstanding radio investment at its low price of $68.50. It is space-saving—but sixteen inches long. It has a Single Station Selector, electrically lighted; six tubes, vibration proof mounted; aluminum chassis, light and strong; the Bosch Clarifier, the Bosch Volume Control and best of all the famous Bosch tonal accuracy. The cabinet is walnut finished and its colonial simplicity of design adds to its richness of appearance. Bosch precision workmanship and Bosch radio engineering have been so blended in the Little Six it is a revelation in performance in its class. The Bosch Little Six will instantly appeal to those who have waited for a space-saving, six tube receiver with power and Bosch tonal quality at a low price. A full description of the Bosch Little Six will be mailed on request.

All these Bosch Radio Models—ready for Bosch Socket Power Units—the Nobattry "A" and Nobattry "B"—both totaling . . $100.00

Model 66—Six tube, Single Station Selector, Table Type, wired for battery or socket power . $99.50

Model 87—Seven tube, Single Station Selector, Table Type, loop operated, wired for battery or socket power . . . . . $195.



Model 57—Seven tube, Single Station Selector, Cabinet Type, concealed loop, built-in reproducer, wired for battery or socket power operation $340.

Model 76—Six tube, Single Station Selector, Cabinet Type, wired for battery or socket power—with built-in reproducer . . . . . $195.
Without built-in reproducer . . . $175.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION

SPRINGFIELD, MASS. Branches: NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO

Bosch Radio Receivers are licensed under Radio Corporation Experimental and Broadcast Receiving Patents for use in the home. Licensed under applications of American Telephone & Telegraph Co. and Radio Frequency Laboratories, Inc.

Winners of the $30,000 Coca-Cola Contest

$10,000.00

Miss Mabel Millspaugh, stenographer
120 West 4th St., Anderson, Indiana

$5,000.00

Miss Katherine Brennan, trained nurse,
St. Paul's Hospital, Dallas, Texas

$2,500.00

Mrs. Mildred Sewell Siegwarth, housewife,
144 Ashwood Ave., Dayton, Ohio

$1,000.00

Miss Vivien Kreash, student, Hunter College, New York,
1631 59th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

$500.00

Harry H. Ward, soda dispenser,
Care Sanford-Frazier Drug Company, Enid, Okla.

$100.00 Prizes

George Frederic Nieberg, newspaper reporter, 916 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Horace O. McCrea, clerk, 437 Central Street, Springfield, Mass.

Miss Mary M. Sauers, stenographer, Muth Street, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. E. R. Cassidy, housewife, Bogalusa, La.

Walter J. Held, business man, Standard Oil Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Dan B. Stockton, real estate, 519 A Street, Bakersfield, Cal.

Isabel D. Vannings, housewife, 1319 South Main Street, Racine, Wis.

B. B. Halleck, advertising manager, 4618 Colfax Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. William M. Jones, housewife, 1722 Greenup Street, Covington, Ky.

Harold F. McDuffie, physician, 322 Ninth Street, Atlanta, Ga.

$50.00 Prizes

G. W. Hazlett, care of George T. Brodnax, Inc., Memphis, Tenn.

Gerald Finn, 1651 Carroll Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Harold Betts, 2134 Prince Street, Berkeley, Cal.

C. J. Webster, Norfolk, Va.

Carl O. Nybladh, 821 North King Street, Xenia, Ohio.

Alan B. Wright, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, 1813 Barnett Bank Building, Jacksonville, Fla.

William Dale Winders, 1792 Andover Road, Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. Virgil G. Wheaton, 4205 Waverly Avenue, Detroit, Mich

Oliver A. Life, 3807 Fair Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Raymond P. Wheelock, 524 South Chestnut Street, Lansing, Mich

Stephenson Waters McGill, 1340 South 3rd Street, Louisville, Ky.

Harold L. Schoelkopf, The St. Cloud Daily Times, St. Cloud, Minn.

Arthur C. Janisch, 407 Beacon Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

Miss Katharine Hoit, 203 Claridge Manor, Birmingham, Ala.

Alexander Hamilton King, Waverly, Va.

Edgar T. White, 6730 Lowe Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Miss Maenae Nichols, 2311 34th Street, Galveston, Tex.

Albert A. Dreis, 1498 Lincoln Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

Trenaabea Haynie, 4728 Park Drive, Houston, Tex

Miss Mary Bright Douglass, 1144 Greenfield Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

$25.00 Prizes

Mrs. C. W. Toms, Jr., Durham, N. C.
Thomas I. Dalton, Topeka, Kan.
Kenneth Bleckley, Greenville, S. C.
Margaret W. Thomas, Pittsburgh, Pa.
H. H. Powell, Houston, Tex.
Dr. William J. Dieter, Newcastle, Ind.
J. P. Smaller, Montgomery, Ala.
E. G. Weber, East Alton, Ill.
R. W. Jolbe, Cranston, R. I.
A. M. Hefield, El Paso, Tex.
Miss M. M. Neffen, Charleston, W. Va.
Miss Anna B. Harden, Salamanca, N. Y.
Mrs. C. A. Farrell, Greensboro, N. C.
Earl C. Brown, Indianapolis, Ind.
Miss Rhoda Akard, Sacramento, Cal.
P. M. Onstad, Grand Forks, N. D.
Miss Marie Seefeld, Houston, Tex.
Kay Moran, Los Angeles, Cal.
Margaret Reaves, Rocky Mount, N. C.
Odin, M. E. Werther, Cleveland, Ohio.
Mrs. C. E. Walker, Sanatorium, Miss.
Mrs. Olive Barrett, Detroit, Mich.
George D. Duncan, Franklin, Ky.
Sylvia Smullian, Atlanta, Ga.
Selma A. Burg, Erie, Pa.
Harry B. Stemm, Ashland, Wis.
Lemuel C. Dunbar, Baltimore, Md.
Mrs. Virginia Bray, Cullison, Kan.
Mrs. R. R. Rothrock, Birmingham, Ala.
Fred L. Michaelian, Turlock, Cal.
Mrs. L. M. Hall, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.
Mrs. R. Rex Johnston, El Paso, Tex.
Leon H. Putz, Philippi, W. Va.
G. L. Davis, Detroit, Mich.
Oliver F. Crothers, Rochester, N. Y.
Richard D. Daley, Erie, Pa.
Mrs. Bernece Jackson, Ludlow, Ky.
V. R. Eagan, Beloit, Kan.
Paul F. Benz, Paterson, N. J.
K. E. Steinmatz, Minneapolis, Minn.
Minnie R. Davies, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Merritt B. Pound, Athens, Ga.
I. L. Lyons, Jr., New Orleans, La.
Fred H. Eternold, River Forest, Ill.
Thomas R. Jones, Savannah, Ga.
Martin A. Smith, Pen Argyl, Pa.
Walter A. Scheuneman, Erie, Pa.
J. Mortimer Price, St. Louis, Mo.
Chris L. Hansen, Akron, Ohio.
Mrs. A. T. Pontius, Seattle, Wash.
A. L. Young, Chicago, Ill.
Edward J. Gamble, Eveleth, Minn.
Mrs. R.E. Heston, Jr., Cleveland Heights, O.

Paul J. Scheibel, Dayton, Ohio
W. W. Greenwood, Worcester, Mass.
H. V. Forsythe, Ashland, Ky.
John M. Damron, Huntington, W. Va.
I. W. Watkins, Morgantown, W. Va.
Earl F. Dent, Lawrence, Kan.
Wm. C. [illegible], Indianapolis, Ind.
Wm. Cradler, Troy, Ohio
Miss Helen Kilpatrick, Byron, Ga.
Mrs. R. E. Wager, Decatur, Ga.
O. I. Sprungman, Minneapolis, Minn.
Albert DeG. Conkey, Detroit, Mich.
Lulu I. Ramsey, Anaheim, Cal.
Harry C. Davidson, Moscow, Idaho
Mrs. K. L. Laughlin, Chicago, Ill.
Edred A. Mowat, Sarasota, Fla.
Miss K. L. Clancy, Savannah, Ga.
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H. W. Hohaus, Winona, Minn.
Robert Pilgrim, Washington, D. C.
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Ida Rothenberg, Lincoln, Neb.
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J. C. Jones, Owatonna, Minn.
Russell Hammargren, St. Paul, Minn.
C. J. Limbaugh, Highland Park, Mich.
Jesse B. Paulson, Flint, Mich.
Martha Strahan, Grenada, Miss.

Nelle D. Reilly, Kingfisher, Okla.
Leonard R. Jenkins, St. Louis, Mo.
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Wayne F. McMeans, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Lena Morris, Dallas, Tex.
J. D. Burke, Gastonia, N. C.
G. F. Edwards, High Point, N. C.
H. Carsen Scranton, Reno, Nev.
Mrs. J. B. Boldridge, Wilson, N. C.
Susanne Louzeaux, Plymouth, N. C.
Olive Stevens, Bellingham, Wash.
Phillip W. Card, Sommerville, Mass.
Mrs. H. M. Heyer, Detroit, Mich.
Mildred Askew, Headrick, Okla.
Lucile C. Mease, Bethlehem, Pa.
A. B. Leonard, Lindsay, Okla.
H. V. Pettibone, Worcester, Mass.
Arthur M. Samp, Beloit, Wis.
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M. L. Glidden, Dallas, Tex.
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C. B. McCloskey, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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Edward C. Moses, Canaan, Conn.
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Pansy Robertson, Lawton, Okla.
Lydia E. Kern, Erie, Pa.
Ross Wilson, Chicago, Ill.
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Jose G. Fernandez, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. E. J. Dalshaw, Dallas, Tex.
Clifford S. Lideen, Burlington, Iowa
Ray Knight, Cleveland, Ohio
Elizabeth Landgrebe, [illegible], Ala.
Mrs. T. C. [illegible], Minn.
Margaret Gilbert, Pontiac, Mich.
M. H. Thayer, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Frederick A. Cina, Aurora, Minn.
Elsie Roads, Enid, Okla.
Leonard Pounds, Louisiana, Mo.
Mrs. W. A. McBrayer, Cincinnati, Ohio
Miss Marie Ramsey, Kirksville, Mo.
L. W. Brigham, Worcester, Mass.
Mrs. M. Hollenbeck, Appleton, Minn.
Paul C. Senne, Topeka, Kan.
Charles K. Claunch, Des Moines, Iowa
A. M. Cleveland, Waterloo, Iowa
Miss Della Kreidler, Dayton, Ky.
J. E. Stuart, Springfield, Mo.
Athlyn V. Bangs, Iron Mountain, Mich.
Lawrence A. Brown, Bay City, Mich.
Ella Bickel Richards, McGregor, Iowa
Miss L. Travelsted, Bowling Green, Ky.
Verna M. Lufter, Marshalltown, Iowa
E. R. Kumbier, No. Milwaukee, Wis.
Phillip O. Wright, Davenport, Iowa.
Hazel F. Anderson, Charleston, W. Va.
Mrs. C. R. Smith, Onslow, Iowa
Frank L. Horsfall, Jr., Seattle, Wash.
Dr. J. J. Moeller, McCracken, Kan.
Lyle Munn, Colby, Kan.
Vernon W. McCune, Erie, Kan.
Mrs. Edw. A. Roof, Hutchinson, Kan.
Mrs. F. E. Gritzmacher, Wausau, Wis.
Miss Blanche Hibbs, Seattle, Wash.
Mrs. Leo. L. Ledwich, Seattle, Wash.
Ezra I. Utt, Lancaster, Wis.
Miss Bertha Gaskill, New Bern, N. C.
Mrs. H. J. Bryson, Raleigh, N. C.
J. E. Turbeville, Raleigh, N. C.
Harold D. Shaft, Fargo, N. D.
Grace Scheuing, Dallas, Tex.
Geo. N. Mathews, Dallas, Tex.
Rev. C. R. Stegall, Montreat, N. C.
Mrs. W. L. Swanson, Asheville, N. C.
R. Jennings White, Conway, N. C.
Mrs. David Almond, Ashboro, N. C.
L. W. Woodruff, Springfield, Mo.
Harlie W. Smith, Joplin, Mo.
Hal W. Moseley, New Orleans, La.
Gail C. Belden, Evanston, Ill.
G. M. Banks, Old Hickory, Tenn.
R. A. Schroder, Minneapolis, Minn.

In addition to the above there were four hundred $10 prizes. The many thousands of admirable contest entries have been read and their merits weighed with every possible care. The judges are, therefore, pleased and unanimous in declaring the above the winners of the $30,000 Coca-Cola Contest.

C. C. Clark

C. C. Clark, President, Coca-Cola Bottlers Association 1926-27, West Point, Miss.

[signature]

[illegible], President, International Advertising Association, *1909-10, Atlanta, Ga.

W. C. D'Arcy

W. C. D'Arcy, President, International Advertising Association, *1917-18, St. Louis, Mo.

Lou E. Holland

Lou E. Holland, President, International Advertising Association, *1923-24, Kansas City, Mo.

* Until 1926, Associated Advertising Clubs of the World.

Above appear the six keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola. These keys were given by thousands of people in a national survey as the reasons for drinking Coca-Cola and formed the basis of the recent $30,000 contest conducted during the summer just past.

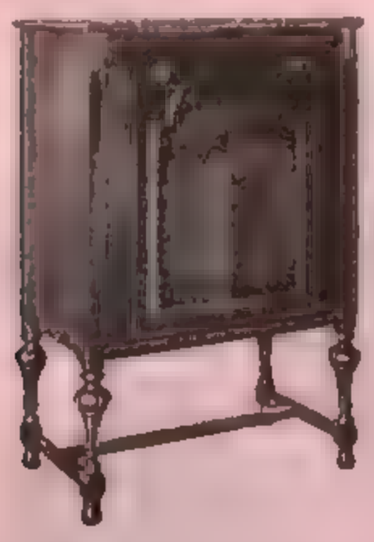
On the opposite page are the names of the winners of the contest prizes who submitted the best answers from every standpoint required by the rules, namely: (1) Correct keys; (2) Best paragraph on the most appealing key to the individual contestant; and (3) The best answer to the question, "What advertisement, other than magazine and newspaper advertisements, best illustrates one or more of the six keys, why, and where seen?"

Checks have already been mailed to all of the 635 whose entries were selected by the judges.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Radiolas
from $69.50 to $895

Socket Power Operated



RCA RADIOLA 30-A—Custom-Built—A de luxe instrument, employing the same perfected Super-Heterodyne circuit as Radiola 32, but using the new Loudspeaker 100-A. Operated directly from electric light circuit—either A. C. or D. C.
Complete with Radiotrons $495

RCA RADIOLA 17—Operates directly from the electric light circuit without batteries or battery eliminators. This year's outstanding achievement in the radio art. Employs the new RCA alternating current tubes. Tuned with one knob.
Less accessories $130.00
With Radiotron $157.50

RCA RADIOLA 28—For the many who prefer receiver and loudspeaker in separate cabinets, the 28-104 combination is the standard of comparison in the radio art
Radiola 28, with Radiotrons . $260
A. C. Package for adapting Radiola 28 for A. C. operation with RCA Loudspeaker 104 . . . $35

RCA LOUDSPEAKER 104—When used with Radiola 28, provides a perfection and volume of tone production that has been a sensation ever since it was introduced
RCA Loudspeaker 104 (A. C.) $275
RCA Loudspeaker 104 (D. C.) $310

Socket Power A.C. or D.C.
Storage battery or dry battery
Outdoor aerial or indoor loop
Built-in or separate loudspeaker

WHETHER you live in a city apartment in a congested broadcasting area, a suburban house or on a remote farm, there is in the new complete line of Radiolas a receiving set exactly suited to your needs and your purse.

Possession of an RCA Radiola and an RCA Loudspeaker gives you the assurance of perfect reception of the fine programs from the great broadcasting stations.

For the same engineers in the research laboratories of RCA, Westinghouse, and General Electric, who designed the famous broadcasting stations, also designed these Radiolas and Loudspeakers to get the utmost from the studio programs.

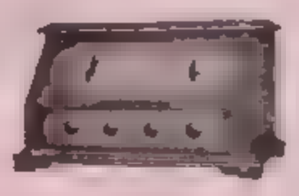
When selecting a radio set ask the RCA Authorized Dealer to help you choose the Radiola best suited for your use. He will gladly demonstrate these wonderful instruments and install your Radiola so that you can enjoy tonight's programs in your home.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
New York Chicago San Francisco

RCA RADIOLA 32—A special custom-built combination of the famous RCA 8-tube Super-Heterodyne with Loudspeaker 104—the two finest radio instruments ever designed. Operated directly from the electric light circuit—either A. C. or D. C.
Complete with Radiotrons $895

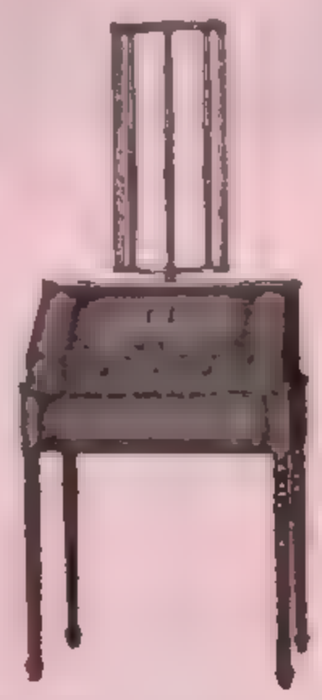
Battery Operated

RCA LOUDSPEAKER 100-A—This refinement of the popular model 100 embodies improvements in construction which give greater sensitivity and ability to handle greater volume. $35



RCA RADIOLA 20—The biggest value in radio. Many times as selective as the average antenna set. A battery operated set that can readily be adapted to A. C. operation.
Less accessories $78.00
With Radiotrons $89.50

RCA RADIOLA 16—The widest musical range ever achieved with one-dial control. A storage battery set of great compactness. For selectivity, sensitivity and tone quality, it sets a new standard for receivers in its price class. By use of socket power devices, it can be adapted for A. C. operation
Less accessories $69.50
With Radiotrons $82.75



RCA RADIOLA 29—The famous receiving set that brought a new meaning to radio in thousands of American homes. Employs the tried, tested and perfected RCA 8-tube Super-Heterodyne circuit
With Radiotrons $260

RCA Radiola

MADE · BY · THE · MAKERS · OF · THE · RADIOTRON

Buy with confidence Authorized Dealer RCA *where you see this sign.*

TROUBLE WITH THE LITTLE WOMAN

(Continued from Page 15)

"Why," asked Mr. Jacobs, "can't we have the rest of this tomorrow night?"

"While Mr. Bean roared into town, Esther and I hunted for a wedding ring. Good shops being closed for the holiday, we bought the ring in a bad shop, with seashells, toy thermometers and stuffed dogs in the window. The shopkeeper swore it was a solid-gold ring and worthy of the lovely bride. It cost twelve dollars, and twelve from thirty-eight leaves twenty-six. The ring began to turn a sickly green toward dinnertime of the second day, which is neither here nor there."

"None of this allegory seems to be particularly here or strikingly there," interrupted Doc Waterman. "Did you or did you not get married, so's we can all play a little poker?"

"One instant. . . . Mr. Bean arrived."

"And dropped dead of heart disease from running," they scoffed.

"No. We met him on the broad steps of that somber city hall. Numerous officials came clanking around corners demanding to know what it was all about, and I told them freely. A little group stood in silent approval while Mr. Bean burst open the doors, and we then walked through the deserted corridors. He proved to be a scholar and a gentleman. Defying precedent, he asked me a few questions and issued a marriage license for me, Roger Waxman, to wed one Esther Davis, and now I come to the moot question."

"Thank heaven!" they said.

"We discovered, as the license was about to be issued, that two residents of the state could obtain a marriage license at once. If either or both happened to be visiting from another state, the persons desiring to marry could obtain a license only by living within the state for the period of five days, thus acquiring residence. Esther was not concerned, for she was a bona fide resident; but I was an outlander, with no legal rights. There was no possibility of living for six days in that rock-bound state. This, gentlemen, was the critical moment in my life. Were I to let the day pass unwedded, the chance probably never would come again. So what do you think I did?"

"Fainted," said Judge Rouse.

"No. I did what any impetuous young swain would have done. I told those officials that I had been born in their state, lived there all my life and never meant to step a foot outside the glorious commonwealth. Bean dashed off the license and directed me to a high-class minister named either Bowman or Alexander—I forget which—who did odd jobs of marrying. Mr. Bean then went out of my life."

"Him and me," exclaimed Doc Tiffany, who had been brooding. "I am going out and get into my automobile and go home. When I come to a man's house for a quiet game of stud, I expect to play cards and not listen to ancient history."

"I shall be finished in another moment," I said. "Esther and I, clutching our precious license, hurried forth into the quiet streets in search of Mr. Donaldson, looking the future in the eye, and then I suddenly remembered my remaining twenty-six dollars, which was enough to take me personally back to New York, leaving my new-found bride standing beside the railroad track. We halted before a banana-and-bird store and went into a domestic financial conference, the first one of seven thousand.

"Esther had brought with her the usual female necessaries in a hand bag, consisting of two dollars and ten cents cash money, a piece of blue ribbon, four beads, a defunct wrist watch, a poem on nightingales, another piece of blue ribbon and a recipe for making fudge. We determined to approach Mr. Hayworth from his good side and ask him to cash a small check, omitting details. This check, when drawn up, was the kind that comes back marked No Funds, but I had three days in which to beat it to the home bank. Looking grim, Mr. Hayworth cashed the check for fifty dollars, solely because he knew Esther. The two of us then skipped over to the minister's home, lined up and were welded into the homogeneous mass you see today."

At this point Mr. Augustus Biddle arose and put out his cigar with a significant gesture. "Pardon me, Roger," he said, "but have you yet reached the main facts of this interminable narrative, or are they to come? I ask merely as an unhappy victim about to telephone home saying he is on his way."

"The principal items are told," I said. "I am now polishing off. The minister, a kindly man named Sullivan, summoned his wife and four children for witnesses, and Esther and I were married in the parsonage, standing upon a sea-green rug showing a wild swan chasing a butterfly. The minister's wife kissed Esther sadly and hoped it was all for the best. I gave the officiating clergyman a ten-dollar bill, which was heart's blood at that juncture. We dashed for a train and arrived in New York with fifteen cents. When I telephoned a bachelor friend, begging him to come downtown and buy our wedding breakfast, he laughed lightly into the instrument and suggested that I call him up again when sober. Gentlemen, all the facts are now before you."

I looked anxiously about the circle of stern faces, and at this instant Esther came into the dining room, bearing a tray of ham sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs and cold tongue. She turned a suspicious gaze upon me, but I glared back at her defiantly.

"Has he been talking to you?" she asked the poker players.

"Has he been talking!" cried Biddle. "Sweet suffering mackerel!"

"Esther," I put in, "I have just informed the men of the circumstances surrounding our hasty marriage. I have told them about the license and how some people think it was bogus."

She smiled gently upon me, with one of those promissory glances which mean that the subject will be taken up later, when the general public has gone home.

"I told them," I said defensively, "in order to obtain a legal opinion. We have three lawyers and several ordinary citizens of passable intelligence. They know all, including details concerning the questionable license. Therefore, I would like to hear from them. Gentlemen, are we or are we not, in your opinion, married?"

The poker experts turned as a man and stared at Esther, who was still holding the cold tongue, and at the instant, I have never seen a woman look more married. However, there was something in her expression that gave them pause. She looked like a lady who would like to take a vacation from the cares of the household and has already packed the bathing suits and sardines.

"May I ask, Mrs. Waxman," inquired Davy Jacobs, "how long since you were back East?"

"It seems a century," replied Esther earnestly.

The gambling lawyers then went into brief conference, and Mr. Jones rendered decision. "It is our opinion," he said, the rest nodding, "that you are not married at all and should be. If what you tell us is true, you evaded the law, and as Mrs. Waxman points out, it is your duty to get married at the earliest possible date."

"There you are," said Esther, putting down the food and turning to me. "Since you had to talk about our affairs, I trust you are satisfied."

She stalked from the room with her Queen Mary walk and the card players indulged in a hearty guffaw.

"This conversation of yours," chuckled Mr. Long, "is going to cost you about two thousand dollars. Terrible as you are, you

YOUR TEETH . . .

See if their *Whiteness* is Hidden by

"YELLOW MASK"

Would you like your teeth to be white and dazzling as polished ivory? Free of that slightly yellowish hue?

Here is dental science's new way. Thousands have discovered it—and daily employ it. Leading dentists recommend it. It's absolutely safe . . . cannot harm the softest enamel. It's pleasant . . . actually delightful.

Get a tube of ORPHOS TOOTH PASTE. Your druggist has it. Roll an inch of the satiny-smooth white paste on a dry toothbrush — remember, *dry*. Brush vigorously. Then rinse your mouth—and behold the effect.

Naturally, you're eager to know how ORPHOS accomplishes such a beauty miracle while previous brushings have repeatedly failed. We'll tell you. Foremost dentists use for cleaning teeth a peculiar substance known as "Tri-Calcium Phosphate." Not a pumice, which is harsh and gritty—but a material as fine and satiny as face powder.

The makers of ORPHOS TOOTH PASTE have succeeded in composing a dentifrice of this marvelous substance. And with this as its basic cleaning agent, you can visualize the teeth beauty awaiting you. Improvement will be noticed in the *very first brushing*.

Don't retain that unbecoming "Yellow Mask" longer. Get the lovely whiteness that Nature bestowed on all tooth enamel, yours included. Buy a tube of ORPHOS today—or send for the ORPHOS 20-Time Tube.

FREE 20-Time Tube

ORPHOS CO., 22 West 32nd St.
New York City, Dept. S-2

Please send me, Free, 20-time tube of Orphos Tooth Paste.

Name

Address

City State

The *armonica*, an invention of Franklin, was one of the musical wonders of the age, and music was specially written for it by Bach and Beethoven. The "Autobiography" tells how the inventor often entertained his guests with his playing at home and abroad

IT IS LITTLE KNOWN that Benjamin Franklin was the inventor of a once-popular musical instrument, which he is shown playing above. It consisted of glass bowls into which water was poured, "more or less, as each note required". But Poor Richard's musical genius went further, for he excelled at the harp, guitar and violin.

The "sweet musick" that Franklin loved so well is often heard at The Benjamin Franklin. In the Main Dining Room, there are noon and evening concerts daily. The Sunday evening concerts from six o'clock until nine are famed throughout the country. The spacious lobby and mezzanine welcome guests for this musical treat.

For those who would dance while they dine, there is El Patio Grill, where a rhythmic orchestra delights its listeners at dinner and from ten o'clock P.M. until one o'clock A.M. For an enjoyable after-theatre supper, Philadelphia offers nothing superior to this intriguing Spanish rendezvous.

You are assured a warm welcome, comfortable surroundings and economical tariffs at The Benjamin Franklin. Twelve hundred rooms, each with bath. Each room an outside room

THE
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
PHILADELPHIA
Chestnut at Ninth Street

Horace Leland Wiggins
Managing Director

DIRECTION

OF AMERICA

Operating the largest chain of modern, fire-proof hotels in the world

would have done better to play stud poker."

"You're a bunch of carrion buzzards," I retorted, "and have no idea of the trouble you are storing up for me."

"Hand me that deck of cards," commanded Judge Rouse, "and I will make plenty of trouble for you at once."

The poker game thereupon began to roll and at the regular stopping hour agreed upon—namely, midnight—I was sixteen bucks ahead of the swindlers—and loser thirty-three at the time of actual pause, which, as usual, was two in the morning. Mr. Biddle took away about forty strange dollars to add to his hoard at the bank, and the boys were in a serene mood, chaffing me considerably. I retired presently, avoiding Esther, who seemed to be prowling about the upstairs rooms, making the vague noises of a person who would like to talk matters over.

The following morning Esther's sainted mother went away to visit her other daughter, who is married to a successful druggist, and I smiled grimly as I reflected that here was one time when his chloroform would do him no good. Esther came down to breakfast and I tried to disappear entirely behind the sport news.

"There was absolutely no need," she said, "for that silly business of last night."

"There was, indeed. I am notoriously a fair-minded man, always anxious to do the right thing. Legal minds seem to agree with you. I therefore abandon my stand and now consent to go back East with you to your native state and be married all over again. What could be fairer than that, considering that I detest the journey and risk losing a good job?"

It was far from my desire to step down from my regular work and go tearing across a continent on a wild-goose hunt. Despite the buzzards, the whole thing was absurd. We were married, of course—as much married as anybody needs to be—and the projected enterprise smashed all my plans for a busy season.

Daily I grew more sulky, while Esther went happily about her preparations for a long and interesting journey on railway trains. Boxes presently began to arrive in the home. New clothes appeared. Trunks were delivered, and Esther asked me solicitously if I didn't think I required a golf suit.

"We will take Oscar with us, of course?" I inquired.

"Naturally," said the spouse. "You don't think we are going to leave him behind."

Oscar is the fourteen-year-old son, now in an expensive school for boys, where he is being educated to take up a career running a freight train, as nearly as I can determine.

"The expenses," I said mildly, "will be heavy."

"You would mention that," said Esther.

"Somebody has to mention it. The idea of going back East to become a blushing bride again has apparently thrown you out of gear, and furthermore, it ought to give somebody a giggle back there when we show up with our fourteen-year-old son, intent upon being married."

Esther sniffed and advised me against being funny.

"It is a place where they don't laugh very much," I persisted, "but if they can't get a chuckle out of that, they're hopeless."

"I see no need for discussing it further," said the helpmeet. "We are going and that is all there is to it."

The next few days were unhappy ones for me, with the good old home full of excited preparations for a transcontinental passage in which I had no interest. Over at the university the board of directors informed me that I could absent myself for a month, but never to ask them again at this time of year; and so I bought razor blades and prepared despondently to take a long journey with a dark-haired woman.

Exactly one week before the date of the proposed departure I sat gloomily in my own sitting room, wondering why trouble comes around every so often. Oscar, the only son, who at the moment seemed to have no particular legal standing in the community, was gayly removing the insides from a new radio set to find out what ailed San Francisco, and the revered spouse was surrounded by time-tables.

"We shall have to get the tickets in the morning," she observed.

"Do so by all means," I replied, glancing about the cheerful room which would see us no more until our union had been sanctified. My general mournfulness increased steadily as I thought of the wasted weeks away from my work, the dusty, hot train ride and the laughter of populations when they found out what we were doing back in New England. I hate all kinds of trains, even under lovely conditions; and so, sitting by the fire, I pondered long and calmly, feeling that, as the man says in the book, there is a solution for every problem.

I finally said, "Esther, darling, you are fully determined to proceed with this ridiculous enterprise?"

"Ridiculous!" she cried. "Roger, how can you say that? I only wish to have our marriage made regular and proper. There is now, as you must admit, a slight question of its regularity."

(Continued on Page 146)

Three Rivers Point, the Junction of Bogue Falaya, Abita and Little Tchefuncta Rivers, St. Tammany Parish, Louisiana

BULOVA
Watches

This Assurance is Priceless

Of course it is important to remember, in buying a watch, that it must be a perfect timepiece. It must know no excuse for inaccuracy. Such a timepiece is Bulova—the work of artisans who for generations have made the world's finest timepieces.

But to the most perfect timepieces mishaps will occur. You may accidentally drop your watch, causing the breaking of a minute part in the movement. It is, therefore, equally important in selecting a watch, to be sure that your jeweler can replace the broken part accurately—without tinkering—so that the watch will be as perfect, as dependable, as it was before the mishap.

This priceless assurance is yours with a Bulova Watch. For every Bulova jeweler has on hand always a supply of each tiny part that goes to make the Bulova standardized movement. Without loss of time to you—or loss of efficiency to your watch—he will return it to you just as faithful to its trust as it was the day you bought it.

Bulova Watches vary in cost only as they vary in design. They are alike in dependability—constant in service.

BULOVA WATCH COMPANY
Makers of Fine Watches
Fifth Avenue, New York, U S A.
In Canada
BULOVA WATCH COMPANY, LIMITED, *Toronto*

OLIVIA
14 kt. solid gold; decorated with black enamel . $50.00

PRINCESS
15 jewel movement . $26.50

LONE EAGLE
17 jewel; radium dial; inlaid with black enamel . $60.00

TROJAN
15 jewel; radium dial $26.50

BANKER
15 jewel; radium dial $24.75

MUSETTE
14 kt. solid gold; decorated with black enamel . $50.00

ROMA
15 jewel movement . $24.75

NORMAN
15 jewel; handsomely engraved; radium dial . $37.50

JUNO
15 jewel movement . $37.50
14 kt. solid gold . . $50.00

AT THE BETTER JEWELERS · · · · · EVERYWHERE

NEW HAVEN TIP-TOP WATCHES

TIP-TOP, *the only moderately priced wrist-watch with Krack-Proof Krystal and silver dial.* $3.50

Radium Dial, $4

Yes, sir—TIP-TOP looks straight *at* you, because of the original way the watch is set *at an angle* on the strap. This keeps the dial straight with the eye, and makes quick time-telling easy, with never a twist of the wrist.

TIP-TOP saves the pocket-book, too. This slim-trim octagon watch, with its many features usually found only in higher priced watches, is yours for $3.50. And that gives you a sporty wrist-watch with dependable timekeeping qualities, with Krack-Proof Krystal, silver dial, artistic hands and numerals, octagon case, genuine pigskin strap. See TIP-TOP, strap it on, set it—and you're set!

Priced slightly higher in Canada.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO., New Haven, Conn.

Makers of Good Clocks and Watches *for more than five generations*

$1.50

TIP-TOP Pocket Watch, octagon design, with silver dial and all its other refinements, costs only fifty cents more than the ordinary dollar watch.

Copr. 1927 N. H. C. Co.

(Continued from Page 144)

"No," I said, "there is not."

"Your legal friends admitted it."

"They were joking and you know it."

"Anyhow, I want to go back home. We can have a quiet wedding or a large church wedding, whichever you prefer."

"'Whichever I prefer' is rich."

"Why this argument? You promised you would go."

"And I shall go, wife. Say no more. It will make you feel easier in your mind, will it?"

"Indeed it will! Think—think, Roger, of our innocent son Oscar!"

I looked over at Oscar, who, having removed all the glass from the set, was now at work on the lining.

"That is just it," I said, blowing on a little spark of a notion that had crept edgewise into my consciousness. "I am thinking of Oscar, and the longer I think about him, the greater seems the mistake you are about to make in wrecking this placid home."

"Wrecking our home?"

"I mean just this: As far as I am concerned, it makes little difference whether you lead me to the altar again or not, for I am a tough bird and can stand anything. But there is our innocent son, guiltless in every way, who had nothing to do with your mistakes of the past. Why should I go deliberately and make him the offspring of a bigamist, and possibly two bigamists?"

Esther turned in her chair and dropped a time-table. "Roger," she said, "what are you talking about?"

"The law," I replied earnestly. "The law of these United States is that when two people are married already, if either or both step out and become married again, then that person automatically is a bigamist and is subject to arrest, imprisonment, a fine and disagreeable publicity in newspapers."

"Fiddle!" said Esther.

"No fiddle. If you desire to cast that sort of cloud over our only son Oscar, you may do so, only don't ask me to be a party to the gross act."

"I never heard of such nonsense."

"It's the law," I said firmly. "Ask anybody who knows his law. What do you think a bigamist is anyhow?"

"You are just trying to confuse matters," Esther said coldly.

"Not at all. I am fair and open-minded, and I wish to do the right thing; and if you believe you are our little Nell that they didn't do right by, then so help me heaven we shall gallop back to your state and set you upright before the world. But in so doing, I shall not permit you to fling the mantle of obloquy over our only son, who has just now ruined a two-hundred-dollar set."

"You are merely trying to wriggle out of it."

"No; but I am a careful father, and if you are determined to marry me, you shall do so, and we shall, furthermore, start with a perfectly clean slate so that there can be no aftermath. I do not desire to spend the rest of my life amid aftermaths."

"All of which means what?" inquired the spouse.

"It means that before we get married again we shall first take the precaution to get a high-grade and hole-proof divorce."

The weaker vessel in our family looked up, faintly startled. "Divorce?"

"No less. If you are going to revamp things, let us revamp right. By obtaining a clean-cut divorce, we both become free agents, with legal right to marry anybody and no aftermath. And if you are divorced and marry again, you cannot be a bigamist."

Esther stared hard. "Roger," she said, "don't talk like a fool."

"I am talking plain sense. We will ride downtown to the local divorce mill and be split wide apart with celerity. I will say that I can't stand you any longer and you tell them I beat you every night until the thing has become tiresome. The divorce will be granted. That makes me a single man again. It likewise confers upon you the title of single lady."

"And Oscar?" she asked scathingly.

"I do not know where he stands. It probably makes an albino out of him, but somebody has to be sacrificed. The divorce, as I see it, would not be permanent."

"No?" she remarked, sarcasm in her tone.

"No. This would be one of those brief divorces, lasting perhaps three months."

"Three months," she repeated, fixing me with a suspicious blue eye.

"During those three months," I explained with growing enthusiasm, "I shall have an opportunity to investigate modern conditions in New York City which have long interested me. It is years since I have knocked around the metropolis. Being a single man, I can carry on some probings I have in mind without question. People say, for example, that the night clubs of New York are a menace to the future of the nation. I shall see for myself."

"It sounds interesting," murmured Esther.

"Then," I continued, "there is the fascinating problem of the younger generation. Are or are not the flappers of today a wild and hell-bent horde rushing here and there heedlessly on their way to destruction? When my three months are over I hope to be able to tell anyone the truth about the young people."

"Any more?"—coldly.

"That is about all. With those three months behind me, I shall step up to New England on the appointed day and we shall be married again as you desire."

Mrs. Waxman said nothing and the rest of the evening was spent rather delightfully by the fireside, the conversation turning into harmless channels.

I yawned, rose and left the lady of the house by the dying embers, staring into the red glow with every outward sign of deep absorption. On my way upstairs I whistled an old tune.

The following morning Esther was first into the breakfast room, and when I appeared she greeted me with a cheery smile and even went so far as to ask how I felt.

Upon being assured that I was never in finer health, she sipped her coffee in a contemplative manner and stared out the window at a man cutting the lawn.

"Roger," she said eventually, "you know I've been considering this matter from all angles."

"What matter?" I asked absently.

"The question of our getting married again all over."

"Oh, that! Why do you say all over? Is it not your fixed belief that we are not married?"

"I never really said that," she returned. "I only wondered if the circumstances were not a little irregular; but now, after going over it in my mind, I am pretty well convinced."

"Of what?"

"I think everything is all right just as it is, Roger."

"Oh, you do?"

"Yes, and I believe we'd better let things go on as they are."

I lighted the first cigar of the day. "Wife," I said, "I am now ready to start East and be married in a large brick church. In fact, I'm sort of looking forward eagerly to a change of scene; but if you feel sure you wish to let things go as they are, and take a chance of being an unlawful bride the rest of your life, then I'll be a generous fellow. I shall give the whole thing up and stay home."

Esther smiled for the first time. I finished my breakfast, arose and put my arm around the reliable running mate.

"We may not be married, old dear," I remarked in a friendly tone, "but at that, we have hung on for fifteen years, and that tops any number of those romantic couples who started when we did."

"You won't need a divorce?" she inquired.

"Not for at least a year," I replied, and wearing the trace of a smile, I strolled on triumphantly over to the university to see how the bugs were doing.

Why *leading radio engineers use* YALE BATTERIES *in their own laboratories*

Mr. Charles M. Srebroff, Radio Engineer in charge of Radio engineering Laboratories, New York [illegible] ing experimental Station NLRX, wavelength 15 [illegible] 2 [illegible] 60 [illegible] Mr. Srebroff writes in testing broadcasting equipment.

Mr. Srebroff writes:
"I use Yale Batteries in my laboratory work because of their absolute reliability."

Charles M. Srebroff

Many of the most noted authorities on radio research have selected YALE Batteries for their laboratory work . . . for the exacting tests so essential to the perfection of radio receiving and broadcasting equipment.

They chose YALE of all batteries because, regardless of external conditions, they can always be depended upon to deliver a silent, uninterrupted flow of power.

These endorsements by eminent radio engineers, like Mr. Charles M. Srebroff's, are *your* assurance of YALE dependability—the reason why YALE Batteries belong on *your* set too!

But dependability is only one of the virtues of YALE Batteries. What is of equal importance is that they *cost you less per radio hour.* They *cost you less* because, during rest hours they rebuild the energy consumed during use. That is why they go farther—last longer.

For perfect, economical radio reception, demand YALE.

Your dealer will recommend the correct Yale "A", "B" and "C" Batteries for your set.

YALE ELECTRIC CORPORATION
Chicago • • BROOKLYN, N. Y. • • San Francisco

YALE

"There's a YALE Battery for Every Battery Need"

The Most Enduring Motor Economy Ever Known

For any electric motors now ordered, and in any orders to be placed, specify Timken Tapered Roller Bearings. Motor manufacturers can build in for you the permanent economy and endurance of Timken Tapered Roller Bearings.

It means far more than the accepted anti-friction advantages!

Gone are the wear and waste of friction, not merely under radial load, but also under thrust and shock and speed conditions of every nature. For all forces from all directions there is self-contained extra load area in Timken Bearings—utmost rigidity—extreme simplicity and compactness—invincible endurance.

Lubricate Timken-equipped motors only a few times yearly. Their high-capacity, steel-to-steel, rolling motion maintains the original gap. No worry about burn-outs. Fast, non-destructive starting. No dripping. Overheating and insurance hazards ended. No alteration for floor, wall or ceiling position on any type of drive!

All industry knows these characteristic Timken economies. Timkens have been proved not only in motors, but by the terrific load, shock and thrust in rolling mills; by the precision requirements of machine tool spindles; by speeds of 15,000 r. p. m.

Exactly where electric motors have been weakest you get the greatest durability, by specifying Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in the motors you buy.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO THE MOST ENDURING MOTOR ECONOMY EVER KNOWN - THE EXCLUSIVE COMBINATION OF TIMKEN POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS TIMKEN TAPERED CONSTRUCTION AND TIMKEN MADE ELECTRIC FURNACE STEEL
TIMKEN Tapered Roller BEARINGS
HAL CLARK

WINGS OF SONG

(Continued from Page 25)

"Caruso looks at the big horseshoe of flowers and comes over to the open window. When the students see him, they roar and howl and throw their caps in the air. Such a demonstration and such a terrible noise, *signora*, you never hear in all this world! For even now it makes my ears ache to think of it. Then Caruso puts up his hand and begins to sing the aria from Marta, and from those boys comes not a sound, not a breath till it is over, and then"—Martino shut his eyes and pressed his hands over his ears—"they shout, they roar like lions, they howl *terribile—terribile*.

"When the *commendatore* comes out to mount into his carriage, they take away the horses and put themselves in the harness and pull him to the hotel. Yes, *signora*"—Martino sighed, as he lifted himself carefully from the steps and turned a suspicious eye on two gardeners talking together on the lower terrace—"there is no doubt they love music, those Germans; but lately, it seems, it is the music of the guns they like best." He bowed and hurried away in the direction of the sociable gardeners.

Another time, catching Martino alone, I begged him to tell me some more stories. Knowing me better, he was more at ease with me and more willing to talk. This story happened at the time when Caruso was in deep distress over his domestic troubles, for the mother of his children had left him and gone to South America. He was devoted to his children and had great ideals of a family life spent with them; but on account of his engagements he had often to be away from home for long periods of time. Nevertheless, he had complete confidence that everything would run smoothly at the villa in Signa, where he had settled his family. Caruso could not recover easily from such a blow to his pride and his heart; he grew so morose and brooded so deeply over his sorrow that Martino feared in this gloomy and abnormally melancholy state, he might do himself some harm. So during the day he remained always at the side of his master, and at night slept on a mattress outside his door.

When the London season ended, Caruso, accompanied by Martino, went to Berlin to fill an engagement. In his repertoire was the opera Pagliacci, which he sang several times to audiences who had no suspicion that in Canio, deserted and betrayed, Caruso was singing his own story. Often the sobs in his famous aria *Rudi, Pagliacci*, were only too real, and the tears pouring down the chalky cheeks were from the depths of his heart.

The Emperor and the Valet

Kaiser Wilhelm II was a friend and admirer of Caruso. Soon after his arrival in Berlin, His Majesty sent him an invitation to dine with him alone in the palace at Potsdam. Martino, however, protested violently against Enrico's going alone—emperor or not, he would accompany his master and remain with him. In vain Caruso spoke about the etiquette of such occasions; Martino said firmly that he would go too. So, as such an invitation is in reality a command and cannot be refused, Enrico accepted and asked if he might bring his valet with him.

It is probable that the Kaiser had heard of Caruso's trouble and had an inkling of the situation, for it is not likely that under any other circumstances would he have permitted the stubborn little Italian valet, not only to enter his private apartments but also to stand firmly and watchfully behind Caruso's chair, while the magnificent powdered footman was relegated to the rear of the room.

Martino says they talked about music all through the meal. During a pause in the conversation, while the plates were being removed, the Emperor looked steadily at Martino and said, "If I were not Emperor of Germany, I think I should like to be Martino." Oh, the immense pride with which Martino tells that part of the story. "He would like to be me, you understand, *signora*, me—a valet. Still"—he shrugs his shoulders expressively—"it is not easy to be a valet."

"Nor to be an emperor these days, Martino," I replied, as he bowed himself away.

In a very short while the repairs were finished and we moved into the villa. I had not been permitted to peep into it. Enrico wanted everything to be in perfect order before I should cross the threshold of my new home. As I entered for the first time I was impressed by its immense size.

Enchanted Country

The villa was wonderfully cool, for the old walls were so thick that no heat could penetrate them. With each suite of rooms was a modern bath, and except for an English study with deep leather chairs, there was no other evidence of the twentieth century. Enrico opened one carved chest after another to show me antique linens and towels with long knotted fringes, made by the patient nuns many years ago, and old brocades woven and embroidered for the decoration of the churches of medieval days.

After we had made a tour of the immense house full of dark furniture—high-canopied beds whose great folds of brocade or damask were held in place by crowns, old wardrobes, whose doors were carved with strange medieval figures—high-backed chairs and heavy old chests—Enrico led me into the seventeenth-century chapel. In its still and perfect purity it was a strange contrast to the Old World luxury of the house it adjoined. Just off the chapel was a room which had been built to hold the *presepio*, which is a replica, or model, of the scene of the Nativity and was made for the Queen of Naples.

Almost every Italian family has a *presepio*, and at Christmastime it is the center around which the gayeties or the religious devotions revolve. There are all kinds of *presepios*—the one of three figures that adorns the humblest home, to this one that contained eight hundred statues and was exhibited at the Paris Exposition. The models of the Madonna and the Infant Jesus, as well as that of the blind beggar who stands without the stable, had been carved by master craftsmen, and many of the principal figures had been dressed in brocades and velvets by the ladies in waiting to the former Queen of Naples.

Enrico employed an old artist who lived in the house to care for the *presepio* and to restore the parts that time and so many removals from place to place had injured. As all the restoration had to be exactly like the originals, and as the work was of the utmost delicacy and perfection, it often took many months to restore one figure.

In this room built for the *presepio* was a stage fifteen feet long, on which was arranged the scene of the Nativity. Enrico, with the help of the old artist, had made the stable, the stalls and the manger, as well as the rocks and the surrounding scenery. They had also devised a lighting system in order that the star of Bethlehem might shine over the stable, and send its beams upon the Babe lying in its mother's arms.

After I had seen this beautiful villa I walked out onto the terrace with tears in my eyes, and a song of happiness in my heart. It would be a haven where Enrico and I might live together away from the world. Whether he sang in New York or Buenos Aires, in Mexico or Havana, to this place we could return every year; here we might see our children running and playing in the park, and calling to one another across the terraces; here we would come after Enrico's career was ended, and grow old contentedly together.

I looked down through the dusky twilight where Florence lay, enchanting in that dim light, with the River Arno running silver between the dark span of the bridges and reflecting in its mirror the first lights of the evening. Across on the mountains an occasional villa gleamed white through the black plumes of the cypresses, while over the irregular slopes spread the shadowy stretches of olive groves. Overhead the violet mountains of Tuscany withdrew into a pearly mist, and above their veiled summits appeared faintly the first pale stars of the summer evening. The world was entirely beautiful and God had given me everything—all my heart's desire.

Enrico came softly out on the terrace and stood beside me. "Doro," he said, "do you like your new country?"

I gave a little sob of joy. "I love my country and your country and you and everything."

"There, there," said Enrico soothingly, patting my hand, "you are a dear fat child, and you must come in out of this mist and eat spaghetti or you will take cold. . . . Look!" I glanced up from his shoulder. The light had faded away, the mountains were black against the sky, the winding river was blotted out. A little gray mist was creeping toward us up the hill from the valley.

"So soon!" I exclaimed. "Can the light go so soon?" A shiver went over me which the old people say is a sign that someone walks over one's grave. Was it a premonition that the most beautiful moment of my life had come—and gone?

As soon as we moved into the villa twenty-one of Enrico's relatives came to live with us. There was plenty of room, and according to the custom of the country, it was the proper place for them to live. Enrico accepted their arrival as a matter of course, but I wondered to myself what would have happened in my father's house if he had suddenly been called upon to shelter so many members of his family.

Relatives for a Visit

These people were strangers to me, and I never was entirely clear in what relation they all stood to Enrico. There was his brother Giovanni, fat, with bluff ways; and Donna Maria Castaldi, the stepmother, with whom Giovanni was always at war. Whenever they were in the same room, there was much shouting and shaking of fingers in each other's faces; they would alternately glare at each other, and hurriedly crossing themselves, turn their dark eyes to heaven as if imploring an astonished heavenly Father to behold the very limit of unreasonableness and obstinacy. I never knew what the discussions were about, but I would not have been at all surprised to see almost anything happen, though Enrico assured me that actually they were not half so angry as they sounded; in fact, were really very fond of each other. But certainly they used up a great deal of energy in their arguments.

Giovanni's wife and the other women relatives had their eyes always on my gowns, when they were not listening with slightly alarmed faces to my English conversations with Enrico. It was evident that they did not trust me, and unfortunately I had no way to allay their suspicions or even to make friendly overtures. I had to look on helplessly while one after another drew Enrico aside and talked to him vehemently, with expressive gestures in my direction. I never asked Enrico what they said, even though after some of these conversations he looked at me with a worried frown.

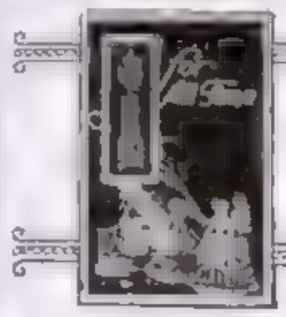
Mimmi, however, spoke English, and we soon became great friends, much to Enrico's delight and a little to the annoyance of his relatives. The older son, Rodolfo, was with us only a short time, as he was still in the Italian Army. I am afraid that he resented my being in Signa in his

(Continued on Page 153)

You'll Treasure It More Each Year

MOST clocks are—well, just clocks. But a Colonial Clock has a lovable personality—a companionable character that wins both admiration and affection. And like a rare old violin, the years serve to bring sweetness and mellowness to a Colonial Clock. The longer you live with it, the greater becomes its value, the more you'll treasure it. There's a real distinction in its possession—because "Colonial" is the acknowledged Stradivarius amongst clocks. Look for the label inside the door.

All Colonial Clocks Are Famed for their Imported Movements and Solid Honduras Mahogany Cases



This Free Book

"For All Time" tells the fascinating story of Grandfather Clocks in a most instructive manner. Now mailed gratis to those who write for it.

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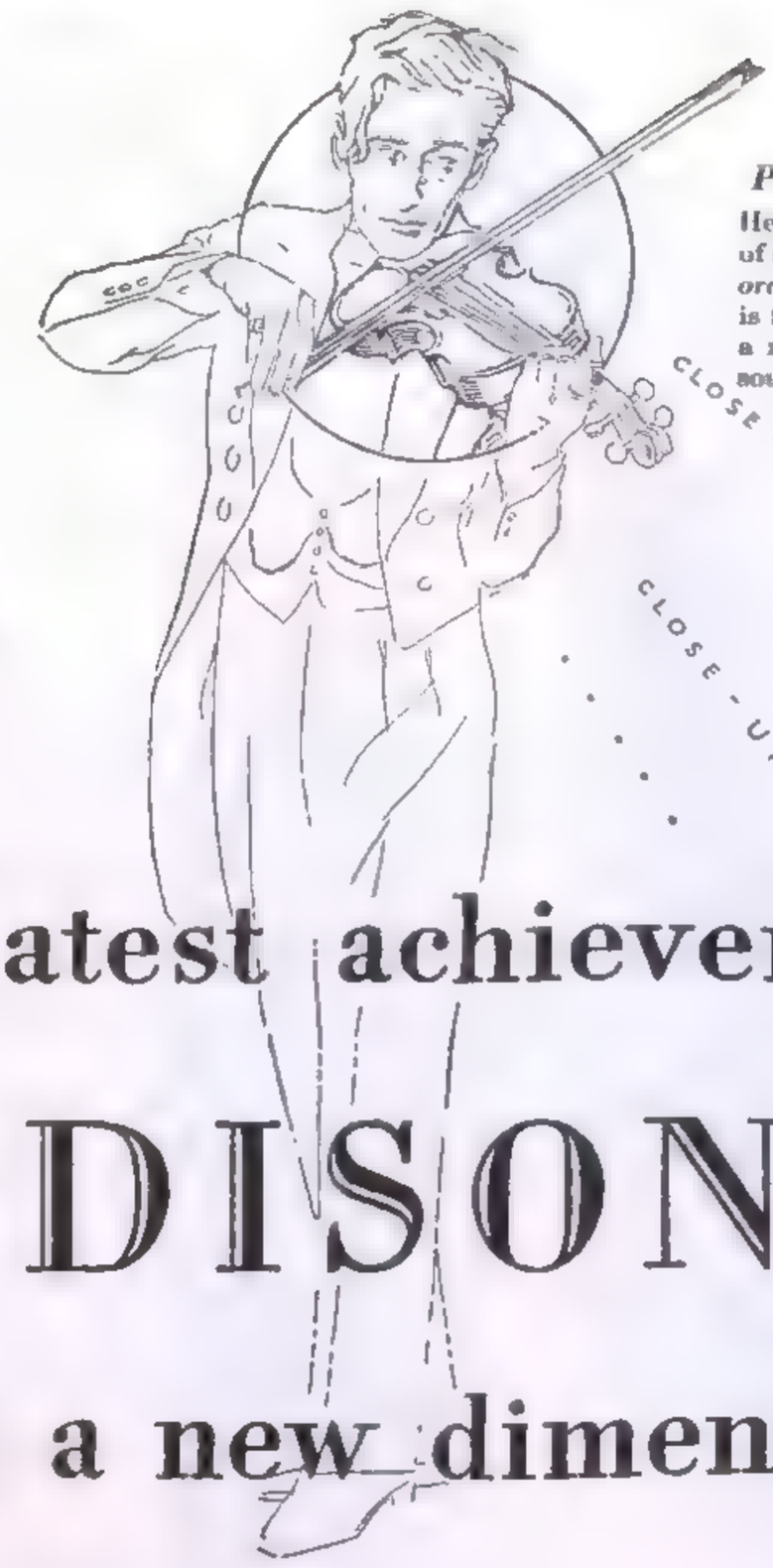


1

Ordinary Phonograph Music

Here is a visualization of music as played by an *ordinary* phonograph. It is far-away++formless++ a mere outline of thin sound, unshaded and incomplete.

announcing

Thomas A. Edison's latest achievement

++ the astounding EDISONIC

"Close-up" music with a new dimension.

On the 50th Anniversary of Thomas A. Edison's invention of the Phonograph, comes this announcement of his latest contribution to music . . . the Edisonic.

Now, a golden year in the life of Thomas A. Edison and the history of music.

Now, the *Edisonic* . . . still another milestone in a great career. ++ ++

Now, music of a *revolutionary* quality . . . of an inspiring resonance, a beauty, an all-pervading illusion of startling *nearness*, which ordinary phonographs have never achieved before. ++ ++

Now, Mr. Edison has bestowed upon music a *new dimension*. *Edisonic* music comes to you with flowing, surging, leaping contours. It is music with *volume* . . . "close-up" music . . . music which surrounds you like sunlight. It is music with *perspective* . . . *It is "stereoscopic" music, as far surpassing the music of the ordinary phonograph as a beautiful picture, viewed through stereoscopic lenses, surpasses the flat monotony of a lithographed post card.* It is *Edisonic* music, Mr. Edison's latest gift to you. ++ ++ ++

The Edisonic

The Schubert Edisonic—$135. —for the home or apartment of moderate size. Handsomely finished in two-tone English Brown Mahogany.

The Beethoven Edisonic—$225. —a larger model, is a majestic example of the cabinetmaker's art. In two-tone English Brown Mahogany.

Hear the New Edisonic

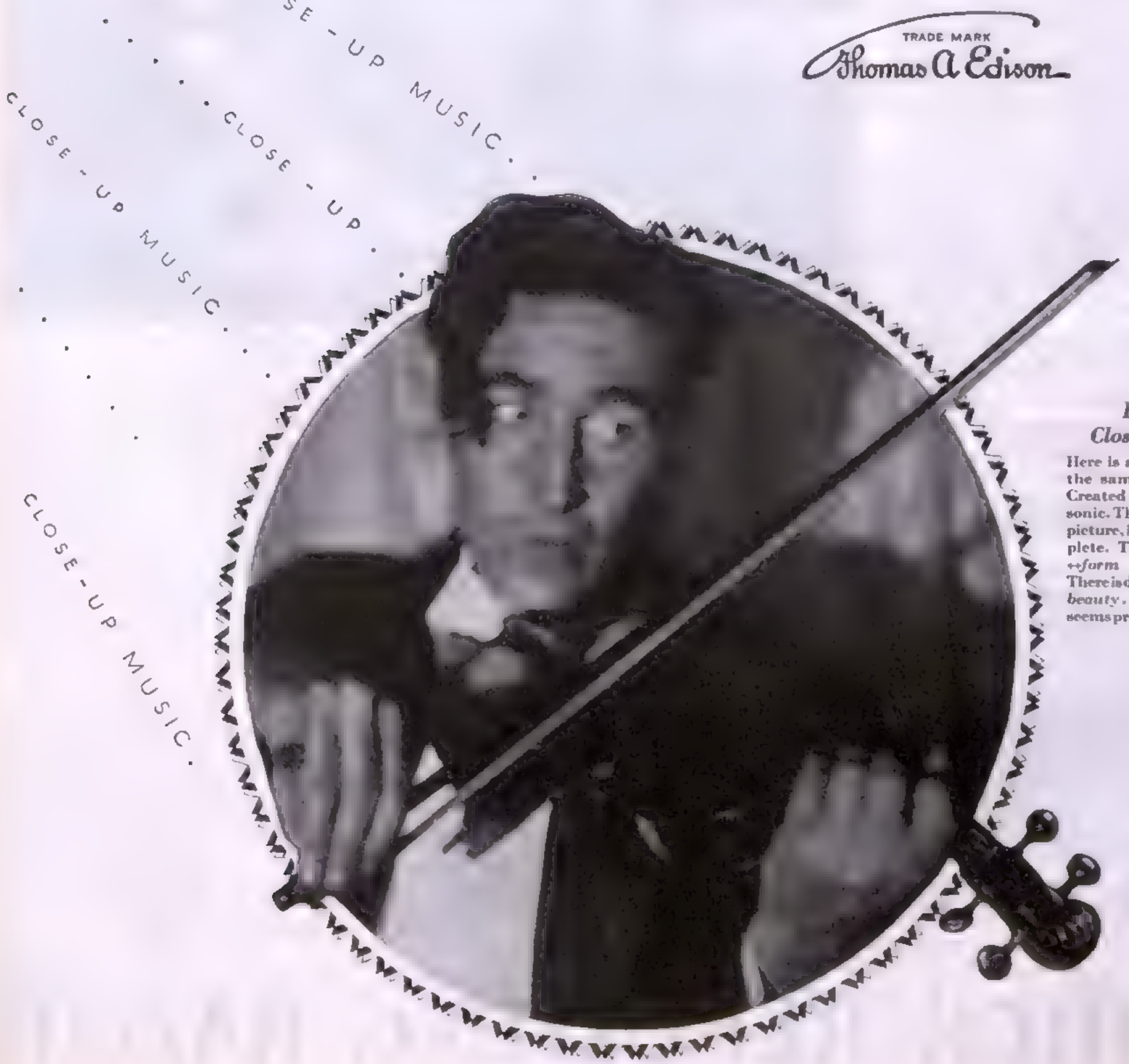
As if to signalize the Golden Anniversary of

his invention of the phonograph, Mr. Edison has sent the new Edisonic from his laboratories a finished, a perfect thing. Musicians, critics, and all who have heard it, acclaim it as a marked advance in the history of music. They call its stereoscopic tones "astounding", "superb". They marvel at the way the quality of each orchestral instrument stands out in clear relief . . . . at the full mellowness of the bass notes and the sparkling purity of the treble. ✣ ✣ ✣

But . . . the Edisonic can never be adequately described . . . nor can pictures do justice to the chaste, decorative beauty of the Edisonic cabinets. ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Ask the local dealer to play the Edisonic for you. Then imagine it in your own home . . . flooding it with beauty . . . giving you *at any time*, just the music appropriate to your mood without even the annoyance of changing a needle! ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Free . . . the remarkable *Tonoscope Demonstration*, which shows with actual pictures, first, how ordinary phonograph music would look if you could see it, and, second, how music rendered by the Edisonic takes on form, realism, and a startling *close-up* effect. Send for this unique device, and description of the Edisonic models. Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.



2

Edisonic Close-up Music

Here is a visualization of the same music as Re-Created by the new Edisonic. The music, like this picture, is *close up*, is complete. There is full detail ✣ *form* to every sound. There is depth, perspective, *beauty* . . . the living artist seems present in the room.

© 1927 T. A. E. Inc.

There's Magic in this Razor

Men fall in love with it!

Clean-shaven America has welcomed with open arms this new razor.

EVERY once in a while an article is made which men look at and long to possess. They buy it in a sort of trance and never get over the delight of owning it.

The newest thing of this kind is the Schick Repeating Razor. It appeared at a time when many razors were practically given free with a purchase of shaving soap—when every man over twenty-five had a small museum of safety razors about his home.

The Schick Repeating Razor appeared, and its price was five whole dollars. Men walked into stores and said, "Who had the gall to bring out a new razor at five dollars? Mind letting me look at one?"

"How does it work? Well, I'll be —— [with deep feeling]. Say, I'll take that one now."

He carries it home and shows it to his wife, to his children, to his servants, to his friends. He shaves with it, and three days later he comes back to buy one, two, or three more, for friends.

With very little advertising as yet—and sold in a limited number of stores—letters pour in from all sorts of places, enclosing five dollars, asking for a Schick Razor.

Hundreds of men use the razor and take the trouble to write us a letter saying they never knew what shaving comfort was before they owned a Schick.

There may be something in this razor that yanks at the boy in men and turns them into ten-year-olds. Whatever the appeal is, Schick Razor has IT.

Since these things are true, it sounds almost profane to describe the practical virtues of this shaving tool. But, the Schick Razor gives a double delight. It is a pleasure to buy it. It is a surprise and joy to use it. The Schick blade is thicker, narrower, keener. It fairly breezes through your beard—right at the skin line, and gives a shave that leaves the cheeks as smooth as a bald man's scalp.

It ejects an old blade and replaces a new one from a magazine clip in the handle *instantly*—in the middle of a shave—one second—new blade at work. Nothing to put together or take apart. No need to dry it or wipe it.

That is why men like to shave with the Schick Repeating Razor. But they don't know these things when they buy it. It is sold the minute they hold it in the hand. Try it yourself, if you think you have to be shown. You'll get a thrill out of walking out of the store with it.

Ask your dealer to show you a Schick. If he has not yet received his supply—send us five dollars with the coupon below.

We will send you a Schick complete with twenty blades. Extra clip of twenty blades, 75 cents. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York City.

A new blade? Simply pull and push the plunger — a new blade slides in place. Old one drops out

Magazine Repeating Razor Company
285 Madison Avenue, New York City

I enclose five dollars. Please send me a Schick Razor complete with twenty blades.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Dealer's Name _____

In Canada. Razor with 20 blades, $6.50. Extra clips of 20 blades, $1.00
Canadian Distributors: T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd
St. John, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver

SCHICK REPEATING RAZOR

(Continued from Page 149)

aunt's place, and I could not help being sorry for him. It is easy to forgive loyalty, for it can never be anything but a virtue.

Enrico enjoyed the idea of being the head of the family and its main support. It pleased him to sit at the head of the long table in the dining room and look down its length at his wife, his stepmother, his sons and brother, cousins, nephews and nieces, and feel that, like the patriarchs of old, he sheltered his tribe and provided for its sustenance and support. He liked a house large enough to hold all his family as well as any strangers that might come to his gate.

When the mayor, the lawyer, and the doctor came from Signa to call upon him, he received them in the midst of his encircling flock. In his imagination it was the ideal way to live, but actually, after the novelty of seeing his family and the excitement of hearing their news had worn off, he was too sensitive and temperamental to live continually with others. Gradually he would try to withdraw from the family circle; but except at rare intervals, that was not possible. Twenty-one relatives have a pervasive way of being everywhere all the time. I noticed that Enrico ceased to laugh at the sudden sharp family disputes, and that he was growing irritable.

He would sometimes retreat to the park, where in the company of Martino he would make a new path through the woods, cutting down the brushwood and doing all the work himself in spite of Martino's protests that there were plenty of men about to do the labor. But soon the weather grew too hot for digging and pushing a wheelbarrow, and Enrico was forced to spend part of the time on the shady terraces within reach and sound of the family. Enrico did not mind the heat, but he did mind trying to adapt his life to that of other people. At home the days were planned according to his humor; he was not used to considering anyone else in his household arrangements.

It seemed to me that there were a number of things we might have done away from the house. I had never been in Italy and I was eager to see the historic places of Florence that I had read of and heard about all my life. When I traveled with my father he not only told me the history of the localities we visited, but he made it so dramatic that I never forgot anything he told me.

How well I remember my shivers in Paris when he made me walk with him over the route of the tumbrils that carried the poor victims of the Revolution to the guillotine, and how I trembled when I had to pretend to be William of Orange and come down the little winding staircase at the foot of which he was assassinated. I suppose I just wanted to do Florence, as the tourists say. But the time was passing, and except for a hurried shopping expedition now and then, I knew no more of the city than I could see from the mountain.

Familiarity Breeds Contempt

When I talked about going to see the house in which Dante lived, and the little church where he was married, Enrico nodded and said vaguely, "We'll go some day." On the days that we went to Florence—accompanied by the twenty-one relatives—we went usually to a great *piazza*—a sort of market that still held in its trodden pavements the smell of innumerable market days. The strong, sharp odor of frying fish filled the air and the lungs. It was not pleasant at all, but the family found there certain articles of food that were to be bought nowhere else in Florence, so Enrico and I would wait as patiently as possible until the errands were finished.

One day while we were waiting and the smell of fish was becoming more and more unbearable, I asked him if we could not go to see the house of Lorenzo dei Medici. Enrico shook his head absently, and leaning forward gave an order to the chauffeur. We drove out of the *piazza* down a side street and stopped before a linen shop. Having started a new collection of antique linens, Enrico had given instructions at various shops that any rare or unusual piece should be held for his inspection. So whenever we came down to the city we had to visit linen shops and china shops—for Enrico was collecting china, too, for the villa. After all this business had been transacted, it was always time to go back up the mountain.

I suppose, to Enrico, the Florentine scene was so familiar that it had ceased to be either beautiful or interesting. If I saw little of the historical side of it, at least I learned to know the city from every viewpoint as we descended the hill and returned up the mountain in the dusk of the evening. It was always a vision of new beauty, varying with the light, changing constantly as the day was fair or misty. I loved the curve of the old houses that followed the bend of the winding river, as we left the city behind us on the homeward drive. It was so different from our clear-cut New World, with its sharp lights and shadows, its brilliance and noise and confusion. Perhaps the memories that cling about the crowded streets and medieval towers, the ivy-covered walls and hedges of laurel, the gray fountains and statues with their dark backgrounds of cypresses, enrich the place with that mellow patina of age, which, like the soft brown wash artists spread over ink drawings, gives them a tender unity, a quality of age that enhances them a thousandfold.

As we left the city behind us and made our way slowly up the mountain road leading to Signa, the Duomo loomed up among the medieval towers surrounding it and shone in the late afternoon sun. Gradually and imperceptibly it receded into the mists of sunset; a golden veil hid the city from our eyes.

A Haven of Refuge

On one such evening we returned to find Giovanni and Donna Maria having so vociferous an argument that the birds flew screaming from the trees. Giovanni was gesticulating with a straw hat which he held in his hand, waving it violently as he talked. Donna Maria must have said something unusually exasperating, for as we came upon the terrace he stood for an instant speechless, glaring at her; then suddenly he lifted his hat and bit a large piece out of the straw brim. Donna Maria raised her eyebrows, smiled faintly, and sinking back on the garden seat fanned herself calmly.

The days grew hotter and hotter, and Enrico's nervousness increased with the heat and the necessity of remaining in the tumultuous bosom of his family. One day I missed him, and after searching the house and gardens, found him in the room off the chapel. It was like a small oven, buzzing with flies and filled with the most horrible fishy smell from the glue that Enrico was placidly spreading over a piece of the scenery intended for the *presepio*. He looked happier than I had seen him for many days, and entirely oblivious of heat, flies or smell. I did not disturb him, but tiptoed softly away, for I knew I could never sit with him in the stifling atmosphere of that retreat, although on other occasions when I came to find him, he looked so pleased to see me that I went in and sat with him as long as I could bear it. From that time the hot little oven became a sanctuary where Enrico would work happily alone or in the silent company of the old artist.

The weather was stifling. Inside, the house was cool, but out-of-doors the waves of heat shimmered over the hills that stood out so clearly in the burning sunshine, it hurt one's eyes to look at them. A monastery bell fifteen miles away in the mountains sounded plainly on the terrace where we sat. There was an ominous stillness about this heat that filled me with uneasiness. The birds did not sing, and there was no sign of life in the gardens except when

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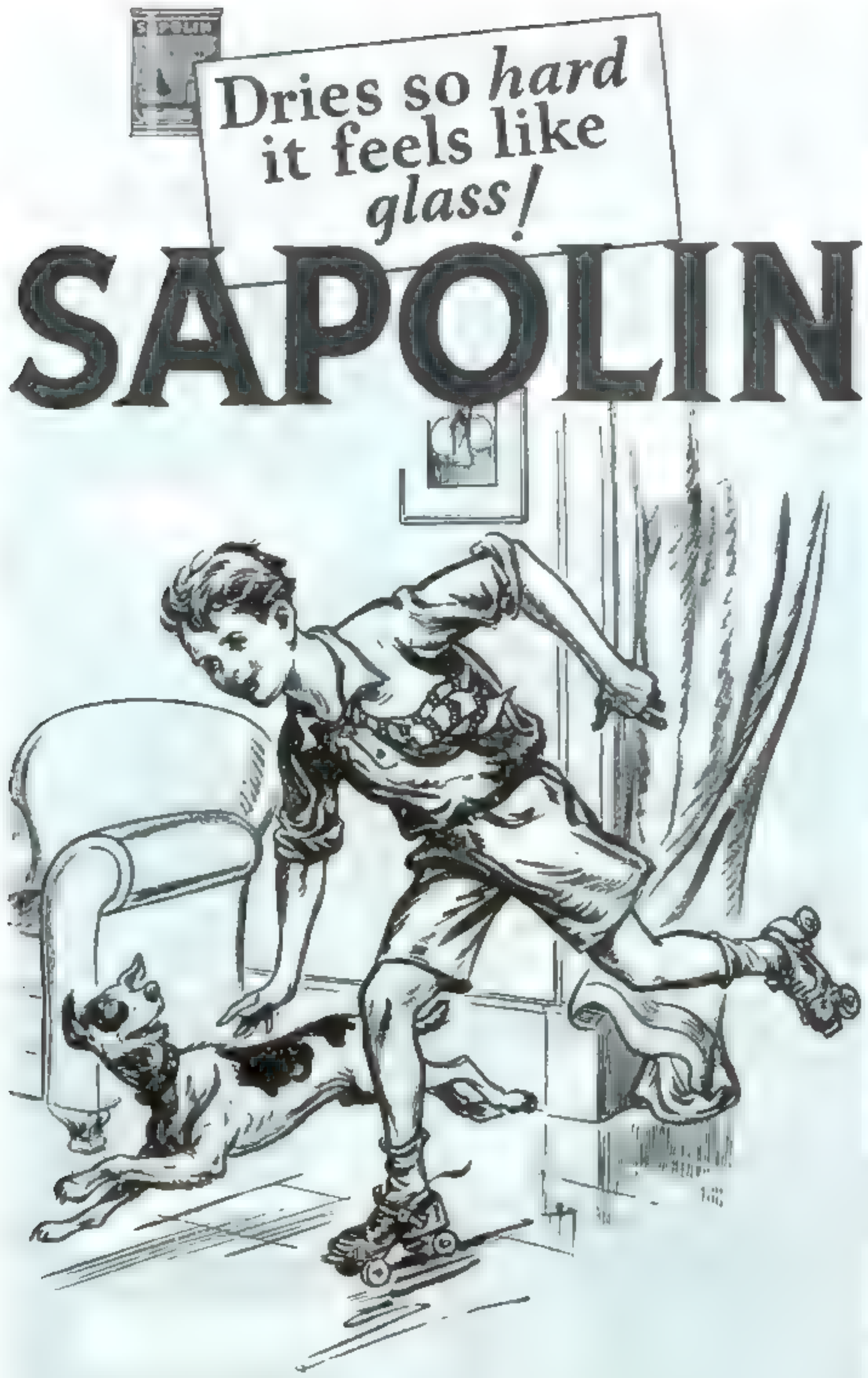

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a lizard slipped off the burning wall into the scorched grass.

One evening Enrico and I—with the twenty-one relatives—were sitting in a little *belvedere* in an open spot some distance below the house, where a little breeze blew if any air at all was stirring. I stood leaning against an old column, looking down into the valley and thinking how the people must suffer in the crowded streets of Florence. All at once there was a sharp exclamation behind me, and turning quickly I saw all the family on their feet with expressions of the greatest alarm on their faces.

Enrico ran toward me and seizing me by the hand, started up the hill toward the villa. I thought that someone he did not wish to see was coming up the road which we could see from where we sat, and I let him pull me after him, laughing and gasping for breath, until we reached an open space near the house; from there, looking back, I saw the twenty-one relatives struggling up the slope toward me.

"What is it?" I cried in astonishment as they all arrived beside me in a breathless condition, their faces white with terror.

"Doro, it was an earthquake!"

"An earthquake!" I exclaimed. "I didn't feel anything!"

"No, because you were not sitting down."

"But why did we run?" I demanded, for my heart was pounding like an engine.

"We had to get out of the park, away from trees and columns."

Well, I thought it all rather a fuss to make over so small a matter. I walked on up to the villa, while the others followed, filling the air with exclamations of horror and fear. Everyone was on edge all evening. Outside, the watchdogs howled and rattled their chains. The dogs that were allowed in the house would not play or lie down, but stalked about stiffly, with their hair standing up along their spines. It was an uncanny atmosphere—something like that of a Sherlock Holmes story, I thought to myself, as I climbed into the huge old Italian bed and lay gazing up at the red damask canopy before turning out the light.

I had been asleep only a short while when I awoke, thinking that someone had shaken me. I turned on the light and saw the crystal chandelier swinging to and fro. Outside in the courtyard the dogs were making a tumult. In the distance I heard a horrible roaring sound. I sat on the edge of my bed, seized by a horror that held me motionless with that most terrifying of all fears—the dread of the unknown. The house trembled, the pictures on the wall began to swing out from the heavy cords that held them. A piece of glass slid off my dressing table and crashed on the marble floor.

A Scene of Desolation

My voice suddenly returned and in a panic I called, "Rico, Rico!" His voice as he came running through the dressing room was like an echo of my cry. In a moment he had helped me up and led me under the archway of the door.

"It's an earthquake! This is the safest place," he shouted above the noise. "Even if the walls go down, this arch may stand."

I clung to him while the house rocked and swayed. The dogs continued their hideous howling; if they ceased for a moment, cries and groans came from the rest of the house, and the wind rushed through the villa, overturning furniture, smashing glass, creating scenes of havoc in the rooms before us. Outside, trees fell with a hideous ripping sound, crashing like thunder to the ground. The house shuddered and trembled and rocked like a ship in a storm, and from over our heads, under our feet—everywhere—came the splintering of timbers and the noise of snapping wood. My hair stood on end, just as the hair of the dogs had bristled along their spines.

Enrico, white and strained, kept his arms around me and his eyes on the arch above our heads. The glass of the windows crashed into the room as a volley of bullets struck them—literally bullets in their force and size, although the hailstones dropped harmlessly on the floor and melted. A terrific storm raged, with a cyclone of wind that wrenched and tore the branches of the trees, until in the first lurid light of day the world seemed filled with a host of writhing, twisting and distorted figures struggling with the elements.

It had been one of the worst earthquakes in recent years. The walls of the new part of the house were badly cracked, especially in the gallery that connected the two wings. Trees lay at full length, and in the park the roads and walks were made impassable by masses of branches and roots. The statues in the garden had fallen from their pedestals and lay broken, but strangely enough the tall column against which I had leaned stood unharmed. Although most of the window glass in the villa and *fattoria* was smashed, nothing happened that could not be repaired.

Alone Among Twenty-One

Down in Florence, however, houses had fallen and people had been killed. Enrico hastily sent *contadini* from the farms to help the homeless ones, and offer them shelter. While he issued orders I wandered through the gardens, looking with a sick heart at the destruction of the flowers and shrubs, whose leaves and blossoms lay strewn over the wet earth. Everywhere there were birds killed by the hail, and as I looked at their pitiful little bodies not yet cold, a great sense of disaster came over me. There was something so unwarranted and purposeless about destruction of this kind. What had been a serene and beautiful garden the day before was now a shambles of broken branches, dead flowers, and the lifeless bodies of the birds that so short a time ago sang in the trees. It was as though some strange god for a time had wreaked his vengeance upon the loveliness of the earth. It was not the kind Father to whom we turn for comfort who could sanction the havoc that lay before me, but a vindictive element that had suddenly decided to take a hand in the arrangement of our lives and had begun its evil work by attempting to destroy our home.

After that night of the earthquake nothing seemed to go on well. The old saying that troubles never come singly was true in our case; for no sooner had the havoc of the earthquake been repaired, and almost before we had had time to recover from the shock of that frightful night, there began a series of terrible storms. Thunder roared and lightning flashed and struck all about us. As these storms came after dark, I spent the day in dread of what the night might bring. Had I been able to find something to divert me during the day, I think I might have had more courage; but Enrico, almost out of his mind with nervousness, secluded himself even from me. I remained isolated and ill at ease with the twenty-one relatives. After two months of daily contact, I did not know whether they liked me or not; our talk was still carried on in a sort of sign language, for I did not want to learn the Neapolitan dialect and they did not speak anything else, and smiled when I tried a few words of Italian.

One day I thought I would try to make a cake. But as this was the period immediately following the war, there was no white flour to be had. I tried to find a tapestry to embroider, but there were no silks. I looked for a pattern of a baby's dress and some fine white material, but nothing of the kind could be found in the shops; nor was there any wool to knit if I had been able to do it. Worse than anything else, there were no books to read. Our nearest neighbors were General Angeli and his two daughters, whose estate lay fifteen miles away, but they came seldom to see us—for one reason, because all automobiles were being commandeered, and neither they nor we wanted to have our cars conspicuously in the public eye for fear of losing them.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mrs. Caruso and Mrs. Goddard. The next will appear in an early issue.

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"The mellow blend of golden sweetness"

TOWLE'S
WIGWAM
SYRUP
"In the Red Can"

Table size,
1 pound
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THE USES OF INQUIRY

(Continued from Page 5)

"Yo're going to keep off my hay," Baal insisted, morosely now.

And Chet told him calmly, "Shore!" And he added: "You better go and post your land."

"Tell me what to do?" Baal challenged, seeking to whip his mood to proper pitch.

"Do what you want," Chet retorted, and took up his trout and turned away. Baal did not follow him. From the fringe of underbrush Chet looked back and saw the man still standing there, his legs a little spread, his hands like mauls swaying at his sides, his head lowering.

"Like he'd paw the ground," Chet said that night, reporting his encounter at the store; and Will Belter warned him: "You better keep off. Baal's a bad one when you get him started, from what I hear."

"I'll keep out of his hay," Chet agreed. "That's reasonable."

But it was not reasonable—or so it seemed to Chet—to keep away from an old and favored brook, and other fishermen were of the same mind. Their coming annoyed Baal and in his own fashion he made rejoinder. He did not post the brook. The man preferred—for he had a rough humor in him—to thwart fishermen in more devious ways. He cut alders and threw them into the best pools, and he dropped into the shallows here and there, where a man was apt to wade, strands and coils of rusted barbed wire that could cut a rubber boot like tissue paper. In the course of time the stream became, from the fisherman's point of view, a nightmare; and the numbers of those who passed that way fell year by year toward a point of vanishing.

In Chet McAusland's eyes, this destruction of the brook was a crime beyond pardoning, but he found it mystifying too. He said once to Jim Saladine: "Can't understand the man. Off in the woods that way, you'd think he'd like to see somebody once in a while, 'stead of driving 'em away."

Saladine hesitated, shook his head. "I don't know," he confessed. "Been times I've had a notion he didn't want to see anybody, like there was someone he was afraid to see."

Chet had not perceived or felt this, and confessed as much. It may have been Saladine's imagination. Yet Saladine had sometimes the trick of reading thus a man; and if he were right, then in this fear of Baal's may have lain obscurely the spring which moved the man when he hired Luther Varey. For Varey was a stranger in town; and to Baal, any stranger may have appeared dangerous. He was likely to embrace danger rather than avoid it.

Varey was a young man, a boy, twenty-one or two years old; and he was very tall and lean, with that suggestion of brittle fragility about him which thin young men sometimes wear before their muscles have thickened to support and defend the structure of their bones. He came afoot, walking out from East Harbor, with a pack on his back and a stiff-brimmed straw hat on his head, and a pair of extremely new rubber-soled canvas shoes whose soles cut a pattern of concentric circles in the dust of the road. The day was warm, a day in June; and Varey stopped at Bissell's store to drink birch beer and talk with Andy Wattles for a while. It was in the forenoon and trade was slack, so they sat on the front steps in the shade.

Varey told Andy that he was a junior at Orono, working his way through college. His home was up Dover-Foxcroft way. "But my folks are dead—all but an uncle," he confessed lightly. "I've been on my own three years. Thought I'd get a job outdoors this summer. Been inside too much. I've worked on a farm."

Andy liked him. Varey was simple and friendly, and he had a clean, quick way of smiling in appreciation of the whimsical turn in what Andy had to say. Andy found this pleasantly flattering. Varey seemed in no hurry to go on, and the two stayed there together in an indolent interchange for an hour or more. Now and then Andy was interrupted by a customer, and once Gay Hunt came across the street and sat a while with them, and the long, still forenoon drifted amiably by.

Till at last, with a clatter of hoofs, Baal drove across the bridge below them and climbed the pitch to the store and drew his horse to a stand there. Baal had by this time lived some eight or ten years in the town and his disrepute was general. At his coming, Andy fell silent and watched him thoughtfully, and Varey felt the change in his companion and studied the newcomer with a curious attention.

Baal, without alighting, surveyed the two, and he called to Andy, "Got any snaths?"

Andy shook his head. "Sold the last one Saturday," he confessed. "There'll be some coming out from town this afternoon."

Baal laughed in a disgusted fashion. "Sure!" he exclaimed. "You wouldn't have any on hand. Hay ready to cut and no help, and nothing to do with."

And at that Varey chuckled. "Looking for help, are you?" he asked. "I'm hunting a job." Baal swung his great head to scan the young man without replying, and Varey explained: "I've worked on a farm. I'm a hand."

Baal considered him. "Where you from?" he asked suspiciously.

"Up north," said Varey.

"North!" Baal exclaimed.

"Dover-Foxcroft, and Orono."

"Oh," said Baal; and after a moment he inquired: "Know who I am?" Varey shook his head pleasantly. "Oh, you don't, eh?" Baal insisted, in a sardonic tone. "Well, Baal's my name." His eye upon the other's face was keen.

Varey nodded politely. "Mine's Varey. Howdo, Mr. Baal?" He rose and drew near the wheel of the buggy. "If you need help, I need work," he said again.

Baal hesitated for a long moment, his eyes heavy on the young man's countenance; but in the end he made up his mind, jerked his head in affirmation. "All right," he agreed, something like a challenge in his tone. "Know where my farm is?" Varey shook his head, and Baal spoke to Andy: "When them snaths come, give him one of them and tell him the way. He can fetch it over." He clucked to his horse and he called over his shoulder as he wheeled away: "Change your mind if you want, you."

"I'll be along," Varey assured him, and Baal drove away.

And that was Varey's hiring. After Baal was gone, Andy diffidently told him something about Baal, seeking in an indirect fashion to change Varey's mind. But Varey only chuckled at Andy's forebodings, and when the time came he prepared to set out for Baal's farm.

As a last word, Andy urged: "Don't argue with him anyway."

"I don't expect to argue with my boss," Varey cheerfully agreed, and turned down the road. Andy watched him go with vaguely troubled eyes.

But it was to appear that for all his good intent, Varey did argue with Baal; for on the morning of the third day after, Baal once more drove into the village and stopped in front of the store. Andy, through the window, saw a huddled wreck of a man on the seat beside him, and then Baal got to the ground and dragged Varey over the wheel like a sack of feed and dropped him on the lower step before the store.

When Andy came to the door—there was an ax handle within reach of his hand—Baal shouted up to him:

"Here's your friend! I fetched back the pieces!"

And he laughed at his own word, and looked down at Varey and kicked him lightly. Andy opened the screen door and came out with the ax handle, but Baal seemed not to see. He was already on his way.

So Andy ran down the steps and knelt by Varey, tending him, and Gay Hunt came from the stable across the road. The boy was barely conscious, not fit for talk. Gay fetched old Doctor Crapo, and the physician found that Varey had a broken rib or two, and perhaps a cracked bone in the forearm, and many bitter bruises.

"Maybe hurt inside," he said ruefully, shaking his head. "Ought to go to the hospital."

That meant East Harbor, ten miles away. Automobiles were not at that time common in Fraternity, but Gay Hunt had one. He brought it and they took Varey off to town.

III

IF WILL BELTER is not always the first to know when any new thing happens in Fraternity, he is usually the second or the third; but in this particular case he was almost the last. He knew nothing about it till he came to the store after supper for his mail and found the men gathered there all busy with discussion and conjecture. When he understood that something had happened, he started into the middle of the group, big with crowding questions.

He was always an inquisitive man, this Belter; a questioner, a seeker out of fact, full of an itching curiosity. His farm on the ridge south of town is poor and unfruitful but he supplements his income from the sparse acres by buying and selling whatever is for purchase or for sale. He will buy anything that seems reasonably priced and wait to sell it where he can; and he is as ready to put a figure on an old-fashioned organ as on a cow and calf, or some such current farm commodity. The man is abroad whenever the roads are passable, in his buggy, which partakes of the character of a buckboard or a light wagon, with a space behind the seat in which his purchase may be transported. Sometimes there is a pig tied and squealing there; sometimes a weary horse with bony hips stalks at the end of a tie rope behind; sometimes from a slatted box in the wagon bed the ruffled necks of flustered hens protrude. Or there may be a chair, or a table with its legs in the air, or a cream separator, or a sewing machine, or even a bale of hay.

The man has a natural aptitude for dickering which finds outlet in this wise; but also his peregrinations in search of trades, taking him as they do into every corner of the town, serve his aching curiosity. He will barter a bit of news for a morsel of information as readily as he will buy a calf to veal. So he serves not only as a market but as a bearer of current tales, and in a locality where gossip and cash are alike rare and hard to come by, he serves a fruitful function.

He comes and he goes; and wherever you may be, if your business has any public interest, you are like to see Will pull up his horse in the road beside you, hear his quick inquiry: "Say, what's happening here?"

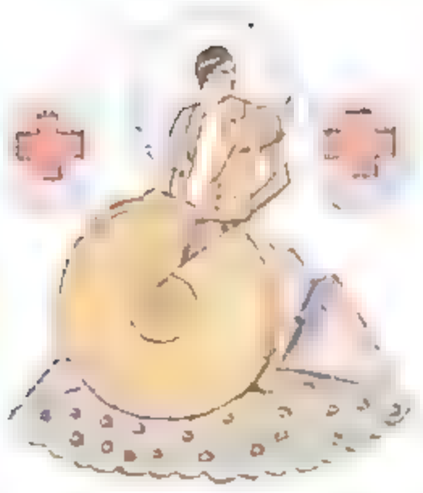
So, tonight, when he came into the store and heard their tongues going, he flung at these men his questions; and they were amused by his insistence and for a little while had sport with him, deceiving him with devious tales. But he got from them in the end as much as they knew—was even able to add his morsel here and there.

"I saw Varey," he told them. "I was in to East Harbor the day he come out. Passed him on the road."

And again, when Andy explained that Varey had hired on with Baal for his haying: "Baal hadn't begun to cut, last Friday. I was through past his place. I see Mrs. Baal, but I never saw hide or hair of him. Her and her boy was working in the garden."

But these were merely ejaculations, by way of agreement or amendment to the

Continued on Page 158



DIE SCHWEIZ HAT DIESEM KÄSE IHREN NAMEN
GEGEBEN UND, WAS NOCH WICHTIGER IST, DEN GESCHMACK,
DER NICHT NACHGEMACHT WERDEN KANN.

Switzerland gave this cheese its name and of even greater importance the flavor that can't be copied

CHEESE-MAKERS all over the world have tried to produce this matchless flavor. But it seems that the secret will never be discovered. Apparently it is born of Alpine pastures . . . scented grass and hay . . . pure, soft water from everlasting glaciers.

How religiously the maker of Switzerland Cheese appreciates this gift of Nature is reflected in the patience, interest and exactness with which he makes each cheese. Never does he take a short cut in the process. Never does he let a single cheese leave his country unless he knows that it measures up to every standard set by his honorable forefathers, who have made cheese since the Roman Empire.

Words can merely give you an idea of the wonderful goodness of Switzerland Cheese. Rich as a nut. Delicately piquant. Appetizingly fragrant. If you eat Switzerland Cheese by itself you get but one phase of its intriguing flavor. A sandwich surprises you with a new shade. With fresh fruit you taste another. For Switzerland Cheese blends with all foods to make delicious contrasts that amaze your taste.

You will find Switzerland Cheese served in great hotels, famous restaurants and dainty tea rooms. Renowned chefs and cooks pronounce it the most versatile of all cheeses. It makes a cheese fondue with a flavor exquisite and elusive. In a salad . . . with cold cuts . . . with fresh fruit . . . with the demi-tasse it speaks to your taste in terms of goodness that cannot be forgotten. At the formal dinner, the afternoon function, the midnight supper, Switzerland Cheese is not only welcome but distinctly appropriate.

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The Swiss recommend that you buy Switzerland Cheese in pound or half-pound cuts instead of sliced wafer-thin. Then you will get all the fulness of its rich, nutlike flavor.

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Genuine Swiss Cheese from Switzerland

Preparing to ship the cheese

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Swiss cows graze on mile high pastures

Are you among those whose personal pride extends down to their shoes?

SOMETIMES it seems so difficult—this keeping shoes respectable. And yet it is so simple—so easy to do. Among all the shoes in your home, not a pair need shame you if their soles are sound and their uppers good.

The touch of Dyanshine's magic dauber conceals each scuff, restores clean color—brings back the soft lustre of newness and then keeps the shoes protected from the penalties of wear.

Its preserving oil softens the leather—keeps it free from hardening and cracking, full of vitality and life

Not a scuff can escape the instant transformation worked by its color restorer. Faded spots disappear. Clean color returns. The lustre that follows a few strokes of a cloth can only be rivaled by newness.

Your dealer can supply Dyanshine in tans, browns, black or white, and a neutral polish for any shade or color of leather. If you can not secure it send fifty cents to us for a bottle of more than fifty shines. Tell us the color of your shoes. We'll send the polish postpaid. Barton Manufacturing Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

BARTON'S
DYANSHINE
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

Dyanshine has a three-fold action on your shoes It preserves the leather, restores the color and provides a soft, transparent lustre Made entirely without the use of nitrobenzene, nitrobenzol, anilin oil or shellac, it has no acid reaction whatever. It is safe for you and safe for your shoes.

To conceal scuffs. Trim the scuff until free from frayed edges. Then touch each scuff a time or two with the dauber. This brings the color back uniform with the rest of the shoe Proceed then to polish the shoe—rubbing with a soft cloth or buffer to bring the lustre

To restore color. Clean the shoes thoroughly by using Dyanshine as a cleaner Do this by applying liberally and wiping off with a clean cloth Then apply Dyanshine for shining—giving an extra touch or two to faded spots. Clean, smooth color comes back like magic.

(Continued from Page 156

facts he had from them, while his questions sought more deeply into the matter. He asked, "Bad hurt, was he?" And Gay Hunt told him. "What happened?" Will insisted, and Gay said he did not know.

"Varey wan't in any shape to talk," he explained grimly. "His mouth was swoll."

"Say, what did Baal do it for, you think?" Will persisted, and Gay grinned.

"Go ask him," he suggested. "You ask enough questions."

Belter shook his head. "Wouldn't do any good," he said frankly. "I'd get busted if I tried it." He added with quick determination: "I'm going in and see Varey, though, first chance I get—find out from him. Get the sheriff after this Baal maybe. He can't go on that way."

Luke Hills chuckled. "Prob'ly this young rooster was crowing around Mrs. Baal," he suggested.

Belter shook his head. "Not likely," he retorted. "She's gray-headed, or looks it—an old woman."

"There might have been a row," Gay hazarded. "He might have took her part. If I was a woman, I wouldn't want to be married to Baal."

"I'm going to find out," Belter declared again. "I'll be going into East Harbor before the end of the week. He won't be out by then."

"Not by the looks of him," Gay somewhat grimly agreed.

But Belter went to town earlier than he had intended. His curiosity ate at him, and he so ordered his affairs as to make the journey Thursday, instead of a day or two later. In East Harbor, even before he turned to the business he had in hand, he drove up to the hospital and tied his horse and made inquiries. One of the nurses brought him to where Varey sat in an easy-chair that looked out over the harbor and the bay. The boy was swathed in blankets against the cool early summer breeze; and Belter, his hat in his hand and no abashment in his bearing, made himself known to the other.

"Belter," he said—"Will Belter. I live out in Fraternity. Come in to see how you was getting along. We all feel kind of bad about this happening out there."

And he stayed with Varey for an hour or more. But though Belter had about him an insistence not easily denied, he had very little that was tangible and definite to report that night at the store. The group there heard him intently, for they were interested, and Belter made the most of his material.

"But he's mighty close-mouthed," he confessed. "Don't have a word to say unless you drag it out of him."

"I liked that Varey," Andy Wattles agreed. "Liked him right away." And Gay Hunt chuckled.

"That's all right," Belter said resentfully. "But a man don't have to keep a thing to hisself unless he's ashamed of it. And I guess he needn't be ashamed of letting Baal beat him up. He wouldn't have a chance with Baal. He's taller, but he's mighty thin and peaked looking."

"Is his arm broke?" Gay asked, and Belter nodded.

"Got it in a sling," he said. "But it ain't bad. And a plaster on his chest on account of his ribs. But he can walk around all right. One of the nurses told me he was black and blue all over him. Heel marks and things. Places where Baal had kicked him, and his mouth all swelled up, and one eye."

"He must have stood up to Baal, to get them," Andy pointed out. "But Baal wan't marked any," he added regretfully; "not that I could see."

"He didn't tell you what started it, I bet," Gay suggested provocatively.

"No, he didn't," Will agreed. "Nor anything only what I asked him, and not much of that. I got enough out of him to know it was something about the way Baal treated that boy of his—that Oscar."

"It wan't Mrs. Baal?" Luke Hills suggested, in a disappointed tone.

Belter shook his head. "Only that she felt bad about Oscar too. Oscar ain't but about fourteen or fifteen, I guess. But from what this Varey said, I guess Baal comes down on him hard. Lays into him pretty fierce sometimes."

"I wish I'd took that ax handle to him," Andy confessed.

And Gay laughed and said, "You was mighty careful not to let him see you had hold of it, Andy."

"Varey ain't even going to have Baal arrested," Belter continued. "I told him he'd ought to, or put under bonds or something, and he grinned and shook his head and said he guessed that wouldn't amount to anything." And he added: "He says he's going back out there. He left his clothes there, and a fishing rod, and Baal owes him for two days' work. I told him he wouldn't get it, but he says he's going anyway. I told him I'd go with him to see't he was all right, when he got ready."

Luke Hills guffawed. "From behind a tree," he derided. "Or up the road a ways."

"I ain't afraid of Baal," said Belter stoutly. "If he ever laid a hand on me——"

"Say, Will, you'd have to stick yourself back together," Gay told him. "When's Varey coming out?"

"He said he might be out any time," Belter replied. "But I asked the doctor, and he told me it'd be a week." And the man added, with warm unction: "He told me Varey was mighty lucky. Doctor Gloss, it was. He says there's a man up at Madison that Baal beat up, ten-fifteen years ago, that ain't walked since—a shoemaker up there."

"Say," Luke Hills exclaimed in a tone suddenly truculent, "I'll get my dander up and lay into Baal one of these days. Busting around!"

But Andy Wattles, by the front window, said softly, "Here he comes now," and Luke melted uneasily down the stairs toward the cellar, till he heard their guffaws and came sheepishly back again.

"Aw, I just went to look for a sack of feed," he protested.

Jim Saladine had till now taken no part in the talk; but in the pause after their mirth he asked Belter, "What's the name of that man in Madison, Will? I was up there once."

"Win Dobbs," Belter told him. "Ever hear tell of him?"

Saladine shook his head regretfully. "Don't think so," he confessed. "Thought I might know him, that's all."

"If I'm ever up that way, I'm going to talk to him," Belter declared. "It ain't but twenty miles or so."

"He can't walk?" Saladine repeated.

"Only on crutches, the doctor said."

Saladine made no further comment, and someone else asked a question and Will turned aside to answer. But he could not answer all their questions. The fact that Baal had battered young Varey sadly enough was obvious, but what had provoked the affray remained to baffle them.

Andy Wattles was to be the first to know the truth of that; and Andy kept for a while his own counsel in the matter, because he liked Varey. He learned the facts from Varey himself. Two days after Belter's visit to East Harbor, while the talebearer was away to the south toward Camden on one of his expeditions, Varey came again to Fraternity, riding out from town in a car which happened to be passing in that direction, and he stopped to talk with Andy at the store. He told Andy he was going to get his clothes and few belongings from Baal. "And what he owes me, if he'll pay it," he added, grinning at his own misfortunes. "This is going to cut into my net income for the summer anyway."

"Stay away from him," Andy advised. "I'll go over and get your stuff if you want. You won't get any money out of him."

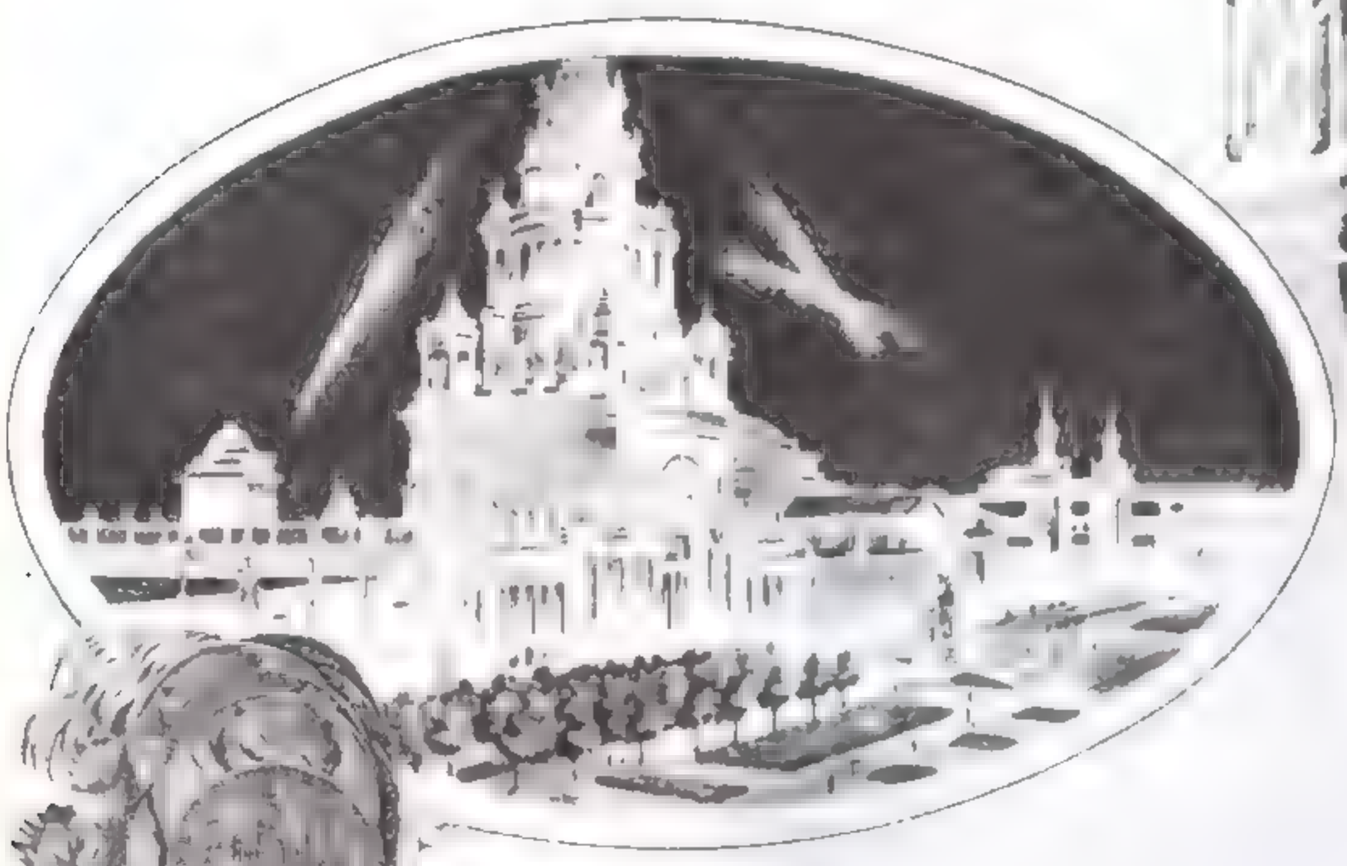
"Probably not," Varey admitted. "But it's my clothes chiefly."

Andy said uncomfortably, "He's a bad one. He's as like as not to jump you again." (Continued on Page 161)

KIMBALL

SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Honored Through The Years



The "Tower of Jewels," at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, 1915

The statue of "The Republic," at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893

THE seventy years of Kimball history have been marked by signal honors. Half way down the years came the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893—the classic event in the annals of art and industry. Here Kimball instruments won the award for "superlative merit" and "highest standard of excellence in all branches of manufacture."

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From decade to decade, high recognition has been earned in many other forms. The praises of Patti, the DeReszkes, Eames, and other eminent artists of years past find an echo in the admiration of Marshall, Levy, Liebling, and many others of today's leaders in the world of music. The Kimball is the instrument used by the last-named artist throughout his present concert tour on the Pacific Coast.

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Electric Refrigeration Department
of General Electric Company
Hanna Building Cleveland, Ohio

GE Refrigerator

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 158)

Varey shook his head. "Not again," he said positively. "It was my own fault before. I lost my head. He larruped that boy of his, and Mrs. Baal was with me—Baal had taken the boy out into the shed, and we were in the kitchen—and all of a sudden she began to cry and I lost my head. I said, 'Why don't you leave him, Mrs. Baal? Take your son and get out, away from him?'"

He grinned, moved the arm which hung in its sling with a gesture of confession. "Well," he concluded, "Baal came in just then and heard me. You can't blame the man."

"I'll tell you," Andy suggested, after a moment of thoughtful silence. "I've got a shotgun. You take it along."

Varey laughed. "Shucks!" he protested. "I'm not going to shoot him. I'll probably apologize to him. Of course, he's hard on his family. But ——" He shrugged again. "Well, you can't do anything about that sort of thing," he reminded Andy.

And in the end he had his way, setting off afoot. "I'll get my stuff and head for Augusta," he told Andy. "Get a job over there for the summer. I'll look you up in September if I come back this way."

"I'd like to hear from you," Andy urged.

"Can't write letters for a while," Varey reminded the other. It was his right arm which was broken. "Good-by, old man."

Andy, through the window, watched him go down the road toward the bridge till he was out of sight, and he stood uncertainly alone there in the store. "That's the second time I've let him go," he thought uncomfortably, and he was half-minded to hurry after Varey, call him back again.

But when he stepped outside the door, Varey had already disappeared. So Andy went doubtfully inside to his duties there.

IV

IT WAS a matter of some four or five miles from the village to Baal's farm; and Varey, setting out upon the way, walked briskly. He was unburdened and his pace was at once easy and crisp; but as it chanced, he had not to walk all the distance. A little way beyond the village a car overtook him and pulled up and the man at the wheel asked, "Want a ride?"

Varey, with his hand on the door ready to get in, hesitated. There was something about this man which he found vaguely disquieting. He could not decide whether it was the fact that the other wore a neat and sober suit of black, a garb rare in this countryside, or whether there was some quality in the man's very countenance. But in the end he grinned at his own qualms and took a seat. They had some small talk together, and Varey alighted at Hammett's Corner, where his road turned aside.

He stopped in Jim Ingram's store there, and Jim came to the door and spoke to the man in the car with a nod somewhat restrained; and when the other was gone, Varey asked, "Who's that?"

"That's Ike Gorfinkle," Jim explained. "He's the undertaker."

Varey shivered faintly and laughed. "I didn't thank him for the ride," he remembered. "But I don't suppose he's used to thanks from his passengers."

Jim grinned dryly. "Ain't you the fellow that Baal beat up?" he inquired, and Luther acknowledged this to be true. "Where you going?" Jim asked.

"Going in to his place after my clothes," Varey explained.

"He drove away past here a while ago," Jim said. "Guess he ain't at home."

Varey smiled. "Then I'd better go right along," he decided. "If you see him coming, whistle, won't you?"

"Coming back this way?" Jim suggested, but Varey shook his head.

"Guess not," he replied. "I'm going over to Augusta. You may see me in the fall." He lifted his hand. "Good luck!" he called; and Jim, standing in the door, watched him stride away down the road. He remained in this position till Varey disappeared.

A short mile beyond the corner, Varey turned off the highroad to follow the byway down the valley past Baal's farm. This byroad ran in low land, meandering among the alders; and now and then Varey caught glimpses of the brook not far below him, or heard its murmur where the water played across a shallow bar. The sun was high and the day was fine; but water stood in the ruts, each pool reflecting the sky overhead and the interlacing branches of the trees. Varey whistled softly under his breath as he went forward. He felt no least concern as to what lay ahead of him; any fears he might have had had been allayed by Ingram's assurance that Baal was away from home. But Varey was not afraid of Baal. He was one of those men to whom defeat is in no wise conclusive; and in this case, the beating he had had, while it had bruised, was far from breaking him. "It was my own fault, my own foolishness," he had confessed to Andy, and meant exactly what he said. Now, as he drew near the farm, his intent was all determined; he would mind his own business, get what belonged to him and take himself away.

He came by and by into the opening, where the road ran along the border of the meadow, slanting away from the brook and toward the house, and he could see the house and the barn on the low knoll ahead of him. As he drew near something moved there, and he discovered the boy Oscar, Baal's son, sitting in the shade on the porch. When Luther turned into the barnyard, Oscar watched him, and as Varey came to the steps the youngster grinned in a timorous fashion.

Young Varey said heartily, "Hello, kid!"

And Oscar replied, "Hello."

"What's the matter with you?" Varey asked. "Sitting here doing nothing. You ought to be catching your mother a mess of trout."

"I'm kind of tired," Oscar confessed, and his eyes lowered and he colored a little.

"What you tired about?" Varey insisted.

Mrs. Baal had come to the kitchen door, but so quietly that neither of them perceived her. She said now, in her still voice, "His pa licked him."

Luther whirled at the sound and took off the cap someone had given him when he left the hospital. "Oh, good morning, Mrs. Baal," he said, in spite of himself confused and uncertain. He climbed the steps to stand before her. "A fine day," he added lamely.

She nodded, and her eyes rested on the sling made out of a bandanna handkerchief which supported his arm. Her countenance was expressionless.

But Varey felt her glance and said reassuringly, "I wrenched it a little. Just resting it." And he added: "I came by to get my pack. Going over to Augusta." And when she did not move, he asked, "Is Mr. Baal at home?"

She shook her head then. "It's in the shed," she told him.

"Thanks," he agreed. "I'll get it." And he turned down the steps to go along toward the shed door, paused for a moment to speak to the boy again, careful to hold his tone level and assured. "All right, are you?" he asked.

The youngster sighed. "Kind of sore, that's all," he confessed. And he added: "I spilled a pail of milk."

Varey nodded. Mrs. Baal, he saw, had gone through the kitchen toward the shed, and he went to meet her there. She had his pack in her hands when he confronted her. "I put your things in it," she explained. "But I couldn't get the straps right. Your hat was busted."

He took the pack from her hands. "It's fine," he assured her, and slipped his left arm through one of the loops so that the pack hung aslant across his shoulders. His steel rod in its case leaned in an angle by the pump, and he picked it up. He had now all that he had come for, and there was nothing to keep him, nor did the woman make any movement to restrain him; yet she waited, and Varey felt that she was waiting for a word from him, and he asked at last, doubtfully, "How are things?"

She looked at him with her eyes which seemed to ache, and she rubbed back the hair at her temple with the palm of her hand and glanced aside. Varey guessed that she was thinking of her son.

"He'll be all right," he told her, his tone a little lowered.

She nodded. "He's used to it," she wearily agreed.

Varey said uncertainly, "Any of your people over in Augusta—anyone you want to send a message to? I may run into them."

She studied the litter of chips about her feet on the woodshed floor. "I ain't any kith or kin," she confessed.

"No one at all?"

"Pa, he shut the door on me when I married Baal," she explained impersonally, as though the persons to whom she referred were strangers.

"Your father?"

"Ma's dead. That's all there was of us," she agreed.

"Where does he live?" he asked.

"I come from Madison," she told him. "I guess he's there. I ain't heard in ten years." And she added, in a tone almost persuasive, as if she wished him to understand: "If it wan't the way it is, I'd have gone home. I made my bed, pa'd say."

Varey cried rebelliously, "Isn't there anyone else—someone?"

She weighed this gravely, and for so long that he had a curious feeling she had fallen asleep where she stood, as though his word had laid a spell of dreams upon her. But she shook her head at last.

"I s'pose not," she decided. "Not after it all."

"You're thinking of someone," he exclaimed accusingly. "Who is it? I'll hunt him up, tell him, get him to ——"

"There ain't anyone," she said more positively. Her word was quick. "Don't you!"

He stood baffled, moved his hand helplessly. "What did you marry him for in the first place?" he cried. "Why in the world?"

She weighed this. Asked at last, as though her question were an answer, "Why does a woman?" And Varey could find no word to say.

Before he took himself away, he went back to have a word more with the boy: spoke laughingly, uttering some jest or other, till he won a faint smile to the youngster's eyes. He saw no more of Mrs. Baal; she had stayed in the shed, or, in the kitchen, kept herself from view. So at last Varey turned down toward the road, the pack dangling from his left shoulder, the rod in his left hand. Something burned within him; he was like to choke with his own emotions.

As he strode upon his way, continuing past the farm and down the valley toward the highway that led to Augusta, his eyes were on the ground before him, choosing where his feet should plant themselves, but his thoughts were otherwise.

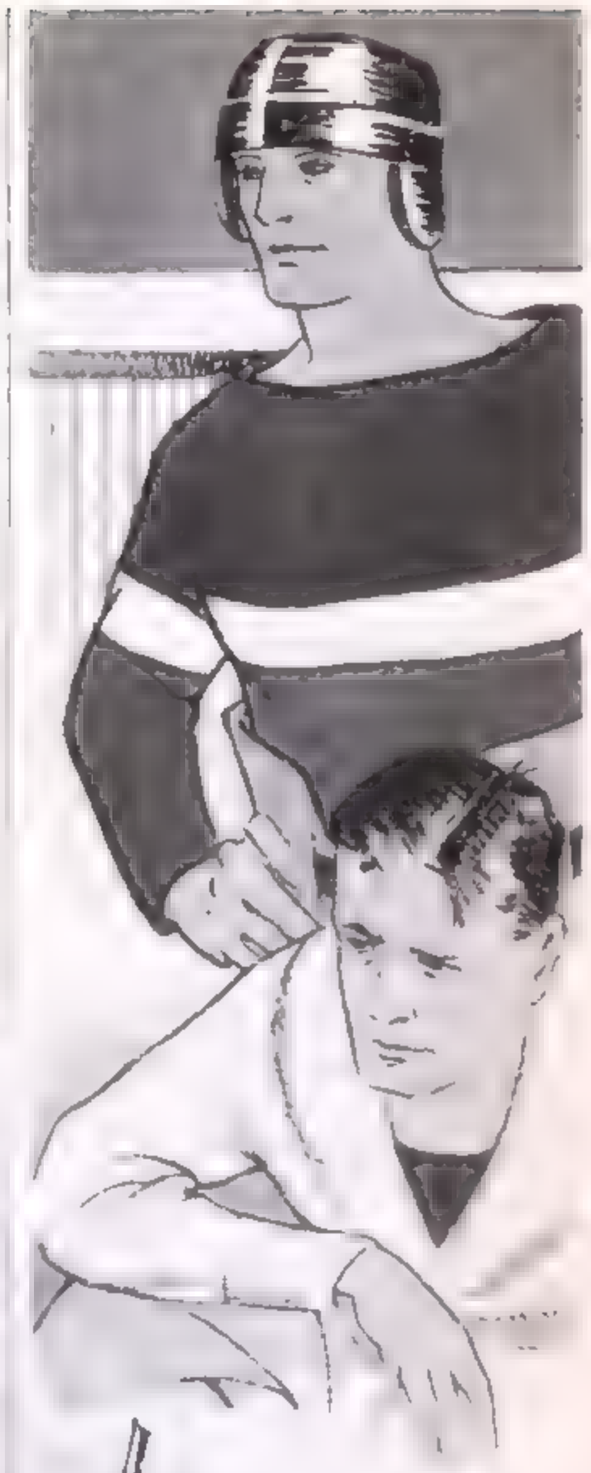
Since he walked thus with bowed head, he arrived unaware where Baal was waiting. The big man, driving up the road toward his home, saw Varey coming with those long and fiery strides; and he checked the horse and sat where he was, grinning a little at thought of the young man's surprise when he should lift his eyes at last. Varey was within two or three rods of the horse's head before he became conscious of the other's scrutiny, and he checked for a moment and stood still, looking Baal in the eye. Came forward then more slowly, till he stood by the flank of the horse, beside the road.

Baal was the first to speak. He grinned down at the young man and he asked derisively, "Out, are ye?"

Varey nodded. "You can see, can't you?" he challenged.

"Now don't git perky," Baal drawled. "It don't become you. Can't a man teach you anything?"

(Continued on Page 163)



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(Continued from Page 161)

"A man," Varey agreed, and his emphasis was insult.

Baal nodded slowly. "But where does that leave you?" he asked jocosely. Baal's voice was always loud; it rose now. "I guess you didn't hear what I told you, did ye?"

"When?" Varey countered.

Baal wagged his head. "You was a little groggy," he remembered. "I'd ought to have explained before I worked on you. I give you word to keep away from here—from then on."

Varey smiled faintly. "I had left some things here," he explained. "I came for them."

Baal scowled. "Guess you come to talk to my woman," he declared, "hang around her some more. Time you get through, she won't be good for anything to me."

Varey hesitated, brooding, and his cheek was pale. He said, half to himself, "It's no good to talk to you. You'd take it out on her or the boy."

For a moment his word seemed to hang, electric, in the air; he stood rigidly, and Baal sat where he was, a lump of a man. But after that moment, Baal moved; he flowed to the ground, over the wheel to the ground, something serpentine in the movement of his round body. Stood there on his spread legs, his hands like mauls swinging at his sides.

"Wanted to talk to me, did you?" he challenged.

There must have been a flame in Varey's soul—madness, if you like; the madness of a man who beats with futile hands against the walls that close upon him. Yet beats—for all the futility of his blows—with all the strength he bears. Madness, or a valor fine.

"Talk?" he repeated, in a tone like a lance. "You black bully and beast and coward! A blacksnake whip's the talk for you! A lash on your ugly hide!"

Baal's head swayed and lowered and his feet moved mincingly. Bullfighters know the warning in that mincing movement of the feet of the beast. Varey knew it, too, but he was past caring. Nothing in him but the flame.

The light steel rod in its case was in his left hand; he whipped it up and down. But Baal laughed and flung it aside; the force of his parry against Varey's wrist whirled the young man half around; he tottered, stumbling.

And Baal's right fist, like a maul, struck him on the back of the neck while he groped for balance there. The blow brushed Varey into the ditch; he went hurtling, seemed for a moment to fly through the air. He smashed into the brambles that cloaked an old stone wall, and Baal chuckled and waited.

But Varey seemed willing to lie where he had fallen, so Baal got back into the wagon. From the seat he looked down and he spat, and he said briefly, "When you git up, git on!"

The phrase amused him, and he chuckled as he clucked to his horse.

Baal drove three or four rods along the road before he turned to look back. But Varey had not risen. The big man checked his beast at this discovery and stared over his shoulder with an attention which became more and more absorbed, and abruptly something laid hold upon him. He felt a chill of cold, as though water were trickling down his neck and spine.

"Hey!" he called.

But Varey did not stir. So Baal slid to the ground and went back to see why Varey lay so still.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE INTERNATIONAL ECONOMIC CONFERENCE

(Continued from Page 33)

higher, European peasants could purchase more goods manufactured in European cities. Urban workers in Europe do not seem to take the complaints of peasants seriously, since they feel that at the worst the peasants have places to live and cannot be evicted, need to place no reliance on unemployment doles, can cover their necessaries of subsistence from sources directly at hand, and have suffered less in their standard of living than has been the case with city workers. Indeed, it has been generally understood by city workers that to some extent the food supply of peasants has been superior to that before the war.

The desire of the section on agriculture to measure up to its job was made evident in a series of general resolutions bearing on forestry, the campaign against plant and animal diseases, agricultural statistics, and agriculture in colonies. The reader of the report may be led to wonder, with the writer, how delegates from countries whose agriculture is already relatively overextended will justify themselves, on their return to their own communities, for having passed the following resolution, looking to the upbuilding of competitive agriculture in backward countries:

> The conference recommends that an investigation be made into the best means of encouraging agriculture among the indigenous inhabitants in colonies and especially in tropical and subtropical colonies, in order to augment the prosperity of the indigenous inhabitants of those countries and to increase the general wealth.

This proposition might have been advanced by a Malthusian or by an industrialist seeking cheaper foodstuffs. It is difficult to understand why it was advanced by agriculturists from older countries endeavoring to secure larger returns for agricultural products.

Under the circumstances it was not surprising that the committee on agriculture, though coequal with commerce and industry, occupied a somewhat detached position and rather confined itself to its own affairs. The three subjects most prominent in the discussions that led to resolutions were coöperative associations, agricultural credit, and plant and animal quarantine.

Coöperative Marketing: The discussions on coöperation illustrated again that agriculturists the world over are convinced of the necessity of coöperative association. The reasons advanced are not the same for all countries: in some countries it is coöperative buying, in others coöperative credit, in others coöperative marketing. Scarcely mentioned was coöperative adjustment of production to demand. There was mention of "rationalization of agricultural operations," unaccompanied, however, by any comprehensive statement of what should be understood under the term. There was an instructive discussion on the practicability and advisability of international agreements between agricultural producers' coöperative associations.

In order to prevent consumers from regarding producers' coöperative associations as endeavoring unduly to raise prices, it was advocated that agricultural coöperative associations the world over should enter into agreements with consumers' coöperative associations in Europe. As illustration were adduced the experiences of a large wholesalers' coöperative association in Great Britain that has for years maintained contractual relations with agricultural coöperative associations in exporting countries. Venturesome reformers professed to believe that a large part of the European import requirements in foodstuffs could be secured through contracts with producers' coöperative associations overseas, thereby excluding all exporting and importing middlemen. The endeavor of the Canadian wheat pool to sell direct to European millers was cited as an example.

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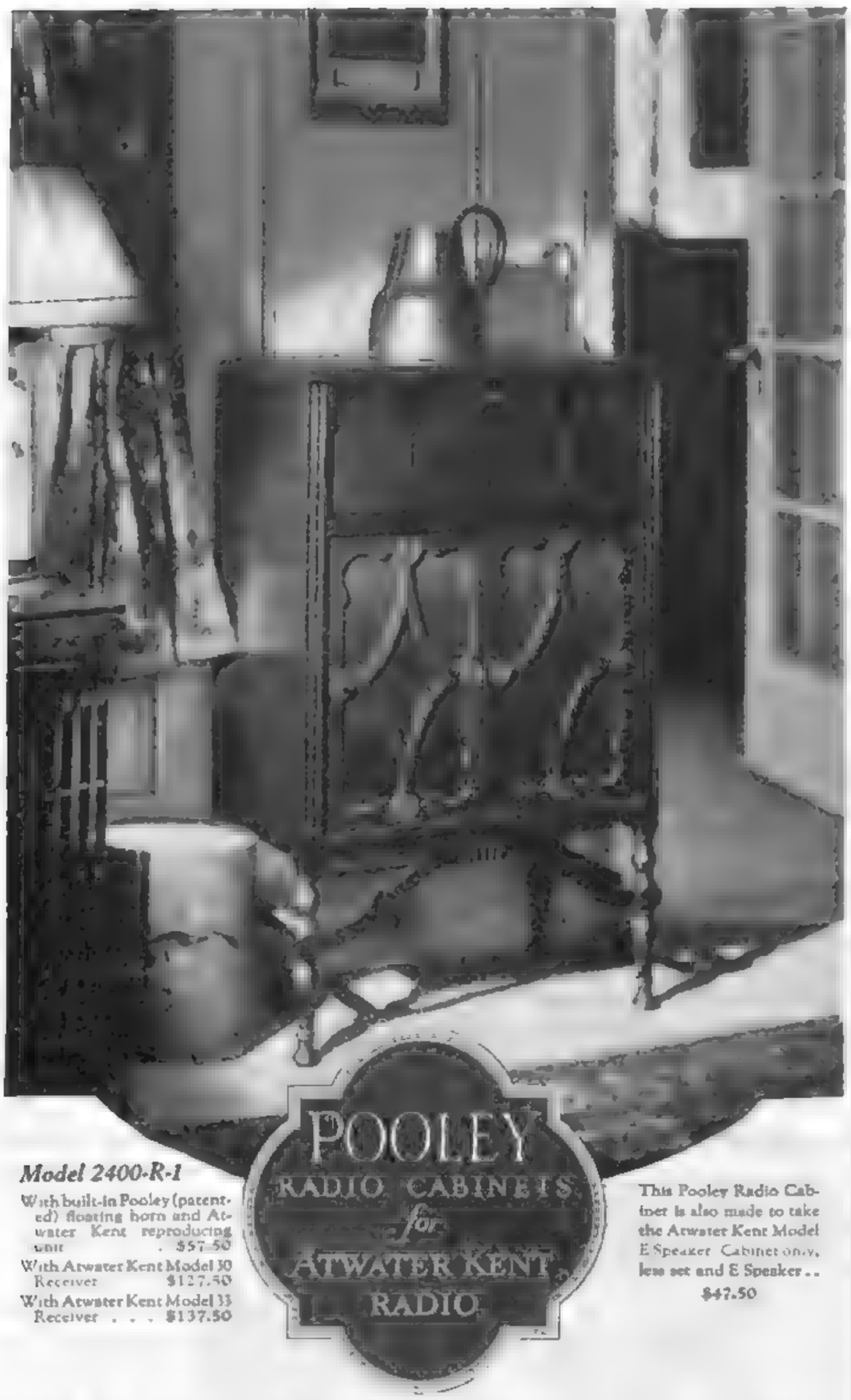

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This Pooley Radio Cabinet is also made to take the Atwater Kent Model E Speaker Cabinet only, less set and E Speaker . . $47.50

POOLEY Quality for $57.50

TONE is the first great distinction of Pooley Radio Cabinets. With their built-in speakers of selected woods, shaped for scientific sound amplification, they have earned the favor of thousands of music lovers. Pooley tone is a satisfying tone—rounded, full and clear.

DESIGN is a second attribute. Pooley Radio Cabinets are designed by men familiar with the classic periods, but equally masters of the practical problems of fitting receiving set, speaker and power equipment into cabinets that will add to the charm of the homes they enter.

CABINETRY is a third point of importance. Pooley quality in construction and in finish is that of the finest furniture—such as Pooley has been making for the past forty-four years.

Mr. Atwater Kent says:
The Pooley Radio Cabinet is approved for Atwater Kent Radio because of the design and quality of Pooley cabinet work and because of the tone qualities of the Pooley built-in floating horn. Both meet the standards we set and maintain for Atwater Kent Receivers and Speakers.
(Signed) A. ATWATER KENT

Many other interesting models. Send for folder that pictures all of them. Visit the Pooley dealer near you to measure them in actual demonstration.

THE POOLEY COMPANY
1626 Indiana Avenue Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Beware of imitations—look for the POOLEY name-plate before you buy.

Prices are less tubes and power equipment. Prices are slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Inter-Mountain States and Canada. Canadian Pooley Radio Cabinets are manufactured by Malcolm & Hill, Ltd., Kitchener, Canada

It was recognized, however, that the outstanding difficulties in the establishment of such international contractual relations lie in the capital requirements.

Farm Credit: From many countries represented came the complaint of scarcity of capital and high rate of interest. When analyzed, it became clear for most countries that there was a confusion between scarcity of credit and scarcity of security, lending capital being usually available wherever borrowers could furnish adequate security. As to rates of interest on agricultural loans, these varied from country to country. Also, the banking systems of the different countries were shown to vary greatly in their facilities for farm credits. Few countries possess facilities like those accorded to American agriculture through the Farm Loan Board, the Intermediate Credit Banks, and the Federal Reserve System. Despite complaint against scarcity of credit, it was agreed that in most countries agriculture has suffered from abuse of credit.

A Mask for Protection

National provision for farm credit having been found insufficient in many European countries, an international credit bank for agriculture was advocated. This was a rather vague proposition, involving rediscount facilities, above all, in the lending countries. The proponents of this scheme seemed rather naïvely unconscious of the implication that, if the system really worked as they hoped it might, the farm paper of the world would flow into the United States. An obvious difficulty lay in the form of central organization to be employed. Naturally the League of Nations came in for the first suggestion, but this was soon seen to be impracticable. The upshot of the entire discussion was a request that the League of Nations:

> Give full consideration to the documentation of the International Institute of Agriculture, with a view to examining the possibility of international collaboration in respect of agricultural credits in whatever form may be found from experience to be most suitable with a view to promoting the recovery of agriculture where agriculture is short of capital.

Agricultural Quarantines: The discussion on quarantines against plant and animal diseases developed considerable feeling. Quarantines against the introduction of diseases rest upon demonstration of the occurrence of infectious agents in imported materials. Of the plant and animal diseases that injure American agriculture, a large proportion have been introduced from abroad. Against the contention that the American regulations are too strict, the answer is that the door was closed too late. In the nature of quarantines, these must be applied without notice; to give notice of a future application of quarantine would nullify the regulation, since the disease would probably be introduced during the interim. In matters of tariff a good case may be made out in favor of giving notice, but the reasoning does not apply to quarantines.

Now, the various countries of the world have long accused one another, to some extent, of using quarantines against plant and animal diseases as a mask for protection. To embargo by quarantine is simpler and more effective than to impose a tariff. There is no question that uniformity of quarantine procedure is advisable. There is already an international epizoötic office set up by forty-three nations, and the International Institute of Agriculture proposes soon to convene a special conference on the subject of plant diseases. An exhaustive technical discussion, with establishment of uniform methods of diagnosis and notification, would unquestionably be to the advantage of agriculture in both the excluding and the excluded countries. But when the proposition was advanced that a technical commission, to be set up under the League of Nations, should first pass upon a quarantine against plant or animal diseases proposed to be established by a particular country, this involved an indefensible abridgement of the sovereign right of a state. Finally the discussion simmered down to the self-evident resolution that:

> International agreements which establish sanitary supervision, if they provide the contracting countries with adequate guaranties, should, without infringing sovereign rights, remove from the regulations any suspicion of disguised protection and should add to the stability of trade relations, which is one of the conditions of successful production.

It is to be observed that the conference did not go so far as to outline the international agreements to which the above resolution should apply.

Considered in their entirety, the deliberations of the section on agriculture were enlightening, both negatively and positively, and ought to have some practical effect in Europe. They led, however, to no specific resolutions to be applied to agriculture, administratively or by legislation, in the European and oversea countries represented at the conference.

The Commerce Committee was the laboratory of the conference. Here the practical work was accomplished. The chairman of the section on commerce was Colijn, of Holland, member of Parliament and ex-Minister of Finance, an accomplished diplomat and one of the most effective chairmen that ever presided over a meeting. Colijn combined the qualities of moderator of a church meeting, presiding officer of a scientific congress, chairman of a bar association, and boss of a ward convention. To the skillful guidance of this jovial and resourceful Dutchman is to be credited a considerable part of the success of the deliberations of the section on commerce.

By common consent of the assembled delegations the real job of the conference was put up to the committee on commerce. The reasoning by which the problem of Europe was thus put up to the section on commerce ran something as follows: Since 1913, production of raw materials in the world has increased by some 15 per cent, population has increased only 5 per cent. If manufacturing and distribution were efficient, material prosperity would stand on a higher plane. The average standard of living, expressing the average production and consumption for the world as a whole, is substantially higher than before the war, but relative changes have taken place between continents; while most other countries are better off than before the war, Europe is worse off.

Where the Fault Lies

Nor can the relative impoverishment of Europe be ascribed to destruction during the war, since dislocation has been more important than destruction. The trouble is not a lack of raw materials, nor are the prices too high; there is no shortage of equipment, no scarcity of labor. There is maladjustment of supply and demand, insecurity in commercial relations and lack of freedom in movement of goods. The fault lies not in the agriculture and industry of Europe but in her commerce. And in commerce it is most marked in the trade of coal, heavy metal products, and textiles. The problem was thus set before the section of commerce to study the factors that serve as impediments to the normal utilization of Europe's capacity for production, since reforms must be accomplished within Europe before the continent can hope again to secure her relative share of the prosperity of the world.

As was forecast in the agenda, it was thus again made clear that the principal objective of the conference was the removal of trade barriers between European countries; and this concerned the committee on commerce directly and the committees on agriculture and industry indirectly. The bill of complaint against European postwar commercial practices had been well drawn in the international manifesto—the Bankers and Business Men's Manifesto of 1926—and fully stated in the preparatory documents. Everybody was familiar with the

facts. The proposals dealt with tariff technic more than with tariff policy; with tariff abuses, not tariff levels per se.

The European delegations were thus put openly to the test of repudiating the subversions of commerce practiced in their countries. Each delegation seemed willing to take the step, but only provided that all other delegations took their steps. The indictments against European trade barriers applied to continents outside of Europe wherever corresponding barriers existed. The delegations from countries outside of Europe were occasionally given to understand that their practices might be open to reform, but for the most part the European delegations were concerned with the affairs of Europe, and the outside delegations were functioning as friends of the court rather than as participants in the offense.

The section on commerce had to consider prohibitions and restrictions on imports and exports. The commercial equality of state and private enterprises had to be emphasized. Important points developed in connection with the economic and fiscal treatment of nationals and corporations of one country doing business in other countries. The need was established of simplification of customs tariffs and uniformity of tariff nomenclature. It was shown to be highly important to restore stability of tariffs and to introduce reforms into the applications of ad valorem duties.

An extensive excrescence of customs formalities had developed since the war, and these needed to be canceled. Export duties and fiscal charges imposed on imported goods in addition to customs duties came in for condemnation. Inequalities and discriminations cried out for removal. The broad subjects of subsidies, direct and indirect, and of dumping practices and antidumping legislation, came in for exhaustive discussion; it is to be observed that dumping was denounced, but not defined. Tariffs of combat were discountenanced; bilateral tariff reciprocity was recommended. Finally the general subject of commercial treaties and the definition of unconditional most-favored-nation treatment occupied for days the attention of the most hard-worked drafting committee of the conference.

Subsidies and Control

There was little defense or extenuation of existing barriers by delegations in attendance. It was merely "the war after the war"—misguided excesses of mistaken nationalism. The real questions for Europe concerned the best ways and means by which the barriers might be mutually removed. These frequently represented knotty trading problems, bristling with technical difficulties. But the outcome was positive. The resolutions adopted by the committee on commerce and subsequently accepted by the conference are calculated, if put into effect by the participating European countries, promptly to restore to the commerce of Europe the freedom it enjoyed before the war.

The American delegates were particularly interested in subsidies and governmental control of raw materials. There was little discussion of subsidies and controls existing outside of Europe. The potash trust was discussed as a cartel rather than a subsidy or state-controlled monopoly. But the recommendations, contained in the resolutions against "the fixing of quotas" encountered no objection; it was resolved that "the conference is of opinion that the free circulation of raw materials is one of the essential conditions for the healthy industrial and commercial development of the world."

The American delegation advanced the view that government monopolies in raw materials are highly inimical to commercial developments. In as much as these were not defended in principle and specific discussion would have entailed exhaustive consideration of circumstances outside of Europe, the opponents of government-controlled monopolies were content to let the matter rest with a general condemnation. The chairman of the American delegation, H. M. Robinson, referred briefly to the Stevenson rubber-control plan, saying that it was "a matter which is solving itself and, as we understand it, is meeting with considerable opposition within the empire itself." The atmosphere in the conference furnished no occasion for driving home the American argument against the rubber control, since it seemed generally conceded that the control is proceeding toward failure and that the real dilemma of the British government is not how to continue the plan but how to let go.

Resolutions and Actions

In summary, the report of the committee on commerce presented an effective exposé of the difficulties of Europe, a reasoned and particularized denunciation of existing trade barriers, and offered pertinent recommendations for practicable reform in commerce between the European states.

The resolutions adopted by the conference were delivered to the Council of the League of Nations, accepted and approved by it, and transmitted to the Assembly of the League, which meets in the autumn. In the meantime the resolutions of the conference have been passed on to the states holding membership in the League. It is now up to each of these countries to accept the resolutions in principle, without or with reservations; or to reject them. Finally, if accepted in principle, in whole or part, the accepting nations are presumed to put them into effect through legislative or administrative enactments. The cabinets—not the parliaments—of several states have already taken action. Austria, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Germany and Holland have accepted the resolutions in principle. Great Britain has accepted them, as stated by Sir Austen Chamberlain, but with substantial and possibly with what may prove to be far-reaching reservations. It is already clear that, granted acceptance in principle by each country in Europe, it may occasionally be found that established governmental procedures do not readily lend themselves to the carrying out of the resolutions of the International Economic Conference.

One thing is certain. Countries outside of Europe cannot be expected to make great occasion of the resolutions of the conference unless the countries of Europe do so. In view of the relative prosperity existing in most countries outside of Europe, the interest of these outside countries is, for the time being, little more than academic, while the interest of European countries is intensely practical.

Also, it is clear that leadership lies with the countries of Western Europe. The countries of Central Europe will take their cue from Western Europe. The burden of responsibility lies on Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy. The preliminary action of the German cabinet is an encouragement, that of the British cabinet a discouragement. But it will be wise to await formal action in Great Britain, since it seems unthinkable that a British government, even a Tory government, should safeguard the trade barriers of Europe. In a more recent debate in the House of Commons a more favorable attitude was displayed. According to press reports, the new commercial treaty between France and Germany follows the lines of the resolutions of the conference.

It is inevitable that biased interpretations of the conference should be disseminated. Whatever the views and motives of the delegates at the outset, as the deliberations proceeded, the delegates were more and more inclined to take things at their face value. *To take the conference at its face value one must judge the resolutions as economic propositions to be applied to the present position of Europe, and await the legislative and administrative uses that the countries of Europe make of these resolutions.*

In some sections of the European press the suggestion is advanced that countries

Continued on Page 169

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We guarantee that it won't bother you for at least 3 years

USUALLY a gurgling, leaky water closet is allowed to go on its noisy way in the hope of staving off a large "plumber's bill". No one in the house seems to know that both the cause of the trouble and the cost of its remedy are minor affairs.

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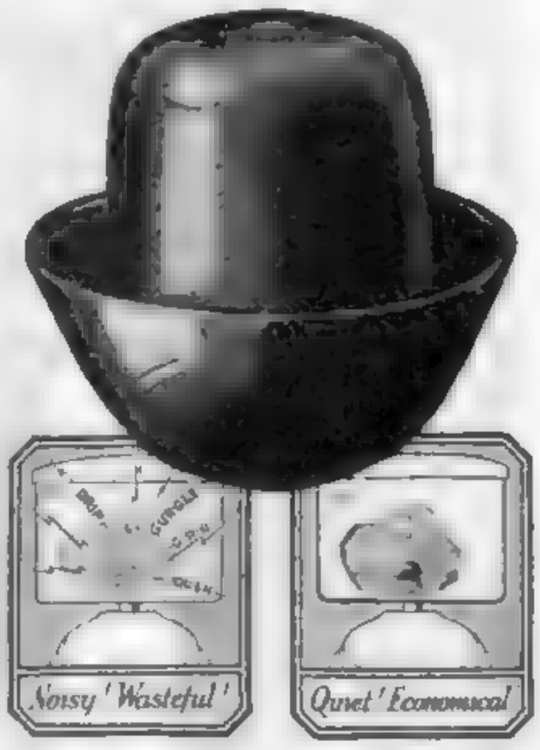
This one-piece, pure rubber mushroom fits right down into the outlet valve—forming a tight seal all the way 'round. Mushroom Parabal, sold only through master plumbers, won't split, collapse, nor disintegrate, and it's guaranteed to keep the outlet valve in your closet tank quiet and efficient for a full three years. It costs but $1.25.

Patronize the master plumber. It has taken him years to learn the mechanical end of his profession and he asks only a fair profit for his knowledge, labor and materials.



Master Plumbers! Let your customers know you use and endorse the Mushroom Parabal. This new display sign on your counter and in your windows will tell them.

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Oakland, California · Chicago, Illinois

The perfect anti-freeze

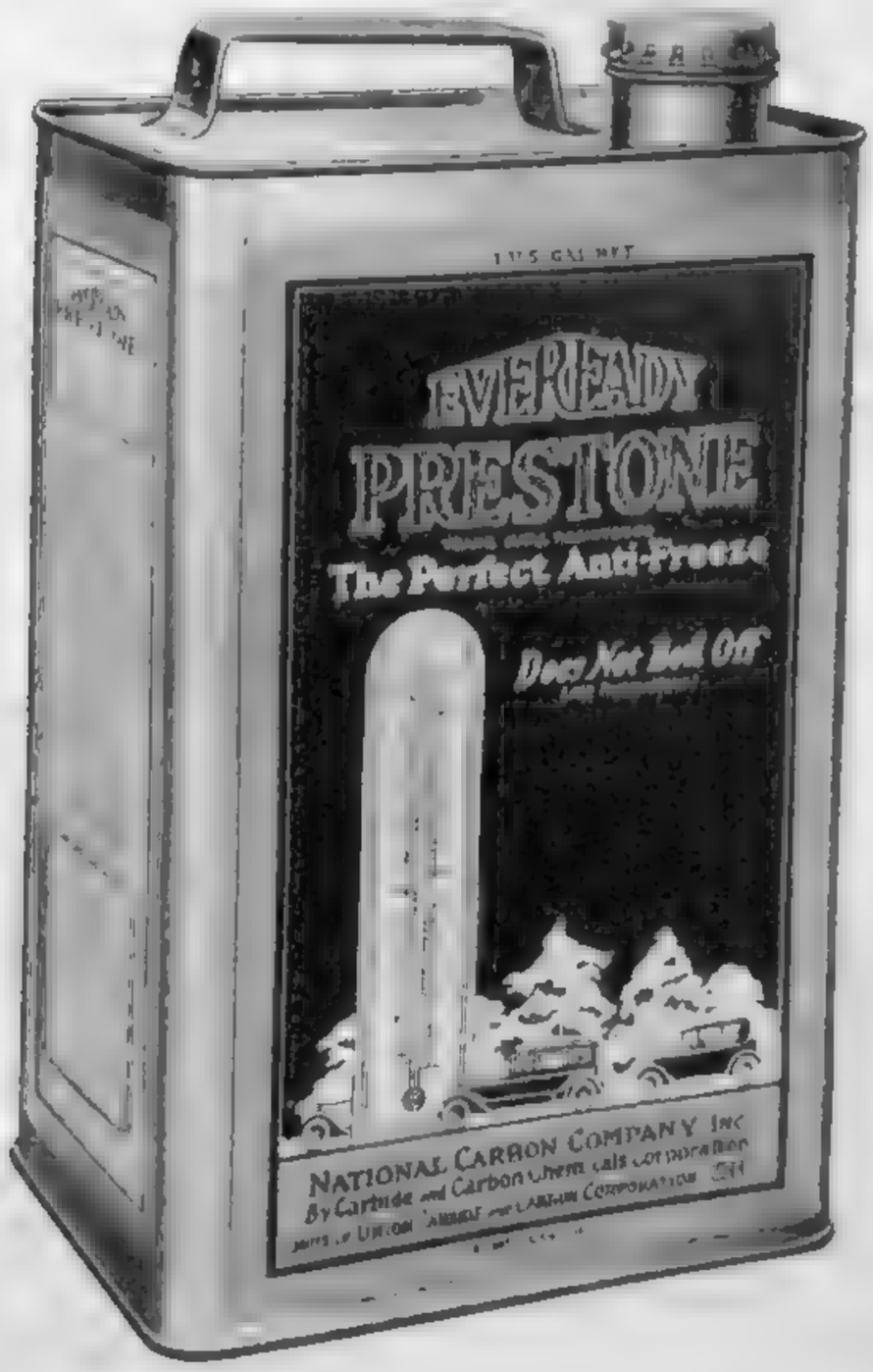
EVEREADY PRESTONE

Trade-Mark Registered

(ETHYLENE GLYCOL)

For the preparation of anti-freeze solutions as covered by U. S. Patent 1213368

While the initial cost of Eveready Prestone is more than that of ordinary anti-freeze solutions its economy is apparent when you consider that there are no replacements necessary all winter—one filling of Eveready Prestone and there is nothing further to bother about. Eveready Prestone contains no water. One gallon is equal in protection value to two gallons of the usual water diluted anti-freeze solutions. Eveready Prestone is put up in 1-gallon and ½-gallon cans.



UNTIL the advent of Eveready Prestone there never had been a thoroughly satisfactory anti-freeze. Eveready Prestone gives the motorist carefree satisfaction of *permanent* protection against a freeze-up, possibly resulting in a damaged radiator or cracked engine castings.

As a result of several years of research and practical development, National Carbon Company, Inc., manufacturers of Eveready Flashlights and Eveready Radio Batteries, are now in a position to supply Eveready Prestone to the automobile owner as a scientific anti-freeze.

While Eveready Prestone has not been available to the general public, it is by no means an experiment. It has been marketed for several years, but only in restricted areas, because of a limited supply. Leading motor-car manufacturers and thousands of individual car owners, after using Eveready Prestone under every conceivable operating condition through the most severe cold weather, have given it their unqualified endorsement.

They found that by filling radiators with the proper solution of Eveready Prestone as soon as cool weather set in they made certain of protection against unexpected early freezing spells and they did not have to worry about sudden rises in temperature affecting the strength of their anti-freeze. One supply of Eveready Prestone lasted each car all winter without replenishment. Boiling did *not* cause any evaporation loss other than water. As long as there was no leakage, one filling of Eveready Prestone was insurance against a frozen radiator through a winter of the most frigid weather.

Now this perfect anti-freeze is available for general use. Put Eveready

Put Eveready Prestone in your radiator now and have trouble-free insurance against freezing for the rest of the winter.

9 points of superiority

1 ***Gives Complete Protection***—Eveready Prestone lowers the freezing point of water in proportion to the amount added. For instance, a solution of 35% Eveready Prestone will afford adequate protection down to 5 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. Stronger solutions protect down to lower temperatures.

2 ***No Loss by Boiling Away***—Eveready Prestone, unlike certain other anti-freeze preparations, will not boil off under normal operating conditions, and no additions of Eveready Prestone are necessary unless the liquid is lost by leakage or through the overflow.

3 ***No Damage to Radiator or Engine***—Eveready Prestone does not corrode any of the metals used in the radiator, has no effect on soldered joints, and will not attack rubber hose connections.

4 ***Will Not Heat Up a Motor***—An Eveready Prestone solution adequate for protection at temperatures as low as 5 degrees below zero F. boils at 216 degrees F., 4 degrees above the boiling point of water.

5 ***No Effect on Paint or Varnish***—Eveready Prestone has no effect on paint, varnish or lacquer and if accidentally spilled does not mar the finish of nickeled surface. This is a distinct advantage over many other solutions which have a tendency to spot and blister highly finished surfaces.

6 ***Non-Inflammable***—Eveready Prestone is classified as non-inflammable material. The vapor given off from an Eveready Prestone solution during normal operation of the motor is only water vapor.

7 ***Odorless***—Eveready Prestone is practically odorless. There is no unpleasant odors such as frequently make the use of other solutions so objectionable

8 ***Does not become viscous at low temperatures. Will not decompose at high temperatures***—Thick or viscous solutions are not desirable cooling liquids on account of the difficulty of proper circulation. Their use may cause serious overheating of the engine.

The excessive engine temperatures which frequently result from using viscous compounds may cause the material to decompose and leave a deposit of char or carbonaceous material on the walls of the circulatory system. This deposit prevents proper heat conductivity and acts as an insulation against good cooling.

Eveready Prestone solutions do not become viscous at very low temperatures.

9 ***Economical to Use***—Because it does not boil away under normal operating conditions. Eveready Prestone can be lost only by leakage or through the overflow pipe. It can be used throughout the season without deterioration and saved for use the next season

Prestone in the radiator of your car right now and, providing you've guarded against leaks in the circulating system, it will last right through the winter without your giving further thought to the danger of freezing up your radiator. Another advantage of starting early with anti-freeze is the protection you have against the intermittent cold spells that precede winter and cause a lot of uneasiness among car owners. Be safe by getting a supply of Eveready Prestone now. It will protect your motor against a possible sudden freeze and does not lose its strength as a result of being in service during warm weather.

Eveready Prestone is unlike any other anti-freeze. It is a distinct chemical compound and does not contain either alcohol or glycerine. It never becomes gummy. Like water, it is free-flowing and leaves no deposit.

Insist on Eveready Prestone for winter protection against the freezing of your radiator. If your dealer doesn't have it in stock, he can get it for you very quickly.

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NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.

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Units of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

MIMAC X (My-max) Lacquer

AN enduring, enriching finish for a countless range of products varying in type and character from women's hats to automobiles and fine furniture.

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PITTSBURGH Paint Products

(Continued from Page 165)

outside of Europe ought to comply with the general recommendations in the report of the International Economic Conference. It is urged that the general considerations apply to countries outside of Europe precisely as the specific resolutions apply to the countries within Europe. This suggestion, or inference, is misleading and unwarranted. The resolutions were specifically designed for application to conditions in Europe; the broad statements of economic views were not specifically designed for application to conditions in other continents.

Tariff Recommendations

Accompanying the report on trade barriers presented by the International Chamber of Commerce was the following qualification:

In this report we have had especially in mind remedies necessary to improve the European situation. We believe, in fact, that the principal causes of the present general crisis lie particularly in the older continent; that it is there, above all, that prompt and courageous measures must be taken, unless we are willing to see a continuation of the difficulties from which we are now suffering. It is on this account that certain countries like, for example, the United States of America . . . have no need to apply to themselves many of the measures which they agree are necessary for the economic restoration of the world as a whole.

In the reply of the American committee to the request for comment on the trade-barriers report stands the following:

We appreciate the fact, however, that the report is designed with particular reference to the solution of urgent problems which are primarily European in their application. We note also that the Preparatory Committee of the International Economic Conference, who requested the report, consider the scope of the agenda of the conference is to have the same definition.

We consider this method of approach both expedient and wise. The immediate problems in the field covered by the report would seem to center on an adjustment of the dislocated economic machinery of Europe, before touching the relations of that area to other areas. . . . It therefore seems both logical and desirable, in considering the problems under review by the Trade Barriers Committee, to distinguish those of European focus from those of wider application.

In the discussion on commercial policy, in the report of the International Economic Conference, stands the following: "The conference declares that the time has come to put an end to the increase in tariffs and to move in the opposite direction." This was followed by the recommendation that "nations should take steps forthwith to remove or diminish those tariff barriers that gravely hamper trade, starting with those which have been imposed to counteract the effects of disturbances arising out of the war." These statements were preceded by the following: "In enumerating the causes and ideas which are responsible for the superprotectionism of postwar years, the International Economic Conference does not attempt to pass judgment on the fundamental principles of protection and free trade respectively."

From these statements clearly follow, for countries outside of Europe, no policies that can be placed in the same category with the resolutions on trade barriers applied to European states. No such thing was contemplated at this conference. It is thus misleading to imply that the states of Europe, on the basis of the discussions at the International Economic Conference, have any right to expect other countries in the world—for example, the United States, Canada, Australia and India—to lower their tariffs simultaneously with, or subsequently to, the abolition of special trade barriers in Europe. If there had been in the minds of the members of the conference any such proposal as applied to countries outside of Europe, the discussions of the conference would have had a different complexion. A perusal of the preparatory documents, the agenda, the debates, and the report makes it plain that the recommendations of the conference were directed to European countries, for the sake of the component nations of that continent, and not to outside countries. After the European countries have solved their special problems, which constituted the principal occasion of the conference, it will be time for the approach to more general questions.

How the purposes of the conference were focused upon the problems of Europe was well illustrated in the address of Layton, the distinguished editor of the Economist. He postulated three ideas as the sound basis for success in the rehabilitation of Europe: Firstly, "the interdependence of the nations of Europe is so close that their economic prosperity must rise or fall as a whole"; secondly, "material well-being can only be achieved by economic production . . ." instead of "trying to make profits by restricting production"; thirdly, "Europe can only hope to keep abreast of industrial progress if her economic organization permits of specialization not merely between individual businesses but between nations."

This interpretation of the report is further substantiated by a wider view of the conference. There was some general discussion on subsidies, which were frowned upon as tending to limit liberty of trade; but no country outside of Europe now granting subsidies to shipping would feel bound to change them as the result of the discussions in Geneva. The Americans, and others, held strong convictions against governmental control of raw materials. This view was not pressed at the conference, although a general condemnation was uttered in the report, because it was realized that, outside of potash, the European countries were not involved; and the objective of the conference was trade barriers in Europe and not governmental control of raw materials elsewhere. In the address of Chairman Robinson of the American delegation a passing reference was made to this subject in the following words: "It had not been my intention specifically to discuss difficulties involved in restrictions on production under governmental supervision, with the attending effects of price levels. . . ."

For the Good of Europe

This policy was adopted because, for the particular objectives of the conference, the question of governmental control of raw materials outside of Europe was not relevant. There were delegates who regarded tariff levels as indissolubly connected with movement of population and who agreed with the view of Kay that no remedy remains for Europe but large-scale emigration. But other delegates believed that protection could not be discussed except in conjunction with price levels and that these would necessarily introduce discussion of managed currency. Still other delegates believed that protective tariffs and international debts could not be considered separately. These several views were not pressed because they lay outside the program. The International Chamber of Commerce, in Stockholm, adopted a resolution on freedom of movement of capital that was rejected at Geneva. This rejection at Geneva did not imply disbelief in the proposition; it was merely regarded as extraneous to the stated business of the conference. In the same sense and for the same reasons, control of raw materials, governmental subsidies and tariff levels were not discussed as world problems.

It must, therefore, be emphasized that countries outside of Europe stand under no obligation to alter existing trade policies. The countries of Europe have not the right, on the basis of the transactions of the International Economic Conference, to expect the United States to give up her tariffs, or Great Britain her rubber control, or Brazil her valorization of coffee. The only thing the countries of Europe have the right to expect is that all countries in Europe shall put into effect the resolutions designed for the economic rehabilitation of Europe.

Editor's Note—This is the last of two articles by Mr. Taylor.

Match this tobacco against them all ....regardless!

Men who used to pay a quarter or more per package—men who wouldn't smoke any but imported tobacco—these same men tell us that Granger Rough Cut beats any tobacco they ever smoked for coolness, mellowness, and full rich flavor.

Well . . . we set out to make a pipe tobacco, and nothing else. So Granger is aged, made, cut, and packed for pipes *—and pipes only!* There's nothing like doing *one thing* and doing it well!

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents; the foil pouch, sealed in glassine, is ten cents . . .

GRANGER ROUGH CUT IS MADE BY THE LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Gets New Customers
~Holds Old Ones

An unique type of body designed specially for your own business has tremendous advertising value

Thousands see this unusual tire service advertisement every day.

Could a bakery "run" a more striking and effective advertisement than this!

This shoe shop delivery service has set the whole town talking.

QUICK delivery is in demand today, and the business house that offers it and *advertises* it gets preference.

Executives in forty-eight lines of business have replaced automobiles and supplemented trucks with the Harley-Davidson Package Truck. They find it covers more ground and saves two-thirds of operating costs.

Safe, easily handled—the Package Truck is the ideal light delivery unit. "First through traffic"—easy to park at the delivery point—attracts favorable attention.

Let your local Harley-Davidson dealer show you how the Package Truck will fit into your delivery work and *pay a profit.*

Mail the coupon for illustrated literature, prices and details.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Department S. P. Milwaukee, Wis.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON
[¼ Ton Capacity] Package Truck

PER 6¾ MILE

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Department S. P.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Send illustrated literature and full information about the Harley-Davidson Package Truck.

Name

Address

Business

The Poets' Corner

No Regrets

DID I see Lincoln? Often, plain and clear,
Like all the boys who played in Springfield, here.
We knew his lawyer coat and beaver hat;
And no one called him "Abe," or names like that,
But "Mr. Lincoln," always.
I was ten,
Or twelve it might have been, the summer when
He and Steve Douglas held their big debate
And people followed all about the state
To hear them argue.
No, I didn't go;
I might have and I should have, yes, I know;
I'd never have forgotten it, that's right;
But when I could have gone, the day was bright
And fresh and beautiful, and Buck and I
Had each a fine, new fishing pole to try;
And since we both were boys and couldn't wait,
We neither of us heard the grand debate.

Too bad, of course it was too bad—but, say!
The fish did bite most wonderful that day!

Arthur Guiterman.

There's Fun in Whatever We Do

THERE'S fun in whatever we do,
We two!
That's the way I knew it was you!
We may work or play,
But still, someway,
We find ourselves laughing together, gay,
Though we've each of us reasons enough to be blue!
There's fun in whatever we do,
We two!

There's fun in whatever we do,
We two!
It's a singular thing, but it seems to be true.
We are bored by the rest;
But this is the test:
I have never been bored in the least by you!
Your danger and mine
We should know by this sign;
That, whether the pastime be old or new,
There's fun in whatever we do,
We two!

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

The Berry Crop

UH-HUH, here's what I'm goin' to do:
Some certain spring, before March is through,
I'm goin' south—about New Orleans
When the first bud buds and the first leaf greens.
I'll find a place where the berries grow,
Strawberry plants a mile to a row;
I'll be right there when the first turns red,
And I won't start north till the season's fled.

I'll take my time, but I'll travel some,
About as fast as the berries come.
I'll travel about ten miles a day,
But I won't just walk, I'll eat my way.
Before Vermont has its first good thaw
I'll be eatin' my way through Arkansaw.
Then I may swing east into Tennessee,
Then Illinois will be callin' me.

Then Michigan—but it won't be soon,
For I won't be due till the first of June.
There I'd wed some girl in a big straw hat,
Who understands shortcake and all that,
And we'll build a house, though it's only thatch,
Right in the midst of a berry patch.
And we may be poor, for I guess I am,
But none of our kids need cry for jam.

I've had that dream, and you'll maybe smile,
But it's helped a lot for a long, long while.
When the blizzards blow, then I say, "Just wait,
Some spring I'll start for the Creole State.
Then I'll come back north, back where you folks are,
But I won't come north in a Pullman car,
Ev'ry field I'll find, ev'ry house I'll stop,
And just come along with the berry crop."

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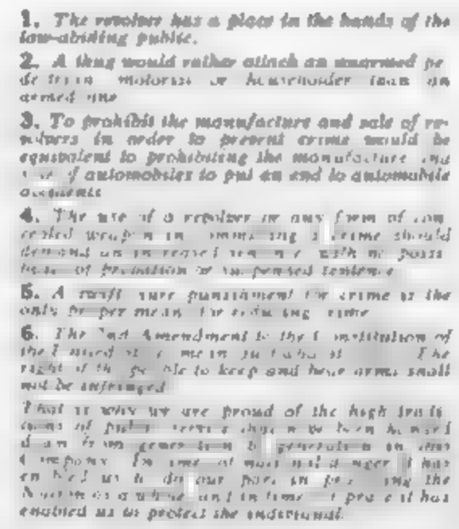

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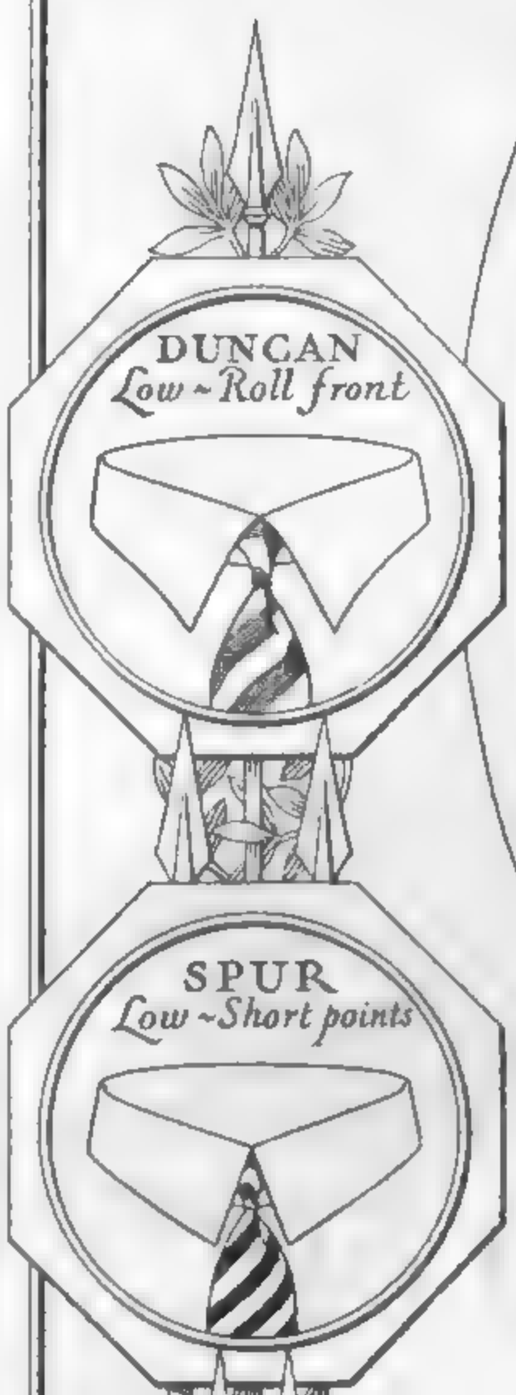

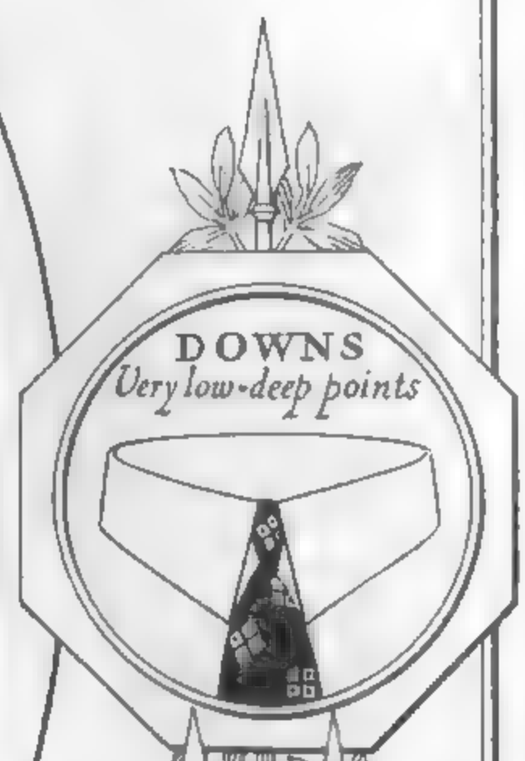

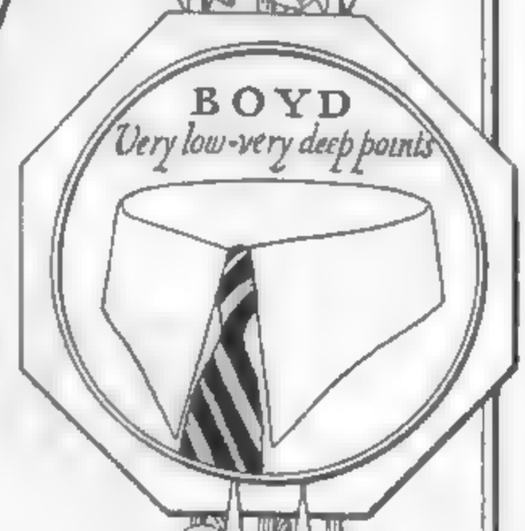

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WDT

VAN WINKLE, '07, INVESTIGATES COLLEGE MORALS

(Continued from Page 13)

flasks? Did they—uh—pet? He tried to picture them against the background of his own college days.

As the train rolled on, Van Winkle noticed a change come over the girls. Each one seemed in some intangible way to emerge from the group and become an individual. Vanity cases, all exactly alike, were produced and from the first moment of their use each girl seemed in subtle fashion to go on guard as far as her companions were concerned. Conversation became low, monosyllabic. Some moment of importance was at hand.

Then Van Winkle was following the girls from the train. The station platform was a swarm of boys, hatless, most of them in light-colored suits, obviously newly tailored. A few wore knickerbockers and figured sweaters vivid with blues and yellows. Van Winkle looked into a dazzle of rainbow ties. He had a swift conviction that the boys on the whole appeared fresher, more eager and less sophisticated than the girls. The boys, he thought, resembled one another as closely as the girls had. Did young people use to look so much alike? From all the cars girls were descending and boys were rushing up to greet them or hurrying here and there in the press, looking for their guests.

"Jimmy! Jimmy!" shrieked the girl directly in front of Van Winkle. Jimmy did not hear her. "What's the matter with the man? Is he deaf?" she asked the world in general.

Then Jimmy saw her, hurried to the car steps and held out both arms. She went into them and was swung down upon the platform. Van Winkle was left to descend alone into the country of flaming youth.

Van Winkle sat in the living room of his fraternity house wondering if the girl in red with the sleek shingled head had been boneless to begin with. Certainly she danced without any trace of cartilage, moving as easily as a note of music—if that kind of music had notes. Curious thing about that music, he thought; it didn't seem to come from any one place, but dipped and swirled all in and around you, wrapping itself everywhere. It was impossible, for instance, while that music was going on, to dwell much on the difference between the dancing now and the dancing he had known as an undergraduate. The music wouldn't let him. He tried to hold one of the old-time dances in his memory—the dance orders with their reiterated waltz, two-step, schottish; the girls with their sweeping ball gowns and their long gloves; the stiff rank of chaperons; the orchestra playing decorously behind a bank of palms—but whenever he succeeded in visualizing the thing for a moment he found himself drowned in the crash of the present music. . . . "Crazy words, crazy tunes—they'll be driving me crazy soon"; and the dance streamed past him till the room swirled dizzily and the girl in red came and went, fluid as water.

The Heartbeat of Dancing

There had been another girl, too, awhile back, slim amid all this slimness, coppery-red shingled head, sea-green frock. She had long since vanished from the floor, carrying a certain iridescent glamour from the evening.

Just what was there about this dancing that made it different? Was it merely that it seemed entirely effortless? A youth approached a girl. "Hullo, Sue!" "Hullo, Frankie!" "How's Sue?" "Just wonderful, Frankie." "Dance?" And they were off, indolently, dreamily flowing. There was little conversation among the dancers—another difference, Van Winkle noticed. The dancers simply moved. There was something organic about it, like an accelerated heartbeat. It was more physically free and natural—that was it.

And there was something else—deeper. There was a difference in the whole subtle relationship of one to another. It seemed that they all must have known each other for years. Conversation was unnecessary among them. When they changed partners they instantly resumed the same easy familiarity.

This was the second and last night of the Spring Week house parties. Van Winkle had presented himself at the fraternity house late in the previous afternoon and had been received with cordiality despite the exigencies of the time.

"Of course you'll come to the dance tonight. Come and look on, anyway," said a pleasant-eyed senior in response to the older man's protest that he hadn't danced for years.

The Old and the New

They left him much to himself, for which he was grateful. Through the late afternoon and early evening Van Winkle had watched the house party in process of shaking down—a process that appeared as effortless as the dancing he was now watching. Almost as if by prearrangement, as soon as the house party had gathered, the students and their guests broke up into small groups, usually of fours. Occasional couples kept to themselves from the first with an air of complete detachment. Their right to each other seemed to be tacitly recognized by the rest. At first nearly all seemed rather aimless, without objectives. They wandered into the living rooms and sat for a while; they wandered out on the lawns; they jumped into the motor cars ranged outside the fraternity houses and drove furiously off, only to come driving furiously back again in a few minutes and wander into the living rooms once more. But when the dancing began it was different. That was what everyone had been waiting for. As the house party progressed the tendency to separate into detached couples grew more and more marked.

The younger generation's freedom of caress had caught Van Winkle's attention possibly more than any other one thing. These undergraduates and their girls seemed to hold hands as a matter of course, much as a person crosses his knees or strokes his chin.

When they rode in cars together up and down the streets of the college town the boys' arms were more often than not about the girls' waists. Twice Van Winkle saw students' cars proceeding slowly in full daylight with the occupants kissing each other happily. When dancing halted and the dancers waited for the encores they often did not bother to unclasp.

In his own time such familiarity would have been unthinkable; an attempt at it would have meant social ostracism. Girls would have gone stiff and furious under the affront; chaperons would have instantly descended; and the culprit's own fellows would have taken it upon themselves to bring home to him the enormity of his transgression.

In these two days Van Winkle had seen a girl lazily talking and puffing the smoke from her cigarette into a chaperon's face; he had overheard dozens of conversations about bootleggers and three about birth control; but of all the differences between the old and the new, none struck him so sharply as did this freedom of caress. The sculptor who modeled the spirit of the 1920's must convey flashing motion, he must convey arrogance and impudence too; but his symbolic figures, his youth and his maid, must be chiseled in embrace.

Yet, Van Winkle wondered, did it lead to any harm? There was a disarming openness about the whole proceeding, a coolness

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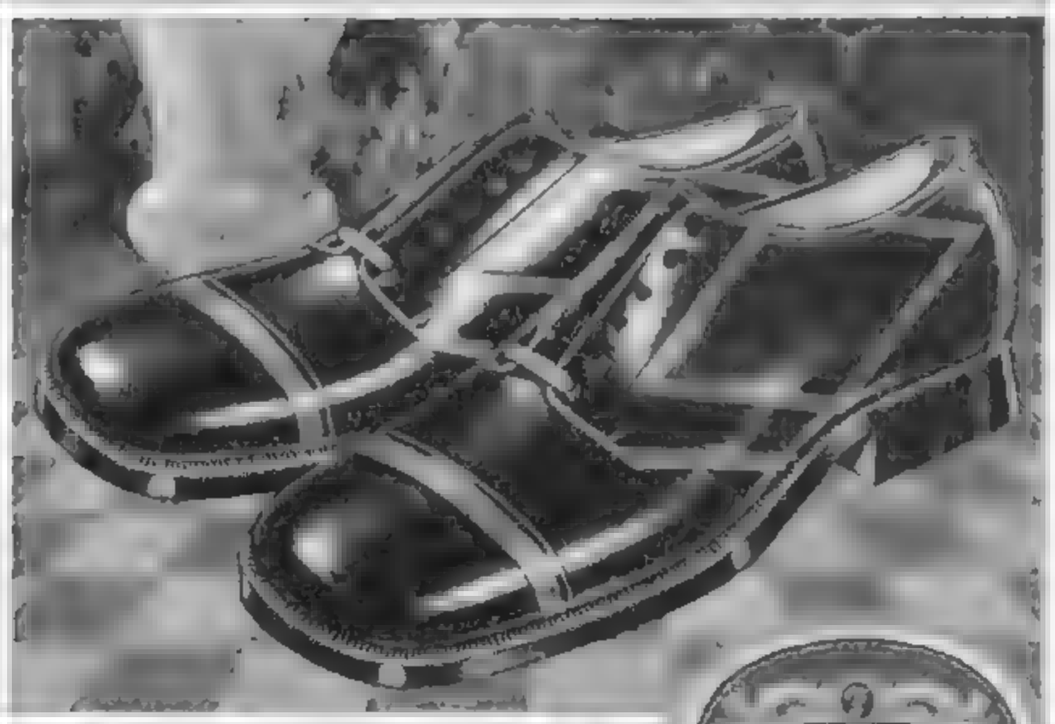

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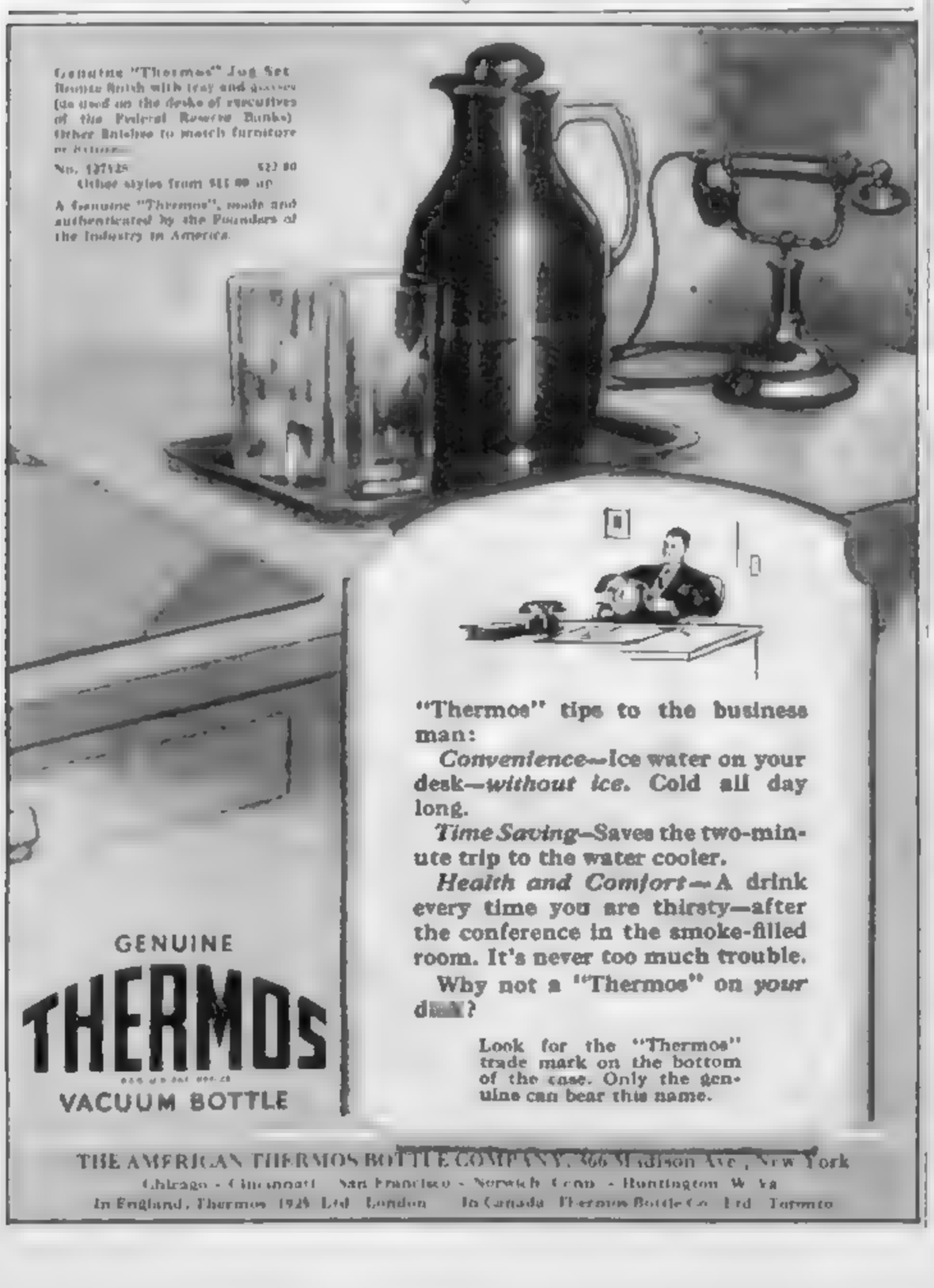
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that somehow removed it from suspicion. So far Van Winkle had seen little trace of the alarming breakdown that was said to have taken place in young people's morals. The books he had read, the stories he had heard, had given him the impression of riotous orgies, of gin-crazed crowds of college youths and their maids carousing in abandon. Perhaps they grew more reckless in private; certainly this new freedom, as it showed itself in public, could hardly be mistaken for license. Where did the wildness come in, the escapades which prompted mothers to forbid daughters to attend college dances? Were the stories mere exaggerations? The parked cars, for instance—the idea of scenes of passionate abandon taking place in most of the cars Van Winkle had seen about was laughable—those remnants of cast-off flivvers ingeniously placed together. Few more grimly uncomfortable places could be imagined for the ardors of adolescent love.

Thus musing, Van Winkle wandered into the hall, where a few couples were dancing with slow motion, crossed the hall and started to enter the library, a dark, apparently uninhabited room on the other side. Just as he reached the threshold a student rushed away from his girl and thrust himself in front of Van Winkle.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "Better let me do this." Then, lifting his voice, he addressed the dark library. "Anybody in here mind if I turn on the lights?" Vague rustlings answered him. He waited a moment, then snapped the switch. Two couples, blinking owlishly, half rose from the depths of two great chairs. Another pair, embracing on the divan, did not bother to rise or unclasp—only drew slightly apart.

Van Winkle saw the gleam of coppery-red hair. "I beg your pardon," he said in confusion.

There was a ripple of laughter; a voice murmured, "Not at all." Van Winkle retreated hastily to the living room.

"Don't tell me," said a good-natured voice at his elbow, "that you've been in the library just now."

"I'm afraid I have," replied Van Winkle, turning to find at his side Mrs. Earley, one of the chaperons, a faculty wife whom he had known in his own student days as a professor's daughter. She had keen humorous eyes, a rather plain face and something of salt to her speech. He had had a moment's conversation with her yesterday.

Something to be Tolerated

"What do you think of the younger generation?" she asked. "Won't you sit down? Being a chaperon, I am much alone tonight. Youth thinks that extreme age likes to be left alone to brood upon the past. There are five of us chaperons at the house party and we work by shifts. Every once in a while one of us, according to her turn, goes casually into the library or out into the hall, pretending she is looking for a hot-water bottle or a knitted shawl for her old bones, and reminds the loving couples, by the fact of her intrusion, that it is time they gave the others a chance at the room."

"Which they resent, I suppose," interposed Van Winkle.

"Bless you, no. They either grin or else they don't pay any attention at all. Yesterday evening I pulled John Siddal and his girl out of the library. John lives in Montana and hadn't been home to see his girl in nearly a year. So when I found them in the library I said, 'John, for the past six months you've told me how much you wanted to see your girl. Now that you've got the chance, why don't you bring her out into the light where you can see her?' John and his girl didn't mind. They laughed and came out—for a little while. The only duty of a chaperon these days is to keep her charges more or less in motion and then make sure that the motion doesn't carry them too far away. If she can keep them under the same roof while her term as chaperon lasts, she's a clever woman."

"What does the younger generation think of chaperons?" asked Van Winkle.

"It does without them whenever it can. Otherwise it tolerates them, much like evening clothes. Chaperons are something that goes with a formal party and something that college authorities require. A year or so ago I was chaperon at a fraternity dance—not at this house. During the evening not a single girl guest was presented to any of the chaperons—that is a more usual omission than you would imagine. But just as the party was breaking up, one of the girls put her head in at the door of the room where we were waiting, waved her hand at us airily and called out, 'Ta-ta, chaps.'

"That illustrates fairly well what the younger generation thinks of chaperons. They are either good-naturedly indifferent or else a trifle patronizing. That girl probably thought she was being nice to us. At a house party last winter I was one of four chaperons, and when we arrived the president of the fraternity gathered us all together. 'Now we have arranged a bridge table for you chaperons out in the card room,' he said, 'so that you can all play cards together and not have to sit around and be bored watching us dance.' And for the life of me I couldn't tell whether the youth was wily or ingenuously trying to be thoughtful."

When Youth Was Wild

"Just how wild is youth?" asked Van Winkle. "You have been living here, watching it. I have nothing to go on except the stories I have read and heard. Somehow it is less riotous than I had been led to believe. Of course, some things have changed rather tremendously—the dancing and the—is it petting?"

Mrs. Earley laughed. "Petting is old-fashioned!" she exclaimed. "The term just now is 'necking,' or at least it was last week. Necking is rather a pity. It has a stronger flavor than petting—a stronger flavor than it deserves. To an outsider it carries a more alarming connotation than it does to the average student. Of course, it is different from anything we had in the old days. Fussing was the closest approximation we had then, and fussing meant merely taking a girl buggy riding in the moonlight.

"As for wild youth," she went on, "there was a year or two after the war when youth was really wild, although I doubt if it was ever so wild as some people still think it is. Even then, except in a few isolated cases, the danger was not so much in what the young people were doing at any particular moment as in what you were afraid they might do next.

"To be perfectly frank, I blame my own sex for a great deal of what went on. Girls began to do things in company with boys that previously boys had done only occasionally and by themselves. And a great many things happened that were not pretty. It was not pretty, for instance, to see a prom girl so drunk that she fell through the bleachers she was trying to climb into at a baseball game. It was not pretty to hear of girls bringing suitcases of liquor with them when they came up to dances, or of parties breaking into the chemistry laboratory at night to steal the alcohol. It was not pretty to hear of couples sitting out dances in dormitory rooms. It was then that most of the material for the books and stories was gathered. It was the fashion to be wild, you see, and a great many young folks worked very hard to prove that they were in the fashion.

"But after a time the wildness quieted down. It quieted down in part because pressures were brought to bear on it, but it would have quieted down anyway, I believe, of its own momentum. For unrelieved wildness becomes as great a burden on its participants as unrelieved goodness. Youth simply got bored with having to be wild."

"And now?" inquired Van Winkle.

"Oh, now, of course, there are things enough left to shock people—the library tonight, for instance. I don't like the sprawling around and pawing, myself, although I think in most cases it is too superficial to do

any serious harm. It makes for general messiness, that's all. What I dislike most about it is the lack of dignity and grace. I am old-fashioned enough to value those qualities.

"But what is one to do about it—about tonight, for instance? I am supposed to be a chaperon at a social affair. I will not be a policewoman. Nor do I propose to take this or that couple aside and say, 'Unless you happen to be engaged, your conduct is profoundly silly; and if you are, it's decidedly lacking in taste.' It wouldn't be the taste of any particular couple I would be criticizing; it would be the taste of the entire crowd. It would be like criticizing the length of the girls' skirts or the width of the boys' trousers.

"What is most to blame," went on Mrs. Earley, "is the homes and families these young people come from. That is where their tastes are formed and where the real let-down has taken place. Children are allowed to do anything they want to altogether too early. They are given too much money and too many automobiles. The only pleasures they are taught to value are expensive pleasures. Discipline and manners are banished in the name of freedom. Thus the children grow up self-centered and impatient of control, having for their ideal a life of continual excitement. They are blasé before they learn how to read.

"It has become the habit of parents to blame the schools and colleges for not teaching their children character." Van Winkle thought of his sister. "The fault goes far back of the schools and colleges. They get the children too late. How can a boy be expected to develop fine standards of conduct when he has the example before him of his father making a joke of the prohibition law and resorting to all sorts of means to avoid paying his proper income tax, or his mother making elaborate plans to cheat the customs out of a petty sum when she comes back from abroad? If I were a college dean I would write at the end of every delinquency notice I sent to a student's parents: 'Just what is your share in this?'"

Mrs. Earley looked resignedly toward the library again and slowly rose. "Too much prosperity and freedom for the average family are the principal difficulties with the younger generation. The next muckraking book about college students ought not to be laid in college at all; it ought to be laid in the students' homes. I'm not sure that there oughtn't to be a dean of parents."

And He Learned About Women

Left alone, Van Winkle turned again to the dancing. Once more the music, this new kind of music, rolled around him. The red-haired girl was back on the floor. And the drummer, wild eyed, was whistling through his teeth, swaying his body absurdly and, between beats, tossing his drumsticks high in the air. Van Winkle recalled the old-time orchestra leader at his college dances who used to rap for attention and then announce with ambassadorial dignity: "Ladies and gentlemen, the next dance will be an extra, a waltz."

The house-party guests departed; the college slept for a night and a day, then slowly struggled back to normal. Van Winkle, staying on, heard, as he had desired, yelling under a shower bath and cursing at having to get up for an eight-o'clock recitation. Once more, after twenty years' absence, he watched an average college crowd engaged upon the activity of an average college day.

He heard the current talk of the campus—agitation for an honor system, arguments for and against compulsory chapel, discussion of a proposed change in the make-up of the senior council. These topics, which were argued with surprising competence, floated on a vast underwash of personality and persiflage, some of it ribald, all of it phrased in a brisk campus slang entirely different from that of his own time. There was, of course, much post-mortem discussion of the house-party girls; some announced that they were off women for life, others moved in a trance-like state from which they returned to consciousness only to dispatch or receive special-delivery letters.

He heard girls blamed for being too smooth, for not being smooth enough, for being dumb, for being arty, for being high-hat, for being gold diggers; he heard them praised for their looks, for their conversation, for their lack of it, for their old-fashionedness, for the parties their families gave at home. Seemingly each male measured young womanhood by the most exacting standards and in few cases were the standards alike. If there was any agreement it was that a girl must be pretty and a good dancer, a demand general enough in its scope and not greatly different from the demand of his own time.

He learned that while certain girls did well enough for small house parties, the girl for the larger dance needed to be of a more smashing type; she must possess an ability to put people's eyes out. He heard a few racy stories connected with the house parties, but one of them proved to be a perennial anecdote common in his own college days and the others expanded so thoroughly through successive tellings that he was inclined to believe them wholly apocryphal to begin with.

Independent Men

He heard, too, the old-time jests about drinking and about visits to neighboring towns noted for cheap dance halls. And in the course of the conversations he caught phrases that seemed to offer support to the belief that college students had grown cynical with regard to moral and spiritual aspirations. "Do anything you can get away with," "Rook or get rooked," "Make your pile and then do any damn thing you can get away with"—such phrases were crossed with innumerable variations on the eternal theme, "You're only young once."

On the other hand, these phrases, when uttered with any emphasis or conviction, were frequently challenged or ridiculed by someone among the listeners. In most cases, Van Winkle felt, the phrases represented opinions that were tentative rather than deeply held. There was more talk about the subject matter of college courses than Van Winkle remembered from his own time, and the student body appeared more critical of the faculty. There seemed to be more studying going on, too, although he could not be sure of this. Certainly there were more books around the fraternity house.

Of one thing Van Winkle was convinced: Whatever moral metamorphosis youth might or might not have undergone, it had at least grown more independent; it stood more on its own feet in its attitudes and behavior. Everything that he had observed during his present trip—from the bearing of the girls on the train to the deportment of the undergraduates about him now—tended to confirm this impression. These undergraduates talked before him without embarrassment or constraint. They were far more at ease in his presence than the boys of his own time had been in the presence of older men. Indeed, they were quite oblivious of him for the most part—polite enough, but inclined to show him no particular deference. Van Winkle wondered to what offensive degree that attitude might on occasion be carried. Perhaps there was the crux of the whole situation.

After a little Van Winkle realized that he could not find out all that he wanted merely by observing the undergraduates or by talking with them casually. Twenty years' absence was too big a handicap. He must find someone who had really got inside them. It was from the boys themselves that he heard of Professor East. Van Winkle remembered him from his own college days as a young instructor, then just out of college. Now his name was something to conjure with in student conversations. *(Continued on Page 177)*

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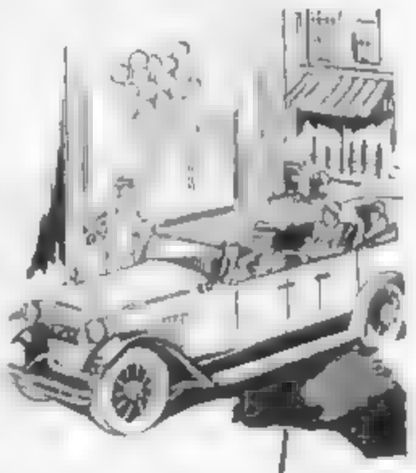

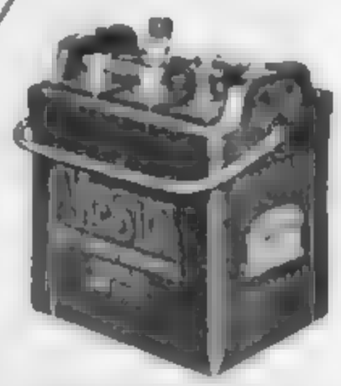

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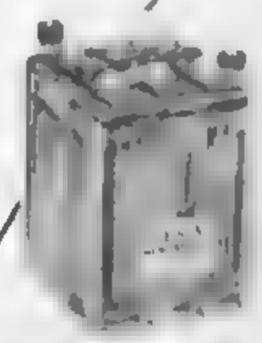

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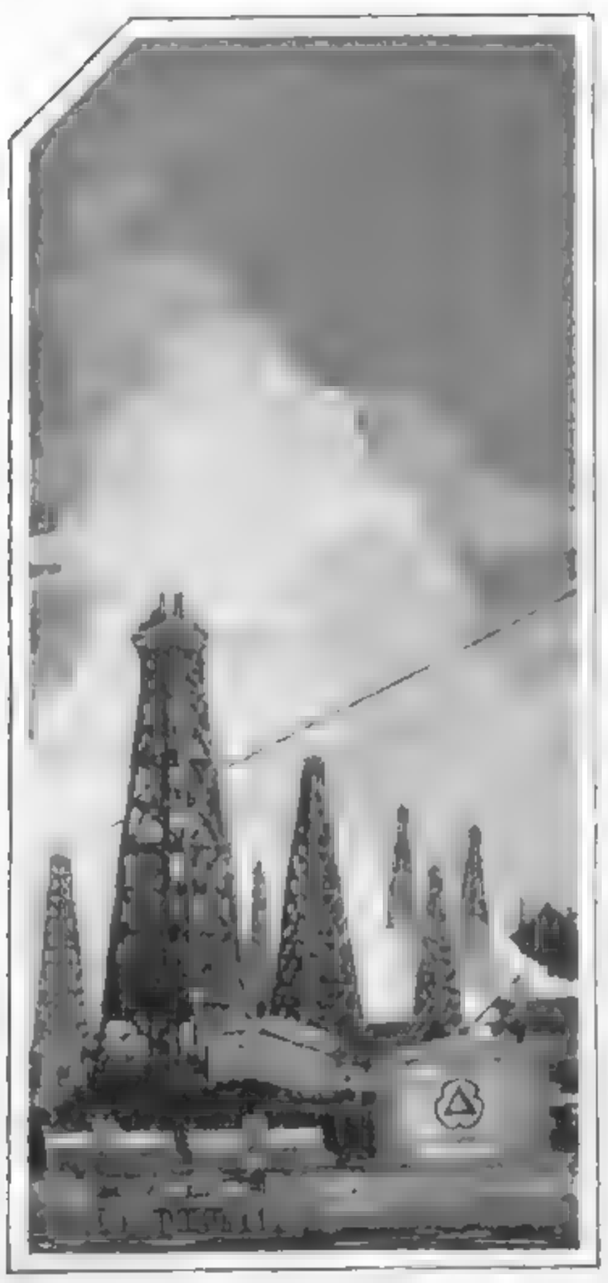

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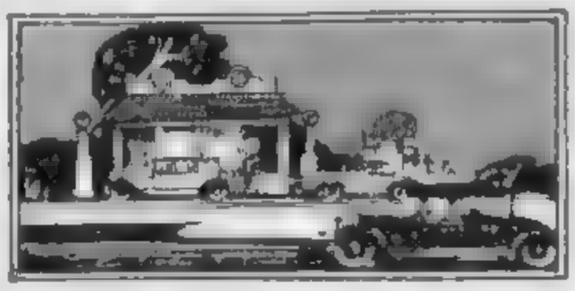

An Oil Division service station.

Back of Cities Service products stands a $650,000,000 organization which includes more than 100 public utility and petroleum subsidiaries operating in 32 states and many foreign countries.

From a small beginning seventeen years ago Cities Service has grown to be one of America's most important business organizations, ranking as the tenth largest in point of assets, excluding banks, insurance companies and railroads.

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CITIES SERVICE COMPANY

Diversified Interests *Unified Control*

(Continued from Page 175)

"East—he's human," they said. "East—he knows his stuff; he'll give you a square deal." "He's hard, but he's decent." "Everyone ought to take a course from East; it's not so much the course as the professor." Here, Van Winkle concluded, was probably his man.

He found Professor East in his little box of an office, pipe in mouth, blue pencil in hand, bent over a litter of papers. At Van Winkle's explanation he straightened up with a grin. "My dear fellow," he said, "don't get me launched on that subject. It's a weakness with me. My wife actually warns our friends not to mention it in my presence. Besides, I've got all these papers to get through before tomorrow. I'm getting too old to lie politely any longer when people ask me if I'm busy.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he added thoughtfully after a moment. "Come and have dinner with me tonight—if you can stand my cooking; my wife's out of town. Come at half-past six and we'll have a fling at the younger generation afterward."

In his wife's absence, Professor East spread his dinner table in the kitchen, a big quiet room where a clock ticked drowsily and a fire bubbled in a great range, and where the host, tied up in a long blue apron, performed deft miracles with pots and pans and a huge grill.

He plied Van Winkle with thick rare steak buried under a cloud of golden fried onions. There were grilled sweet potatoes and canned corn. There was a salad of notable tomatoes. There was a thick chocolate cake, baked by a "woman in town who does really superior home cooking for other people's homes." There was sage cheese and coffee.

"Not a balanced menu or a French dinner," chuckled the professor. "But it has its points—it really has its points.

"And now for these wild youngsters whom everyone's worried about," he went on, a bit professionally, as they lighted their pipes. "You've read about them in books, you've talked about them with middle-aged folks, you've seen them in action the past few days, and now you wonder what's underneath these phenomena, or, in their own words, you want to know what it's all about. Is that right?"

"Yes," admitted Van Winkle. "The past few days have so swamped me with impressions that I've become unable to place them in any logical order."

The Calamity Howler at His Best

The professor smiled. "If my conclusions seem too well arranged I hope you won't mind. I am, of course, a professor. I have talked often before and I have had considerable experience with the diagnosis. It is, in a way, an old story.

"In the first place then, to clear the ground, we must admit that a considerable portion of the criticisms of youth are the same that have always been leveled in any era by the older generation at the younger generation. Always youth is selfish, headstrong, extravagant, falling far short of the example set up by the older generation when the older generation was young. Always such criticisms are spoken solemnly, with hardly a suspicion that the sayers are victims of the hoariest form of self-delusion—the delusion of the good old times.

"Then there is the calamity howler. He must be reckoned with too. His favorite trick is overstating the case. 'Youth has cast away the old securities,' he wails—'all the things men hold by. What will become of the eternal verities?' And if you press him for details, you find that he means girls smoke cigarettes and wear short skirts. Or that he saw an unchaperoned couple kissing in the moonlight. Excruciating! So he writes articles and delivers lectures, and people attend to him and either grow panic-stricken or shudder with vicarious delight.

"Nevertheless, with allowance for the good-old-times romanticist and for the calamity howler, you will still find that youth has changed. You wonder why the change, which seems at first largely confined to clothes and noise—coonskin coats, jazzy talk and that sort of thing—has not been dealt with more severely and efficiently through the church, the home and the college. If you listen you may hear them eloquently denouncing one another's negligence in the matter—the home blaming the church, the church blaming the college and the college blaming the home.

"Actually the change that has taken place in the younger generation is more than a surface change, and the trouble lies with the forces beyond the power of church, home or college to alter. Each may influence certain phases of the situation; no single one is powerful to alter it as a whole. For the trouble—if you choose to call it trouble—is with the age.

"It would be a month's job to try to point out all the ways in which the age has changed. I can name only two or three of the more obvious ones, and they are so obvious that I beg your pardon for mentioning them at all. For one thing there is more speed and more money. It is easier to get about. That makes people less inclined to stay at home—makes them more restless. Science has given us more time for diversion and we have invented more means of diversion."

The Age of Frankness

"Woman has changed. She refuses to let herself be looked on as a mysterious dewy creature to be sheltered and protected and talked to in a language different from that used to a man. Psychology has lifted the mysterious veil—God be praised. The whole business of sex relationship is on an incomparably franker basis. There have been changes and expansions and gains all along the line, and youth, in the process of being educated, is faced with the necessity of consolidating these gains.

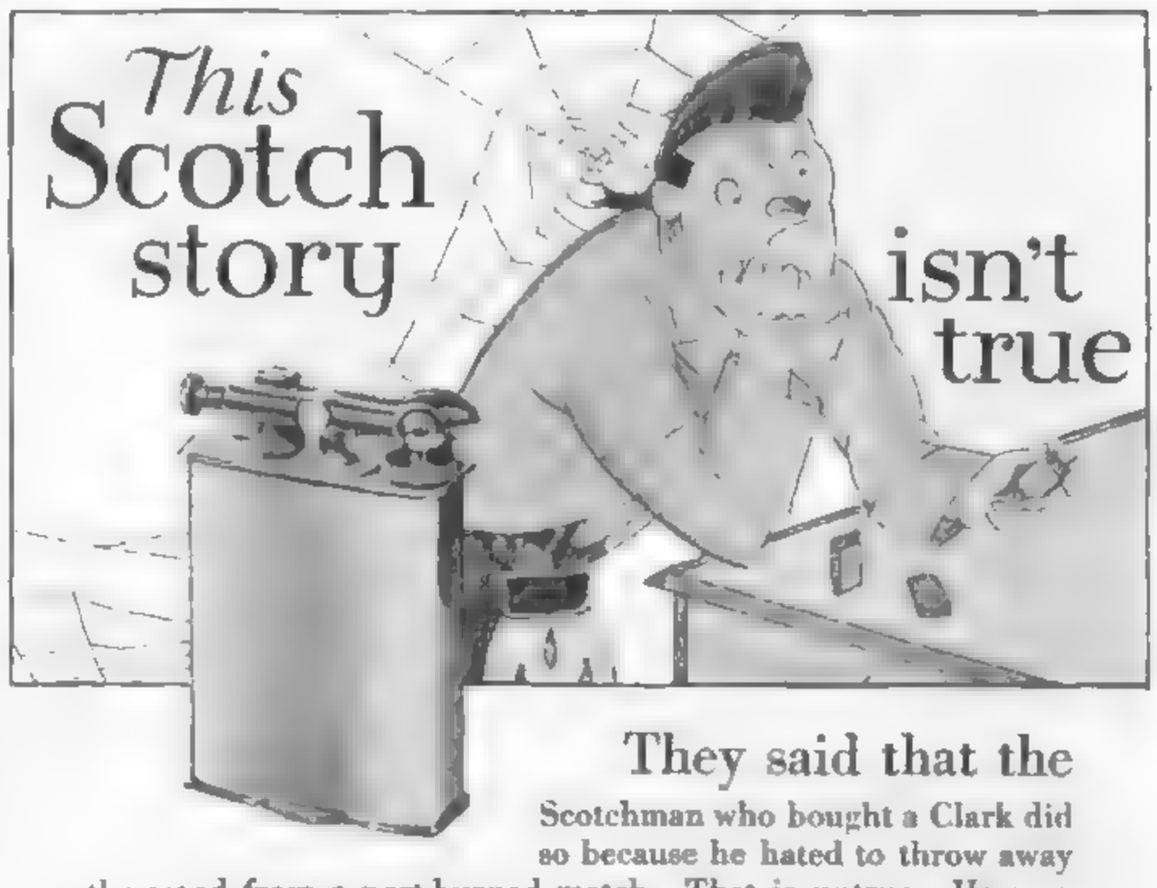
"The changes have not happened all at once. Most of them were well started in the previous generation. They have been gathering momentum for years. But the war formed a convenient breaking point for them and the war gets most of the blame.

"I am not saying that I like all of the changes, though my likes have nothing to do with the case. And I don't like the students' responses to some of the changes. When I am tired and want rest—as most of us older folks want it—then I grow cross and critical of the infernal speed with which we are now afflicted and I wish for the good old times. But the changes in the age are here—here to stay until other changes replace them. The best thing we can do is to make what adjustments we can.

"And, after all, do the changes threaten serious consequences? Let's go back to the changed relationship between the sexes. You have seen something of this since you have been up here. Girls permit more liberties. Boys take more. Some of them come to grief, no doubt, but I question whether the proportion is as large as the proportion that used to come to grief through reticence, evasion, false modesty and secretiveness.

"The feminist movement, of course, has helped to bring the freer relationship about. The women's colleges have helped. The increasing number of women taking up careers of their own has helped. Then the war made it possible for women and girls to go about unchaperoned. It encouraged women to mingle with men on freer terms. The war brought about a great release for women and the release has been perpetuated and inherited by the younger generation.

"In the release may be the possibility of a sounder basis for courtship and marriage. It is possible for men and women to find out earlier than they once did whether there is any real basis for companionship. They are likely to run less risk of perishing of boredom within six months after the emotional



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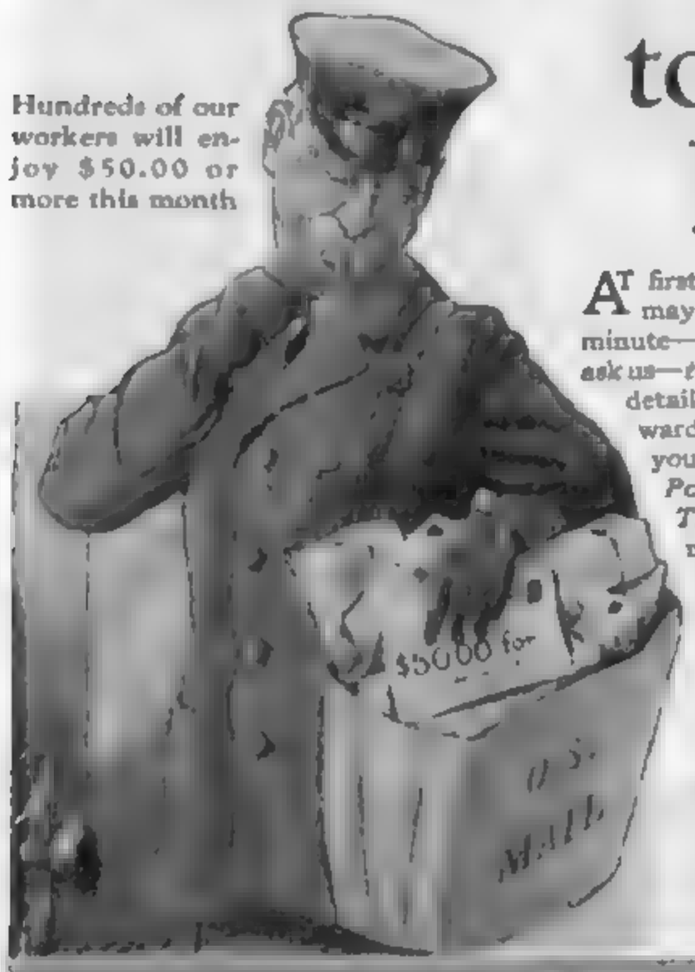

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novelty has worn off. Certainly, to judge by the divorce statistics, the present middle-aged generation has not made an altogether unqualified success of marriage.

"As for the fear that out of the situation we are likely to get a race of young people who are hard and devoid of charm, the answer is that every age writes its own definition of charm. There may be a new one in the making. An ability to faint gracefully was once considered a mark of feminine charm. And among some races, so is the ability to wear a nose ring becomingly.

"Yes, Van Winkle, it is from a changed society that the student is coming to college, and it is to a changed society that he must be fitted to return. The young person, I believe, realizes the fact more clearly than do his elders and detractors. He is not conscious of being in revolt. He does not know anything but the age he lives in. He is only conscious that some of the modes of behavior that his elders blame him for not following do not seem to fit perfectly the time he is living in.

"It is nonsense to say that he has cast away the old securities. The securities have cast themselves away. They no longer serve a civilization that is more complicated, richer in knowledge and in the potentialities of experience. Actually youth is hungry for securities; it seeks formulas to live by. Ask any college upper classman. Only it must find new ones or make new adjustments of the old, and that perplexes it.

"Taking the changed age into consideration, I believe the present-day undergraduate is doing a good job at learning how to live. I believe he is more honest, more intelligent, more versatile and more active minded than the undergraduate in our day, Van Winkle. I am ready to grant you that the millennium is still a considerable distance off. There is plenty of room for improvement. He is wasteful. He is too standardized in the way he thinks and the way he dresses. He's inconsistently intolerant and both he and his girl are ill-mannered and crass in ways there is little excuse for.

"In spite of prohibition, he still drinks—unwisely sometimes. There is less mass drinking than there used to be, fewer week-end dormitory and fraternity-house drinking bouts, fewer trips to neighboring towns than before prohibition. A senior was talking to me about undergraduate drinking only the other day. 'Formerly,' he said, 'judging from the talk of the old grads, the idea was to get plastered and then go on the warpath, looking for adventure.'"

A Change of Base

"But today, that senior went on to point out, student sentiment is against boisterousness and it favors bed with the finish of the bottle. He was right, I think. Few students drink because of any innate fondness for liquor and few acquire an ungovernable taste for it. They drink for two reasons mainly: Either they crave excitement—they think they have something to celebrate or they wish to escape the week-end let-down caused by the cessation of routine—or else they crave to be one of the crowd and drink because they see someone else drinking. It is still an undergraduate shibboleth that a man needs to get drunk at least once during his college course for the sake of the experience. And the old feeling that it is bad form to drink in the company of girls of their own sort before or during dances has, of course, disappeared, just as it has disappeared in the larger society outside.

"About the same proportion gamble that used to gamble. The proportion is not large. You hear now and then of some student with a campus reputation for paying his way through college by gambling. I know an upper classman who played poker to pay the tuition of his lower-class brother—and he did it on condition that his brother refrain from gambling himself during his college course.

"About the same proportion go with loose women that used to go with loose women. That proportion is fairly constant in human nature. As was always the case, many more undergraduates boast to their friends of having sexual experiences, or at least give the impression that they have had them, than actually do. The student who makes a practice of sexual adventure is not inclined to boast about it. The average student works his sexual impulse out in talk or achieves what the psychologists call a sublimation.

"In some of his activities the undergraduate has shifted his base of operations. He has in certain cases substituted one form of petit larceny for another. He doesn't steal signs or barbers' poles any more to decorate his room, but that is because it is no longer the fashion; they are looked upon as collegiate, the mark of the backwater college. But I know a senior who collects Gideon Bibles from hotels and another who collects towels from hotel washrooms. And the undergraduate will 'borrow' an automobile or beat a ride on a train without worrying too much about the morality involved.

"Such actions, like two-thirds of the escapades in which the undergraduate gets mixed up, are due in part to the challenge to adventure involved and in part to his fear of being known as a poor sport. And they all show evidence of energetic thoughtlessness. He acts before he thinks. That again is natural."

New Worlds for New Men

"In general, when the undergraduate can be shown that any action of his really does tangible harm to someone else, he is repentant and does not do that precise thing again. But he is not inclined to consider someone else before he acts. And you can't anticipate his specific actions; he is likely to break out anywhere."

"But what is back of his actions?" asked Van Winkle. "What is his moral code?"

"His moral code during the greater part of his undergraduate days," returned Professor East, "is a jumble, a ferment. He is trying to adjust his natural impulses to several more or less conflicting systems of right and wrong—one brought with him from home which he has hitherto tacitly accepted without thinking; one acquired from his fellows, from students he admires; and one or more suggested incompletely by his studies. I don't mean that these systems are wholly different one from another; they overlap in many particulars. On the other hand, there are points where they seem to the student distinctly in conflict.

"In his freshman year the student's orthodox and inherited beliefs about life in general get a rude jolt. They always did, for that matter, but they are getting a ruder jolt than ever nowadays owing in part to the spread of the so-called orientation courses—courses designed to orient the student in a general way of life and introduce him to the materials and methods of the various subjects that he will study in detail later on. More and more colleges are introducing these orientation courses in science or philosophy or economics or government. I believe in these courses; I believe they can be made immensely valuable to the student.

"But unless carefully conducted, they may also be tremendously unsettling. They open too many new worlds too quickly—worlds that he is hardly ready to face, frequently worlds of which the student has had previously no inkling. The very nature of the courses makes it necessary for them to deal with large ideas in a large and often loose way. There is little time for details and the student is often bewildered by the ideas that are thrust at him. Often he gets the novelty of the idea but not the precise implication. Frequently he merely feels that his previous world has been destroyed and he is uncertain whether anything has been left in its place.

"From his studies, from his reading, from his associations, the student gets new points of view, or rather an entanglement of many

(Continued on Page 181)

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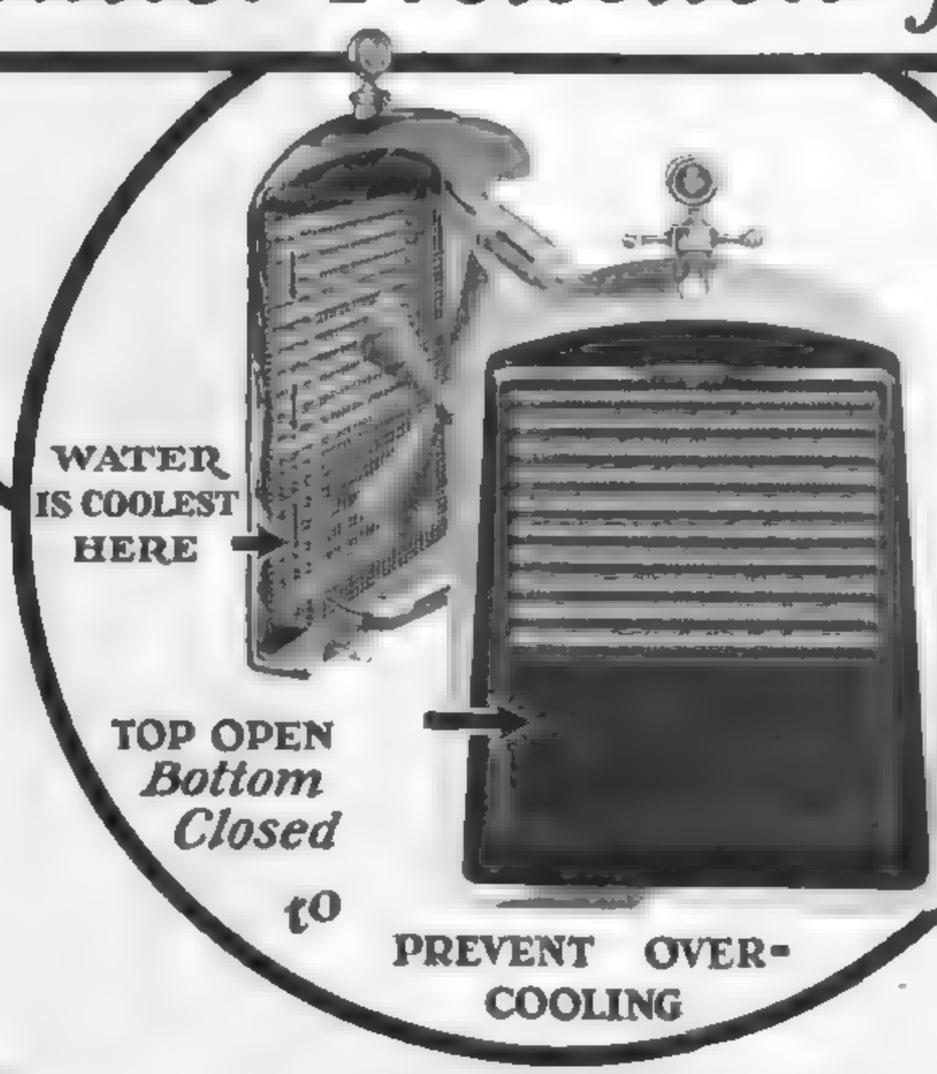

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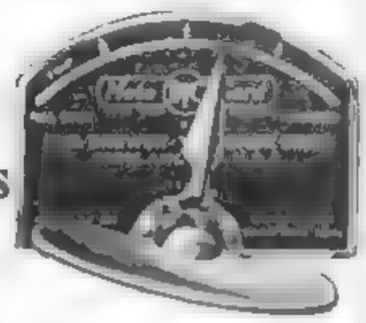

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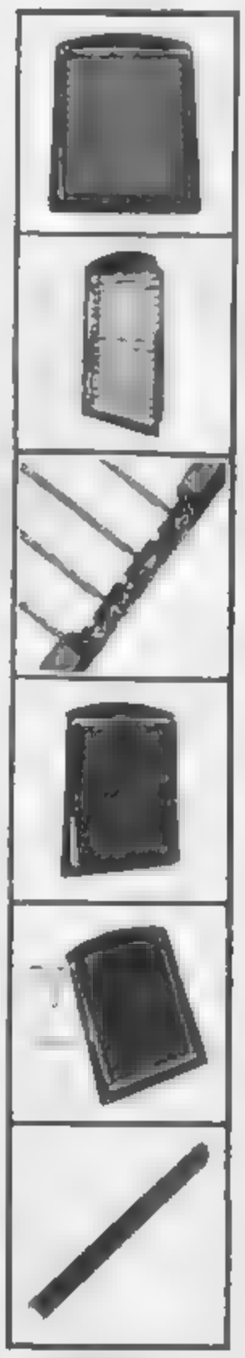
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(Continued from Page 178)

points of view. He hears perhaps that his chief duty while being educated is to be open-minded. Frequently the pursuit of open-mindedness leads to a conviction that nothing at all is good for much. Terms and phrases that he does not understand jostle one another in his mind; 'liberalism,' 'rationalism,' 'complex,' 'libido,' 'taboo,' 'superstition,' 'prejudice,' 'the new freedom'—they glitter and sing to him; he does not stay with any of them long enough to get them in their proper relationship or to learn what they really mean. He comes across views of life that to him are strange and alluring. He learns that there is such a thing as a mechanistic view of the universe. He hears, or thinks he hears, that life to many people is merely a matter of chemistry. He discovers that there are people who regard the pursuit of pleasure as their highest aim, and he is inclined not to look too closely into the definition of pleasure. Names and theories pour in upon him. Undigested Omar rubs against undigested Ibsen; undigested Mencken elbows undigested Freud.

"Along with this general confusion about the nature of things the student begins to perceive that morality is not the simple algebraic business that it had seemed. He learns the difficulty of tying actions up in neat packages and labeling them right or wrong. He learns that different people and different ages have held different ideas about what constitutes good and evil. He sees that certain kinds of behavior are not invariably followed by his previous notions of inevitable consequences.

"The result is a confusion, a fog through which he gropes, taking many things he learns too literally and others not literally enough, trying often in desperation to hold on to something tangible. Sometimes he makes no attempt to hide his bewilderment. Frequently, however, he assumes a cynicism to cover his genuine unsettledness—he will adopt a levity on the subject of sex, for instance, while in secret he idealizes womanhood. He spends hours mulling over questions of religion in sessions in dormitory rooms. 'What's the answer?' he and his mates ask themselves. 'Does anybody in the world really know that anything is true?' a puzzled sophomore asked me not long ago. It is easy to understand how, in the face of such confusion, the undergraduate is likely to see man's relation to the universe in some such terms as these: 'Every man for himself. Do anything you can get away with and let it go at that.' The student poses as the coolest of cynics, while at heart he is the most timorous and uncertain of mortals."

The Champion of Life

"I do not mean, of course, that every undergraduate goes through such an acute conflict as I have pictured. Some individuals are conscious of no conflict at all. Their previous training has walled them in too stoutly or they have, let us say, too much physique. And in the case of most, since youth is a healthy animal, there are long intervals during which the conflict is subordinated to other interests. But I have outlined the typical experience of the undergraduate who does any thinking about himself. And the undergraduate is doing more thinking now than ever before.

"By his senior year, sometimes before, the student will attain stability again. His confusion has been at its greatest during freshman and sophomore years. At the end of that time he has digested some of the terms and ideas that upset him, has got his feet on earth again. And through all his uncertainty, whatever form it has taken—sheer bewilderment or pretended cynicism and disillusion—he has held fast to an ideal that provides a basis for constructing a positive attitude toward life. He has kept before him a good that is greater than his own good—the good of the college. His devotion to athletics is only one manifestation, although probably the most conspicuous one, of devotion to his ideal. He may criticize the college to undergraduates of the same college; he may grumble and complain about this or that feature and wish that it were different; but when he is challenged to demonstrate what, according to his light, is loyalty to his college his response is fierce and instant.

"Furthermore, the undergraduate dislikes fumbling and muddling on the part of other people, even though he does a good deal of it himself. He likes clean action, he likes to see things come off. He admires instinctively a champion at anything. Eventually he comes to see that there is such a thing as a champion at life, that a sense of discrimination is a necessity in a hurly-burly world.

"I don't mean that in the end the undergraduate achieves a completely organized system of morals; such an achievement is sufficiently rare among people far older. More often than not the moral code that he arrives at is rather inarticulate. Sham and pretense figure as blacker evils than drunkenness; the quitter at anything comes off worse than the philanderer. But you will usually find as a basis for the code a sense of the obligation of the individual to society. And the undergraduate has thought himself a little distance into life; he is going somewhere."

The Undergraduate From Missouri

"So when tales go around about the younger generation in the colleges today, remember that youth is living in an age that some traditional modes of conduct will not entirely fit, and that it is going through a more turbulent period of growth than it formerly did. And with all his faults and all his fumbling, the undergraduate is more or less consciously up to one thing that makes me optimistic about the whole business. He's trying as hard as he knows how to take the bunk out of things."

"The bunk?" questioned Van Winkle.

"The bunk," replied the professor. "'Bunk' is a word I wouldn't use to everyone—to some of my colleagues, for instance. They are too sheltered for it. To them I would say, perhaps, that youth has developed an inquiring mind. But to me 'bunk' is a good, meaty word. To me it means the cant and jargon about life that kill straight thinking and straight acting. It means platitudes that have lost their significance; it means soft sentimentalities, convenient, glib evasions. It means saying one thing and doing another. It means telling youth that they ought to think such-and-such a way because their fathers thought so. In a college professor it means making dogmatic statements about matters that are not at all settled, putting forth your own opinions as though they were unalterable law, saying to your students, 'This thing is true because I say so, and I know.' Once was the time, about the time you and I were going to college, Van Winkle, when the students would answer meekly, 'Yes, professor.' But now the tendency is for them to say—or think, if they do not actually say it—'Oh, you do, do you? Well, suppose you show us. Or at least, let's talk it over.'

"Of course, such an attitude may very easily be carried too far. But to my mind an extreme of that kind is a sign of strength; it's evidence of something stirring. And I believe it can be controlled and turned into vital channels. You may not believe it, Van Winkle, but the students I have in my classes today, and those that I know in other people's classes, are 50 per cent more intellectually curious than they were in your day and mine.

"In our time we took politely what the teachers gave us; we took notes on their lectures, we read the books they recommended and we swallowed what they said they thought about the books as though that settled the matter for good. Did any of us venture to question a professor's assertion to his face? We did not—that is, most of us didn't. In each class were a few individuals who had the rudiments of an active mind. They were the class misfits,

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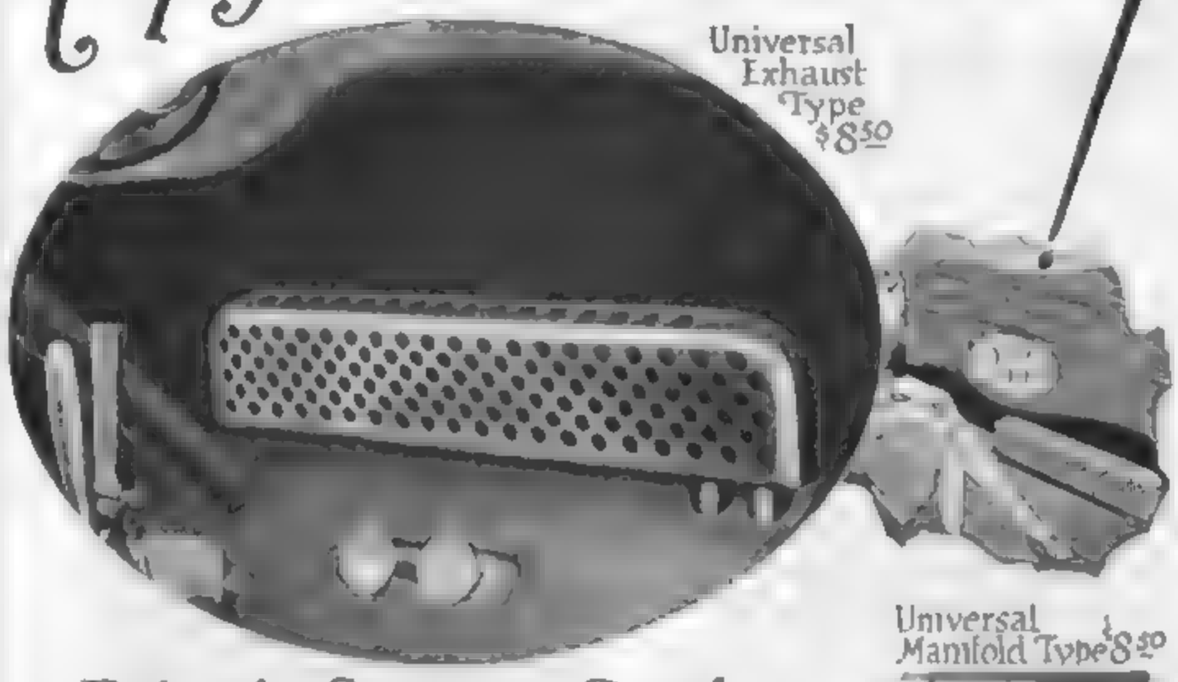

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they were queer, wet, or whatever the campus term happened to be, and it was the duty of the normal members of the class to sit on them. And so the normal ones sat on them and went out of college entirely without experience at making up their minds for themselves on any intellectual matter.

"Now students everywhere are demanding more of a voice in their own education. They are demanding a chance to work out their particular needs and desires under stimulating direction. What else is meant by the student committees that in so many colleges have been investigating and reporting on the teaching methods and the courses of study? Youth is asking itself more clearly than ever before what it needs and whether it is getting it. And if it wants everything remade at once, what of it? Again the great thing is that youth is stirring.

"I have no patience with people who look on youth's demand as a piece of unwarranted impudence. Youth is merely asking for help in its own way. It needs teachers who are patient and sympathetic, who realize that civilization is imposing new needs and are keen to inquire into them along with youth. It needs teachers of that kind and it is not going to be satisfied with any other."

Professor East knocked out his pipe for the fourth time and Van Winkle rose.

"This clearer-headed attitude of youth's toward its education," Professor East concluded, "is to my mind symptomatic of a clearer-headed attitude that we may expect toward life as a whole—toward questions of morals and conduct, for instance. That is why I refuse to be alarmed about the future of the modern generation or even about its present behavior. It shows unmistakable signs of going about things in the right way. It is using its head."

Van Winkle turned as he moved toward the door.

"Twenty years from now," he said, "I suppose some Van Winkle, '27, will be up here asking some Professor East what is wrong with the undergraduates."

"Exactly," replied Professor East. "And he will get the same answer that you did. Otherwise my faith in the progressiveness of the human race is mistaken. That means that my faith in the present generation is mistaken—and somehow I don't believe it is."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

Remove a foot twelve inches from that spot.

Before his eyes there rose a scene, witnessed not long ago;
His gnarled and knotted father, with whiskers as pale as snow,
His sister Mayme a-thumping the fresh-made butter to and fro,
And that sweet-faced, swell old lady singing low:

"Always give a skirt your seat—she may be some guy's mother.
Your own ma's all the ma you got. You haven't got no other.
Keep an apple in your pocket and the Bible on the shelf.
And a good stiff Baptist grip upon yourself."

The damsel's curls streamed in the wind. Conventional galloped on.
At such a sight the reddest cheeks ought to go pale and wan.
Down fell the swooning banker man. A negro exclaimed, "I swan!
That gemmen looks like Massa Otto Kahn!"

Bucolic Benjy heard those words. Crying out, "That's enough!"
He flung his belt and tie aside while rolling up either cuff.
"Dew tell!" he roared. "Gee whillikins! By jiminy gee! Sure 'nuff!
Stand back thar, friends, I'll call that blamed nag's bluff!"

A flash! A crash! A bump! A thump! Trembling, the mare stood still.
Brave Ben had bent the beast's behavior to his magnificent will.
The crowd went mad. Ben's sturdy frame shook with an elegant thrill.
Ten thousand voices shouted, "Bravo, Bill!"

Beautiful Belle fell on his neck. Her daddy, revived, yelled, "Grand!
Be one of our vice presidents, accept, sir, my daughter's hand.
We need you in the Union Club. Where did you get such sand?"
Ben spoke and made those strangers understand:

"Always give a girl your seat—she may be some guy's mother.
Your own ma's all the ma you got. You haven't got no other.
Keep an apple in your pocket and the Bible on the shelf,
And a good stiff Baptist grip upon yourself."

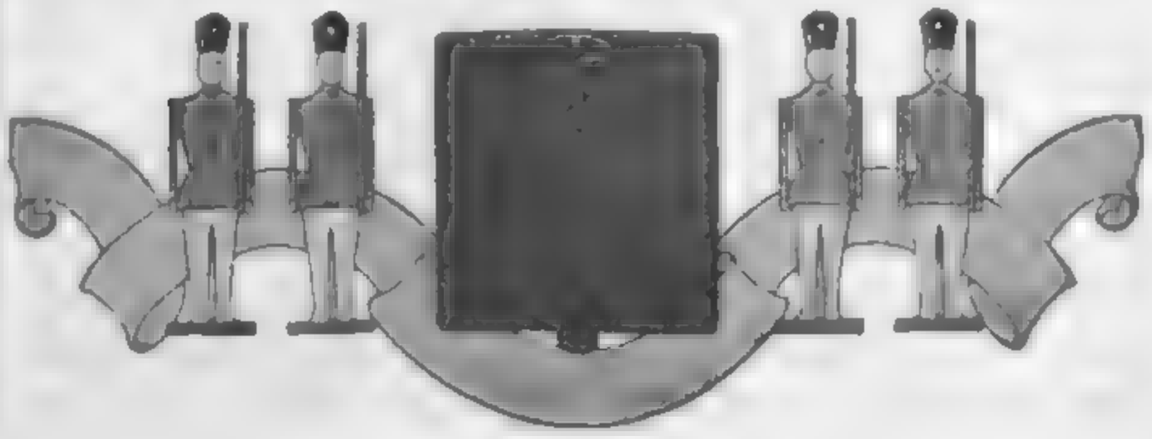
This story happened long ago, when heroes patrolled their beats.
Each bootblack who shellacked your brogues performed such prodigious feats;
To quench a fire, or whip a cad, was part of the day's receipts,
And rich men sought their heirs upon the streets.

But try that stuff in town today—behave like Horatio Alger, Junior's, chaps—be every fellow's regular little pal.
Some rainy night the round-eyed frail you'd like to call your gal
Will thrust you in Gowanuses Canal.

Oh, young men, ere you reach Noo Yawk, put on your shoes and socks.
The barefoot loon no longer gets the breaks.
Pull down your vest; bail out your ears; go in and seek the rocks.
And whatever you lay hands on, Hiram, take.

Never give a skirt your seat—you got there first, you clown!
She wouldn't move an inch for you if she were sitting down.
Always look out for Number One. Collect that old-time pelf!
Or you'll only make a sucker of yourself!

—Robert Cruise McManus.



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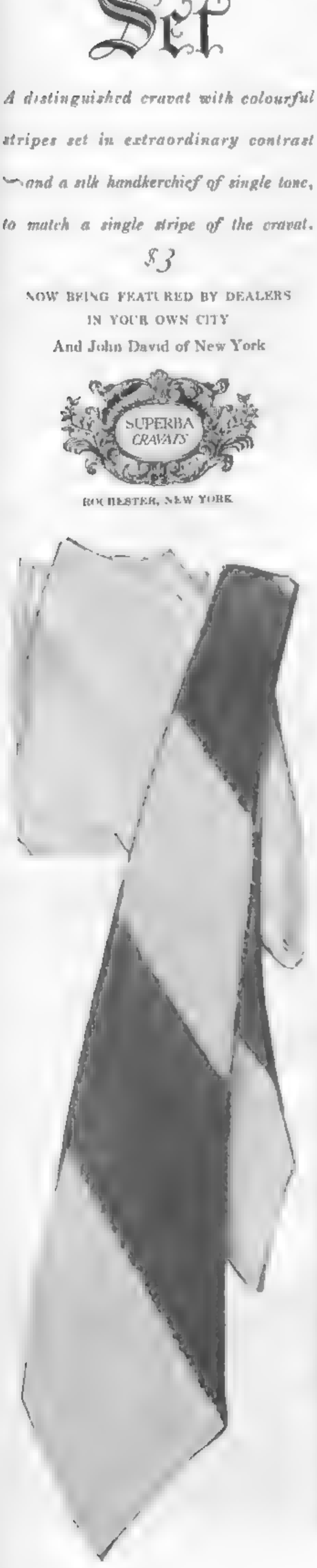

CENTRAL AMERICA

(Continued from Page 11)

law is held up as a model and in Honduras has actually been incorporated in the constitution. But the distribution of land is soft-pedaled, because, though all classes are content to see American holdings taken over, the large landholders, who are usually the most influential politicians, cannot see why they should ever do any dividing of their own.

All this seems to be a rather ridiculous hodgepodge. It is. It is all things to all people. It is communistic wherever communism will take. It is cultural wherever culture will take. It uses any means or any issue that will cause the United States to be hated. If an American wants a contract, then it is a sinister contract of enslavement: if there is a controversy involving an American, the American is wrong; and so on. And this sort of thing fits in very neatly with politics.

Politics is not only an industry but one that takes all the time of those who engage in it. There are generally two parties—the Liberals and the Conservatives. Their names have no significance at all. In office, the parties act about alike—they are apt to grab whatever is loose under the guidance of the party boss, who may or may not be the president. The legislative bodies act on orders and if too much opposition develops, the ruling powers simply shut out the malcontents.

The platform of the party out of power is always idealistic, but actually it is built on opposition to everything that the party in power does. This opposition is regardless of facts and consequences. Politics exists for the politicians, and since there are no middle classes, there is no public sentiment.

The Ins and Outs

This is not to say that the highest principles are not always indorsed. All the politicians love conferences—especially international ones—where they can talk about liberty and justice. The way to attain liberty and justice is to wrest the power from the tyrants who are so flagrantly and wantonly misusing it, and so on. And so the outs are ready to take up the Mexican propaganda or any other propaganda just so long as it makes trouble for the ins. The lovers of freedom are always in a death grip with the ruling tyrants. Actually it is the right to rule that is in question.

Of all this the propaganda against us takes the fullest advantage, and also it is one of the ways by which Americans themselves are fooled into thinking that these countries are being oppressed. The constant repetition of phrases will often cause them in time to be accepted as facts.

It is hard for us to understand that many of these people take it for granted that the officers of all American companies care for themselves out of the company treasury. From this general belief arise most of the tales of American perfidy and bribery. American companies do not bribe. There may be isolated cases here and there, but I could not locate any. One can find rumors in plenty, for, to repeat, it is taken for granted that no man acts unless influenced by money. I ran down many of the rumors, but found not one which had any foundation.

Troubles With Squatters

I asked the head of one large corporation, who was reported to have mixed in politics, as to certain specific acts which he was alleged to have committed. He gazed at me sadly and said:

"Do I look like a fool? Don't you know that if I backed a candidate and he was beaten I should have to pay through the nose? And also don't you know that if I backed a candidate and he won I should not only be at his mercy but also at the mercy of the opposition party in the next election? Inside of ten years I should be supporting every politician in the country."

The earlier soldiers of fortune were in politics. That was their job. They were willing to stand or fall on their choice—but they were not in business. They were revolutionaries. They made their living by their wits just as they would in the United States or any other country that they happened to be in.

Business in a small way can bribe, but most American concerns are big and, everything else aside, they have not the means of gaining the intimate personal contact which permits effective bribery. However, practically none of the natives believe this.

Land titles are a source of unending trouble. Nearly everywhere a squatter may gain a right by prescription in a year, and utterly regardless of how long he has been on the land, he can summon a crowd of witnesses to swear he has been there a year or more. Every American company which has land reserves must be continually scouting for squatters, else they will wake up to discover that they have lost their land.

A favorite device is for a group of politicians, after some construction work has been started, to lay claim to a bit of land which the company must have, else entry to its construction will be blocked.

One of the largest obstacles to foreigners doing business in the Caribbean countries is the multiplicity of lawsuits in which they inevitably find themselves. There are a dozen lawyers for every possible suit, just as there are a dozen doctors for every illness—the young men go in for these professions. Legal business has to be created, and

A Street in the Business Section of San Salvador

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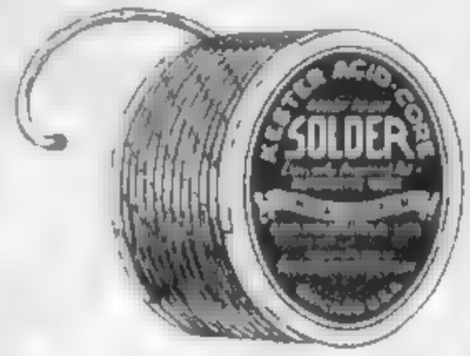

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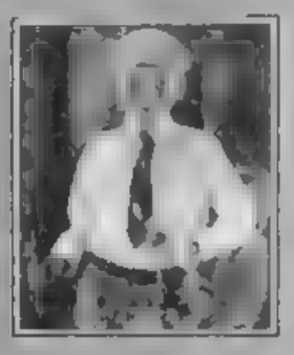

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it is created. Many of the suits have to do with concessions, and much of our misconception of the relation of American companies with the governments of these countries arises out of the wrong use of the words "concession" and "exploit."

Every orator denouncing our Latin-American policies talks of concession hunters, greedy concessionaires and exploiters of backward peoples. It seems to be taken for granted that a concession is something which was obtained by bribery and that its exploitation is a continued robbery of the people of the country which granted it and that a concession is always a monopoly. *Concesión* is the Spanish term for a contract made with a government, and I am aware of no concession which does not carry with it more liabilities than privileges.

Making Something From Nothing

A concession usually has to do with fixing for a term of years the rate of export tax upon the product which the company proposes to raise and take out of the country. This is an absolutely necessary contract with which we are unfamiliar because we do not have export duties. Before a company can start raising bananas or drilling for oil it must know what export tax it is going to pay on its product, else it will not know whether it is worth while going into business.

The railroad concessions are on exactly the same basis as those on which we constructed our transcontinental railroads. That is, the government for each kilometer of railroad constructed grants to the company a certain number of hectares of adjacent land in, as a rule, alternate squares, so that first comes a section of company land, then a section of government land, and so on.

This land when granted has no value. It is the coming of the railroad which gives it value. It is usually also provided in these railroad contracts that no concession will be given to another railroad company to build within fifteen or twenty miles of either side of the proposed railroad. To this extent the railroads might be called monopolies, but since most of these roads are extremely expensive to build and their profits come only on a long pull, the monopoly feature is meaningless. For there is hardly a railroad in Central America on which half a dozen companies did not fall down before completion.

In mining or oil contracts the company stipulates that it will make certain improvements and pay a certain fixed tax upon its production, and in all cases where government land is granted it is done so only on the undertaking to improve within a specified period. It is a method of attracting capital, of developing into something that which previously was nothing.

We are the only people who do not seek monopolies, and this for the reason that our business men and bankers have reached a sufficient stage of enlightenment to know that monopolies do not pay. As for graft in the obtaining of concessions, if it exists at all, it is purely individual and considerably less than that which often prevails in other parts of the world. Our contracts or concessions give only the privilege of spending money—usually large sums of money—and only a fool pays graft for the right to spend money. A certain number of fools drift into the tropics. They are not fool-proof.

Explotación means something quite different from "exploit," which has come to mean that the action, if not unfair, is at least without full regard for the rights of the other fellow—at his expense—taking all and giving nothing. In the Spanish the word is used as "improve." If a Honduranian buys a piece of ground and builds a house, he is said to be exploiting the ground. There is no suggestion that he is doing anything wrong. A Colombian will say that an American oil company is exploiting the petroleum fields. He does not mean that they are ruthlessly devastating them, but simply that they are getting out the oil.

Mountains and Swamp

To get down to cases: Cast the accounts for Colombia, which is naturally one of the richest countries in the world. Its main product is coffee, after which come petroleum and bananas. It also has gold, coal, iron, and rich fertile plains for the growing of corn and the raising of cattle. In it we have our largest total of loans and also the greatest amount of industrial investment. Our bankers have made loans amounting to $46,000,000, of which eight are to departments—which correspond roughly to our states—three to cities and one to the government mortgage banks. The government itself is seeking a loan of $100,000,000, of which $25,000,000 has been contracted for.

All of these loans, excepting the one to the mortgage banks, are for public improvements of a constructive nature, such as railroads, highways, paving, water systems, and so on. Our big money is in commercial enterprise and totals about $113,000,000. The large items are $86,000,000 in one oil company and its pipe line, and in the fruit company at Santa Marta, which has put in around $15,000,000. Our other holdings are in mines, electric-light plants

(Continued on Page 188)

Banana Trains Ready to Start at Port Limón, Costa Rica

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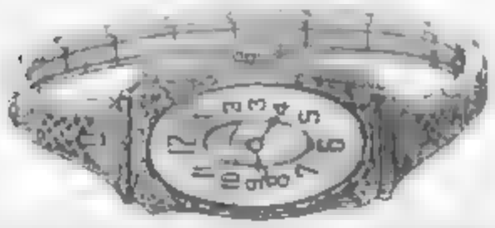
OLGA—14K platinum-trimmed, 4 diamonds, 2 sapphires, 15 jewel, $85.00



IONA—14K gold-filled, 15 jewel, pierced bracelet. $40.00
With ribbon bracelet. $35.00

OLDORF—14K solid gold, 15 jewel $50.00
ISDORE—14K gold-filled, 15 jewel $28.50

OGDEN—14K solid gold, 17 jewel $75.00
ISSOTA—14K gold-filled, 15 jewel $50.00

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America seeks Quality and Beauty, hence the skill and pride bestowed upon the creation of these fine Ollendorff watches, built to regulate, as it were, the lives of their proud possessors, with accuracy and *life-time* service.

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The movements are fitted in a variety of exquisite and durable cases. You can buy an Ollendorff for as low as $28.50 or satisfy your taste up to $3,500. Whether your preference is platinum-carved, or jewel-encrusted, solid gold or gold-filled, you are possessing a watch your jeweler is as proud to sell as you will be to own.

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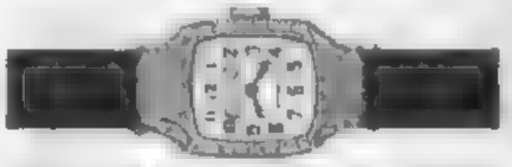
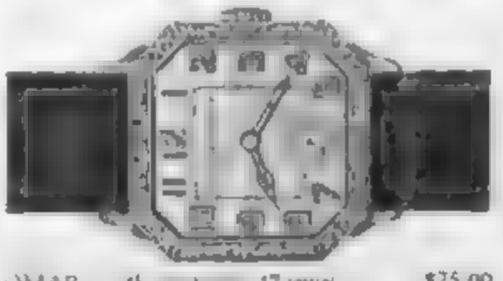


ESTIA—[illegible] $50.00
IDA—14K [illegible] $37.00



OMAR—14K [illegible] 17 jewel $75.00
INMAR—14K [illegible] 15 jewel $45.00

OSTEND—14K solid gold, 17 jewel $85.00
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(Continued from Page 186)

and some oil lands which are not yet productive.

But though Nature gave much to Colombia, she also made the wealth hard to get at. The republic, which is nearly as large as the states of California, Oregon, Washington and Montana combined, is divided sharply into lowland and highland. The lowland is swamp and the highlands are rough beyond description. In the highlands live people of pure Spanish descent; they are the rulers. In the lowlands live mixtures of negro and Spanish; they are the ruled. Between the two exists no sympathy or common understanding, largely because in no civilized country is transport quite so difficult as in Colombia. The money being spent today is largely to open up the interior and make the natural wealth available

Take the Department of Antioquia, which differs from all other parts of Colombia and of the Caribbean countries in that the people themselves understand how to do business. They own their own railroads and they run them well. They own their own waterworks in the city of Medellín, also the electric plant, which gets its power from the water supply. And this is a province almost as far out of the world as Tibet. It nestles in the Andes behind vast ranges of mountains. If there is a foot of level ground anywhere, it has been made so by man.

To reach Medellín one must travel up the Magdalena River for a week or more by boat—depending on the state of the water—or take an airplane. There is a regular air service owned and managed by Germans which has been going for seven years without an accident. This is also the only method by which anyone to whom time is an object can reach Bogotá, the capital of Colombia and 8000 feet in the air. It is half a day by air to Puerto Berrío and another day by rail to Medellín, with a climb of about 5000 feet.

The railroad stops at a great hill some 1300 feet high, and climbing stiffly out of the narrow-gauge cars one has to rub one's eyes. For in an open space by the station is a fleet of the finest eight-cylinder American motor cars and heavy five-ton trucks. These belong to the railroad and are waiting to take the passengers and freight over the hill for some five miles, where the tracks start again. Those automobiles are a sign of the management of the department. It has authorized a loan of $20,000,000 which it is taking gradually for public improvements.

The big hill in several years will no longer have the fleet of trucks, for a Canadian firm—on American money—is starting a tunnel through two and a half miles of solid rock. Beyond Medellín an American firm has just completed a stretch of railroad, continuing the present road down to the Cauca River, which will avoid the worst part of the journey up the Magdalena.

Mules, Men and Railroads

And here in the heart of the mountains you will meet camps of young American engineers in riding breeches, hiking boots and sombreros, cheerily and well doing one of the most difficult bits of railroading ever attempted and bossing some 4000 natives in a fluent and persuasive language which they believe is Spanish—and which the *mozos* have come to understand. This road crosses chasms on spidery steel trellises, takes short cuts through a dozen tunnels, circles mountains on narrow shelves cut into the rock, and, in short, does everything known to railroading excepting travel on level ground, for of that there is none.

The railroad is being pushed through in about one-tenth of the time it took to build the other and less difficult railroads in the department, and there is no comparison in the work. The road bed is smooth and even; the tunnels are faced with masonry, lined with concrete and lighted by electricity; the retaining walls are solid stone built for centuries; and although every little while you will see a cross or a cluster of crosses marking where men were killed, the loss of life has been slight as compared with similar undertakings. You will find steam shovels, tractors, big trucks, and all the modern American machinery of railroad building; and it is hard to realize that every pound of this has come up the Magdalena River and been toted, bit by bit and much of it by muleback, into the heart of the mountains and there assembled.

American engineers are becoming a common sight in Colombia. One American company has started work on an automobile road from Medellín through the mountains to the sea—an enterprise of courage and daring. An American construction company is rebuilding Manizales, a coffee town in the interior that can be reached only by muleback and which was destroyed by fire. Americans are building a mole at Buenaventura, the Pacific port, and another company is engaged in opening the mouth of the Magdalena River and building dikes in an effort to make it self-dredging and permit seagoing ships to enter. Our foremost engineering skill is being directed toward opening up this hermit republic which wastes probably two-thirds of its energy today carrying its products and its purchases on the backs of men and mules.

Formal Politeness

Already the benefits are beginning to show. There is a shortage of labor and the rate for common labor has risen from thirty or forty cents a day to $1.50 a day in the sections where work is being done. The *mozos* are buying shoes. They are eating meat. A packing plant which was built by American interests to export beef has never been able to catch up with the local demand, much less to export. Because of the high duties and the cost of transportation, an American automobile about doubles in price by the time it reaches the interior, yet the plaza in front of the cathedral of Medellín has a parking problem—and this in spite of the fact that there is not a ten-mile stretch of road in any direction. The raising of the wage scale is slowly forcing the use of machinery and jolting people into the understanding that a change is coming about in the world and that more liberty can be had out of the machine than out of a dozen constitutions.

And yet Americans are everywhere hated. The Mexican propagandists are of two kinds—the labor leaders, who are the usual type of spellbinder; and the representatives of the intelligentzia, who are as a rule poets. They give readings of their own works, lectures on Spanish literature and have a lot to say about Latin culture and aspirations. It always appears that these aspirations can be realized only if American influence is thrown off and the soviet form of government established. The emphasis on communism varies according to the locality. The deadening influence of American imperialism is always dwelt on, but communism is only whispered in the interior, where the church is strong.

When our good-will flyers, making a tour of South America, stopped off in Colombia, the news was sent out that we were making a military survey. Here is a translation of one of the many handbills which were distributed:

"La Organización—Ciénaga, January 25, 1927.

"Colombia, already a victim of Yankee buccaneering, would honor egregious liberators by protesting energetically against Wall Street Jews that are subjugating brother nations.

"American naval aviators will arrive shortly on our shores. They are not messengers of cordiality of the American people. They are exploiters of that Yankee imperialism that took Panama away from us, the one that is subjugating and prostituting Nicaragua. How shall we receive them?

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10 Day Free Trial

Long before your ten-day free trial is over you will know what a winner it is. Works from any lamp socket. Sent anywhere [illegible] A money maker and time saver for job men

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Outfit packs into handy steel case. Take it to the job

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2 [illegible]
3 [illegible]
4 [illegible]
5 [illegible]
6 [illegible]
7 [illegible]
8, 9 [illegible]
11 Steel case

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The Speed Way electric drill is the [illegible] either a portable [illegible] drill. [illegible] Takes but a moment to put grinder, buffer, or polisher into action

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We ship on receipt of small down payment. Pay balance in small amounts, while using it

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The Lead has special strength with perfect smoothness and softness. Is very black, yet it is readily erased

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Guaranteed never to break—replaced free within a year for any reason. Guarantee covers no celluloid imitations but only G-S crystals in trade-marked G-S envelopes.

Ask your jeweler for G-S.
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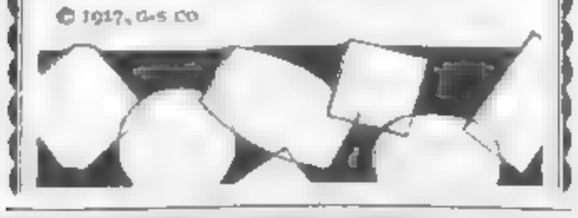

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"Now is the time to define our attitude: either to kneel down before the golden calf or stand up before the goddess of Liberty.

"With the mutilation of Panama began the digging of two graves in America: Yankee buccaneering or free Latinity."

The newspapers advocated an attitude of "formal politeness," The Jockey Club of Bogotá, which is the leading club of the country, passed a resolution not to tender the usual complimentary membership to the aviators. Only the exercise of wary pressure prevented the anti-American demonstration which the agitators were working for.

One Step Too Far

The oil and the banana production is on the lowlands and there foreign labor agitators have had a free hand to do about what they like. Although one hears a great deal about the dominance of American oil interests, only one company is actually producing and shipping oil. This is the Tropical Oil Company at Barranca Bermeja, where it has built a large modern town and an oil refinery. This town is on the Magdalena River, in the low waste country, where living was formerly thought to be impossible. From the oil fields behind Barranca extends a pipe line, owned by the Andian Corporation, to Cartagena on the Caribbean, about 400 miles away. These two corporations represent an investment of $86,000,000 and both are controlled by the Imperial Oil Company of Canada, which is a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

Their oil fields were bought for cash from private owners, thereby turning a number of land-poor gentlemen into millionaires who are now residents of New York, Paris or Madrid. The companies have no monopolistic rights of any kind. Their sole agreement with the government covers the tax to be paid on oil, which amounts to upward of $10,000,000 a year and is the largest single source of revenue of the government. The government itself could not have developed these oil fields—in the first place because it did not own them and in the second place because it could not command either the technical skill or the money. Most of the wells are very deep and the production is expensive.

Yet in spite of all this, agitators stirred up two very serious strikes purely on anti-American grounds, and no steps were taken by the central government until during the second strike the leaders succeeded in calling strikes also on the government railroads and on the Magdalena River boats, thereby cutting off supplies from Bogotá.

The first of these strikes took place in 1924 and the second in 1926. Both were engineered from the outside by a group of communists. They raised their funds in part by holding up local storekeepers and in part by selling red ribbons at a dollar each to the workmen on the threat that no man without a ribbon could share in the 100 per cent increase in wages which they promised. Among the agitators was a woman.

The first attack was general. It was partly on the church and partly on the government. A mob carrying red flags beat any workmen who tried to go to their posts, and it was not until the strike had continued for nearly a month that martial law was declared and the strike ended. The instigators of the first strike were not punished and they organized for a new strike. This was more violent than the first one and a general threat was made to set fire to the wells and destroy all the property. The town and much of the company property were in possession of the strikers. The government did nothing.

Then the leaders, drunk with power, thought they could declare a general strike throughout the country in the usual Bolshevik manner. This brought the national government into the picture in a hurry, and in a week the whole strike was settled and the leaders sent to jail or deported.

Vanishing Concessions

There was no real grievance of any kind. The workmen were receiving from $1.50 a day for unskilled up to $10 a day for skilled labor. They had the eight-hour day and steady work. They were fooled into believing that they might get their pay doubled, and when they found that they were not going to get it doubled and were merely out of work, they were afraid to go back. As far as the leaders were concerned, they thought only of the politics. They were starting a world revolution on the banks of the Magdalena River.

Several other oil companies own lands the value of which is not yet demonstrated, and are drilling, but not producing. One hears of many great concessions, but mostly they fade away on investigation. The only other large oil affair now actively being pushed is what is known as the Barco

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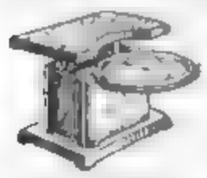

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Concession, which is in rather a complicated condition and has had considerable notoriety. It dates back about eighteen years and covers nearly 1,000,000 hectares of land out toward the Venezuelan border. It was granted to the Barco family, who are prominent Colombians, and the conditions were not only accepted by the government but the grant itself was used in the evidence presented in a boundary dispute with Venezuela.

The Barco family sold out a portion of its interest to an American oil company. Part of the revenues from oil drilling were to go to the church, another part to local improvements, and still another portion, amounting under certain conditions to as high as 37 per cent, to the national government. Out of the development the church and state would probably receive a larger income than the developing company, but in spite of this the grant was arbitrarily annulled on political grounds.

The operations of the United Fruit Company about Santa Marta read like the story of a boom town. A few bananas had formerly been grown thereabouts, but there were no regular shipments and the planters had to ship on consignment, with the chance of never getting any money, or take the alternative of fifteen or twenty cents a bunch. An English company had built a narrow-gauge railroad, but it scarcely paid running expenses. The American company started operations in 1898. It built a dock and a town and later bought control of the railroad. It maintains a hospital and a number of camps, all with sanitation, electric lights and water, but it grows only about one-half the fruit that it ships. The other half is grown by natives.

Teaching Them Their Own Work

And here is what has happened: The town of Santa Marta, during the term of the fruit company, has grown from 6000 to 30,000 people. The town of Ciénaga has grown from 8000 to 40,000 and probably contains more wealth per inhabitant than Greenwich, Connecticut. At the beginning of the century one man in the district was said to be worth $500,000, and it is estimated that about twenty-five people had a worth of $10,000 or more. Now there are more than 100 people who can sell out for $250,000 or more and also have large incomes from their plantations.

This is the same land as before, the railroad is the same, and the climate is the same. The only difference is that the American company taught the natives how to grow bananas, contracted for all that could be raised at a price, which is now sixty cents a bunch, and provided a regular ship service to get the bananas to market. The wages of agricultural workers have risen from around fifty cents a day to seventy-five dollars a month, while the dock workers, since the introduction of automatic loading machines, will average from seventy-five to ninety dollars a week. I have verified this extraordinary pay by an examination of the actual pay rolls.

The men work in two squads, each taking the docks for a week. In their off week they spend their money. They constitute the most highly paid stevedores in the world. In their off weeks, when they are drinking, they absorb with their liquor a good deal of communistic doctrine, for the agitators of the neighborhood, who are Mexicans, exiled Spaniards and Italians, thriftily keep a *cantina*. Twenty-five years ago the district shipped less than 300,000 stems of bananas a year. Now it ships in excess of 10,000,000.

Improvements Free

This company has an investment in the country of about $15,000,000, but it annually pays out within the country in fruit purchases, wages, taxes, and so on, around $9,000,000 and to date has paid out more than $100,000,000. Formerly the country had to depend on intermittent transport for its passengers, mail and freight, but now this company alone maintains schedules which give about 200 ship calls a year, while it carries the mails free—which means a present to the country of around $200,000 a year. It has no concession from the government—not even for the export tax on bananas.

Take another example. The city of Barranquilla has no paved streets excepting in a section developed by an American. It is probably the dustiest city in the world in the dry season, for the carts and motors grind the dry mud from the rainy season into a layer of fine powder six or eight inches deep, and the trade winds do the rest. Its water is not only undrinkable but the supply is so short that often the city is without water excepting for an hour or two a day. It has no sewers. The city wanted to borrow money, and it had an ample income to warrant a considerable credit, but no American bankers would lend money without a sequestration of the revenues and without a supervision of the spending.

Finally an American worked out a kind of city-manager plan by which all receipts and expenditures are supervised by a committee of three—one elected by the local chamber of commerce, which is made up of business men, both native and foreign; one appointed by the town council, and the third to be the representative of the bankers. On this plan the city borrowed $4,000,000, of which $1,500,000 has been taken, and it is now economically getting a water and sewerage system, and when these are finished it will get paved streets. The experience thus far is that after the debt service is annually finished the city has a greater income left over than its previous entire income. As far as the citizens are

(Continued on Page 194)

Falls of the Blackwater, Tucker County, West Virginia

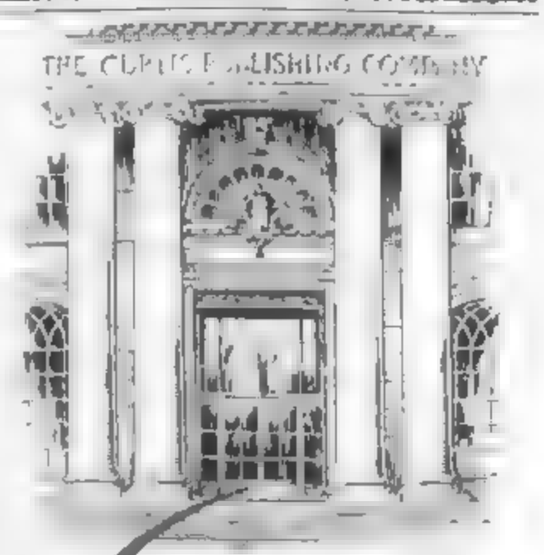
$11.95
Slightly higher in the West

Tower Adventurer
CONE SPEAKER

SHIP AHOY!! There's a pirate bold heading your way, his ship's laden with harmony and jazz—overflowing with hours of pleasure. Anchor it to your radio and unload your share of its treasure. Cast in metal, this real ship model is finished in old Ivory, employs a new armature type unit—an acoustic triumph.

On sale everywhere by reliable dealers.

Created by the
TOWER MANUFACTURING CORP.
122 Brookline Ave., Boston, Mass.



Cash for You

How much? Well, many of our neighborhood subscription representatives make each spare hour count for $1.50 or $2.00. Others, who have more time, earn as high as $15.00 or $30.00 extra every week—and more.

Why shouldn't you sell us *your* spare time? Even if you usually have only an hour or two a week—send in the coupon and we'll tell you how to turn it into cash.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
344 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.
What is your cash offer?

Name ..... Age
(PLEASE PRINT)
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City ..... State

PATENT-SENSE, free book for inventors seeking largest deserved profits. Established 1869. Write
LACEY & LACEY, 774 F St., Washington, D. C.

This is the first of a series of full page announcement soon to come, of the Hotel's Greatest Hotel and its many resources of public interest.

PROUDLY
CHICAGO PRESENTS
its Newest Wonder—
The WORLD'S
GREATEST HOTEL

Fixed-Price Meals

JAPANESE LUNCH ROOM
Breakfast 45c Luncheon 65c Dinner $1.00

COLCHESTER GRILL
Breakfast 60c and 75c Luncheon 85c Dinner $1.50
Sunday Dinner $2.00

OAK ROOM
Breakfast 60c and 75c Luncheon 85c Dinner $1.50
Sunday Dinner $2.00

MAIN DINING ROOM
Luncheon $1.25 Dinner $3.00 per person
A la carte service is available in all restaurants at all meals

3000
OUTSIDE ROOMS
3000
PRIVATE BATHS

THE STEVENS

Michigan Boulevard, 7th to 8th Streets CHICAGO *Ernest J. Stevens, Vice President and Manager*

Hotel LaSalle

La Salle at Madison Street

In the very heart of Chicago, directed by the same management as The Stevens and traditional for the comfort of its accommodations, Hotel La Salle serves a clientele of marked distinction. Its fixed price policy, making every cost known in advance, is an attractive feature. For the business man who requires a central location and superlative cuisine, Hotel La Salle is the natural choice.

PREËMINENT among the sights of Chicago and a marvel of royal magnificence and efficiency combined—The Stevens offers the utmost in hotel value.

When you stop at The Stevens, you enjoy not only the finest address and the most luxurious accommodations but lowered costs—the result of its gigantic size and efficiency.

The vast number of rooms allows one to choose the accommodations required, at the desired price—and get them without delay. Of the 3000 spacious, airy, outside rooms each with private bath, circulating ice water and large closet, 1242 are rated at $4.00 per day. Towering for a full block over the vista of Grant Park and Lake Michigan, convenient to railways and business, stores and artistic centers, The Stevens has become a mecca for the traveler who demands surroundings of the finest—and the biggest value for his money. Let the world's greatest hotel be your home on your next visit to Chicago.

Extra Value without Extra Cost

Number of Rooms	Single Rate	Double Rate	Number of Rooms	Single Rate	Double Rate
263	$3.50	$5.00	119	$ 7.00	$10.00
1242	4.00	6.00	62	8.00	12.00
943	5.00	7.50	26	9.00	9.00
278	6.00	9.00	67	10.00	15.00

THE STEVENS IS THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD

FRAN-CIS-CO!

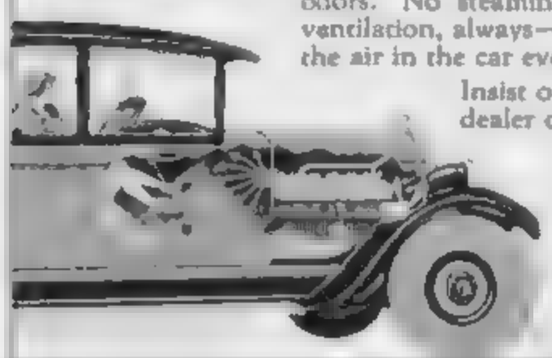
Remember the Name -and You can Forget the Discomforts of Cold-Weather Driving

Ask your dealer or garage man to install a *genuine* FRANCISCO Auto Heater in your car and you can drive in cozy comfort—always—even on coldest winter days. You will be getting the heater that is guaranteed to deliver heat in greater volume than any other auto heater built. Your car will be perfectly ventilated. And your motor will be brought up to Summer efficiency—because, by enclosing *both* manifolds, the FRANCISCO acts as a hot spot and intake shield—greatly improving carburetion.

FRANCISCO Auto Heaters

are made in a complete line. There is a FRANCISCO for every make and model of car. FRANCISCO is the *only* heater that completely encloses both manifolds—and it cannot be successfully imitated because it is fully protected by basic patents.

The FRANCISCO takes fresh, clean air from behind the fan, warms it over the manifold and delivers it directly in the front of the car. The warmth is sufficient to comfortably heat a big touring car, equipped with curtains, to Summer temperature on coldest Winter days! No exhaust gases. No engine odors. No steaming of the windshield. And perfect ventilation, always—because the FRANCISCO changes the air in the car every two to three minutes.



Insist on the *genuine* FRANCISCO. If your dealer cannot supply it, write directly to us.

The Francisco Auto Heater Company
Columbus, Ohio

Francisco Canadian Auto Heater Co., Hamilton, Ont.

Francisco Heaters
Range in Price from
$3 to $10
Endorsed as equipment by General Motors and Packard Motor Car Co.

FRANCISCO AUTO HEATER CO.,
Dept. 26, Columbus, Ohio

You may send me information about your heater.

Name_____

Address

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

When the customer's check-book blinds him to the merits of your goods

How printing can make the thing *you have to sell loom larger than the price*

WHAT was the last worth-while purchase you made?

A suit of clothes? Probably the first time you spied it in the tailor's window it represented simply an outlay of money you weren't prepared to make that day.

New desks for the office, or new filing equipment? When they were first suggested you doubted whether the business would stand the expense just then.

People naturally hesitate before buying *anything* when it is first presented. They want to think about it. They want to talk it over. Until their desire for its possession has been fully aroused, the money in their pocket or their check-book seems far more desirable.

As a matter of fact, there are just two steps to any sale. The last step—the actual buying—is easily, quickly made. Money simply changes hands. But the first is not so easily, not so quickly made. It is that long period in which your product is being introduced and considered by the people who will use it.

Salesmen can do this advance promotion work. But it can also be done quickly and economically by a good printer who is skilful in the production of printed pieces.

Further, these printed salesmen arrive at a time when the question of spending money is not up for consideration. A person's whole attention is focused on the desirability of possessing the things you offer—not on how much they cost.

Let the postman take over the task of getting your product known and considered in the calls on his route. Let your printer prepare printed pieces that will lie close at hand for guidance and ready reference during the first long step in buying.

More printing, better printing on better paper, will help the buyer over the biggest step in buying your merchandise. It will multiply the number of people favorably debating its purchase and bring more prospects closer to the actual sale.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

Some interesting information on the use of printed pieces in advertising and on coöperation with good printers is contained in a series of books being issued from time to time during 1927 by S. D. Warren Company. Ask a paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers to put you on his mailing list, or write direct to S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk St., Boston, Massachusetts.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS
Warren's Standard Printing Papers are suited for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

[better paper better printing]

(Continued from Page 190)

concerned, they are getting their improvements for nothing!

The city has an ancient electric-light plant which is quite insufficient for the town, runs only during the night hours, so that power is not available for industry, and frequently breaks down. The company has a monopoly and charges very high rates. One of the largest of the American service companies proposed to buy this plant for $1,500,000, put in a new plant which would give twenty-four-hour service, and also agreed to cut the rates in half and pay 2 per cent on its gross income as taxes, if the city would give it a franchise for fifty years—not a monopoly, but merely the right to do business for fifty years. At once the labor agitators got busy. No chance to fight Americans is ever allowed to pass. They tried to mob the hotel at which the Americans were staying, they tried to call a general strike and they flooded the town with posters and handbills. Here is an extract from one poster:

"Those who come today offering us the gold of their overflowing coffers are the countrymen of Roosevelt, the hunter of weak peoples, he who robbed us of Panama the third of November, 1903.

"Back with this company, this tentacle of the North American octopus that wishes to snatch political liberty from us in this section of the republic, as in fact it has been taken away in Bolivar and Magdalena by means of the Andian and the United Fruit Company. Barranquilla is the only genuine national port that Colombia has today, because this section has always been able to repulse the traitors and has repudiated unfair one-sided contracts.

"Let us tell the Yankees that they are undesirable guests for the people of Barranquilla; that finally in Colombia there is a reaction against Yankeeism, and that they should go where they may find peoples less honorable and high-minded than in Colombia, places where the Yankee intervention is sought by the very ones that govern their destinies."

The citizens of the town were solidly for any plan which would give them better service at lower rates. But the agitators took the proposed contract as a basis for agitation and they went so far that finally the government had to prohibit all assemblies and mass meetings, else the great riot that the leaders were hoping for might have been started.

This is the sort of thing that is going on in comparatively conservative Colombia, and all the while its prosperity and its standard of living are being raised in spite of itself. Its exports in 1922 were around $50,000,000, while today they exceed $100,000,000—nearly 90 per cent being bought by the United States. And the imports, which are a surer sign of prosperity among the people, are increasing on the same scale.

In Central America the attacks on us are even more bitter—and our economic influence even more beneficial. This will be the subject of the next article.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Crowther. The second will appear in the November fifth issue.

Williams
Aqua Velva
Trade Mark
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake a few drops into the hand and apply to the moist face.
The J. B. Williams Co.
Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A.
Printed in U.S.A.
For External Use

Full Half the Shave is the AquaVelva *after-shave*

Aqua Velva is for the *newly shaven skin*. The unprotected skin tends to get stiff and dry as the day goes on. Aqua Velva protects it, keeps away stiffness and dryness by helping to conserve its natural moisture, keeps it flexible, well conditioned—*keeps* it as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it.

Then, too, Aqua Velva helps to heal those tiny nicks and cuts, seen and unseen, that your razor leaves.

Try Aqua Velva Eighty-seven years of specialized study of what is best for beards and skin went into its making. You will like its buoyant, stimulating thrill. It wakes the skin. It livens it. And as an aid to good face grooming a week will show you how worth while the Aqua Velva habit is.

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

50¢ *a bottle or*

FREE—a trial size, if you like. Just say "Aqua Velva" in a letter or on a post card. Address: The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 410 B, Glastonbury, Conn., (Canadian address: Montreal)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

The SECRET

There is a tradition of fine motor car performance which must be upheld through ever changing public demand. "What the driver asks—the car must do" might well be the composite slogan of successful manufacturers throughout the industry.

Today the driver asks for greater speed, quicker acceleration, vibrationless operation and greater fuel economy. The manufacturer meets this demand with new designs and new devices. The refinements of today's motor car as compared to yesterday's are many, but no single one has been such an outstanding factor in solving the secret of improved performance as have LYNITE Pistons and Connecting Rods.

Aluminum Company of America devoted more than a decade to experimentation and development. Its combination of resources and laboratories, coupled with the skill of its many engineers, has given to LYNITE a wealth of superior qualities.

The public has been quick to learn the secret of LYNITE. This strong aluminum alloy, made from Alcoa Aluminum, is responsible for leadership in both performance and car sales.

Insist on LYNITE Pistons and Rods in your *new* automobile. Install them in your present car. Only in this way can you obtain the remarkable motor car satisfaction possible today.

LYNITE PERFORMANCE

Greater speed—more pulling power.
Several seconds quicker acceleration.
Less wear on cylinders and bearings.
Vibration reduced to a minimum.
Less weight—greater fuel economy.
Cooler motor—with less carbon.

LYNITE

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

PISTONS AND RODS

Light as a Feather . . . Strong as Steel

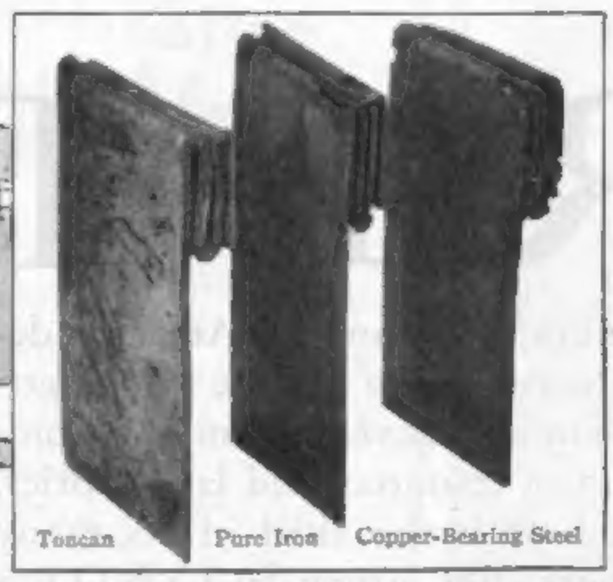
ALUMINUM · COMPANY · OF · AMERICA

PITTSBURGH, PA.

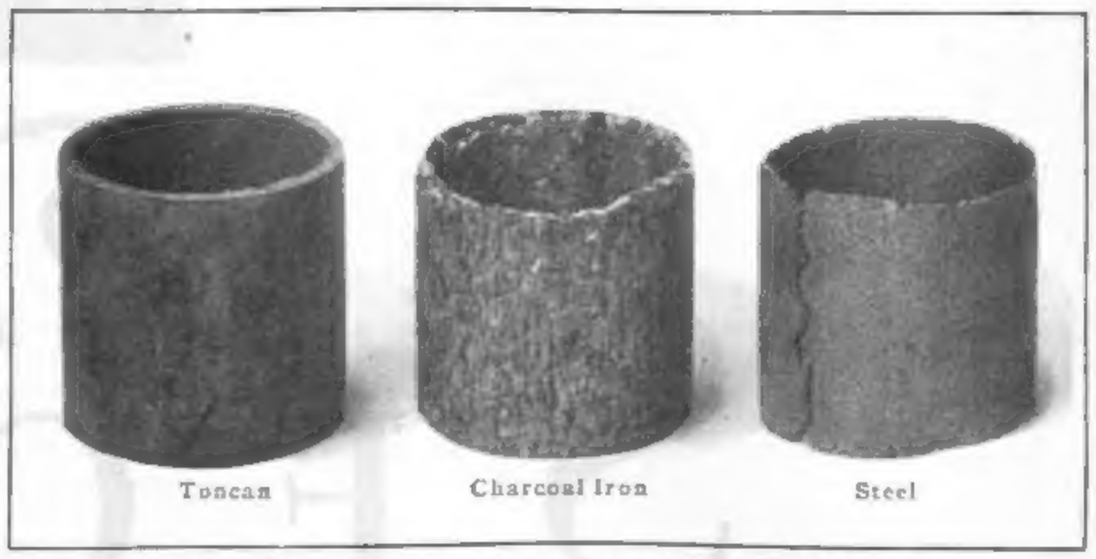
ALUMINUM · IN · EVERY · COMMERCIAL · FORM

How Toncan Iron Outlasts Other Metals 4 *to* 14 Times

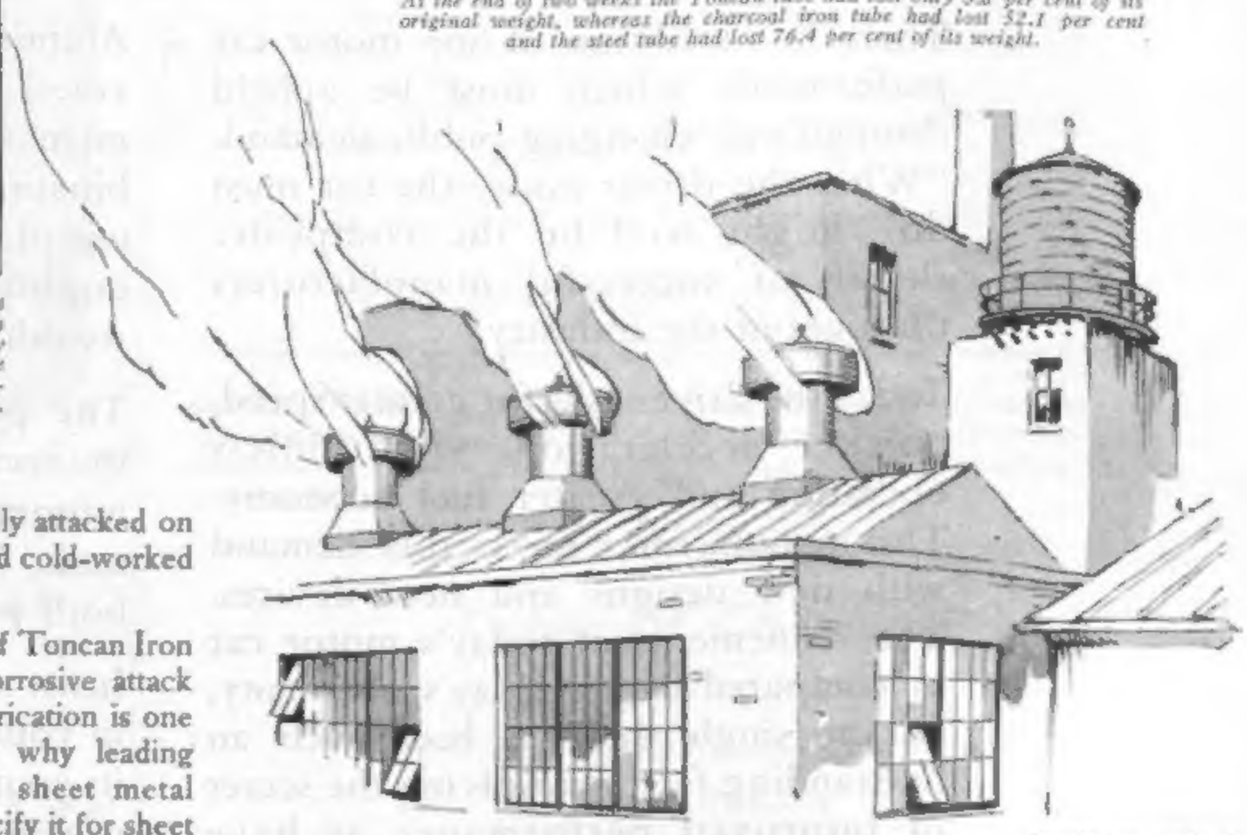
This Super-Iron Again Proves Its Outstanding Resistance to Corrosive Attack



This photograph shows what happened to sheets of Toncan Iron, pure iron and copper-bearing steel which had been cold-worked before the test. It has been an accepted theory that cold-working accelerates corrosion by disturbing the grain structure of the metals. These tests show that this happens in other metals, but that Toncan Iron is unaffected.



Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron tube is here compared with tubes of charcoal iron and steel in the standard 10 per cent hydrochloric acid test. At the end of two weeks the Toncan tube had lost only 3.8 per cent of its original weight, whereas the charcoal iron tube had lost 52.1 per cent and the steel tube had lost 76.4 per cent of its weight.



REPEATED tests of Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron demonstrate its outstanding resistance to corrosive attack as compared with other metals. These unretouched photographs, taken after Toncan and other metals had been subjected to the standard 10 per cent Hydrochloric Acid test for two weeks, illustrate what happens when these metals are exposed to moisture and the elements, in actual service over a period of years.

The tubes of Toncan, charcoal iron and steel were the same size and gauge when this test started. Two weeks later, when this photo was taken, the charcoal iron had lost 14 times as much weight as Toncan, and the steel tube 20 times as much.

Since all sheet metal is cold-worked in fabrication, the other test was made on pieces which had been bent cold. Cold-working always has increased the rate of corrosion by disturbing the grain structure of the metal, but Toncan seems to contradict this established law. Note that the Toncan sheet is unaffected, whereas the pure iron and copper-bearing steel samples are badly attacked on both sheared and cold-worked edges.

The ability of Toncan Iron to withstand corrosive attack after severe fabrication is one of the reasons why leading architects and sheet metal contractors specify it for sheet metal work on houses and buildings of all kinds. It is why manufacturers of stoves, refrigerators, washing machines and other household appliances are using Toncan Iron for oven linings, enameled parts and other surfaces exposed to the attacks of rust and corrosion.

To get the greatest satisfaction in household appliances you buy, look for the Toncan label. And whether you are building a modest home or massive skyscraper, insist that Toncan be used for sheet metal work, ventilators, cornices, etc. It is your assurance of quality and economy. Write for our interesting Toncan book, "The Path to Permanence."

Ventilators made of Toncan Iron by the Burt Mfg. Co., Akron, Ohio, on the plant of the Seiberling Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio. These ventilators are unaffected by large quantities of steam which they emit continuously.

Everhot Wall Outlet Electric Range made by the Swartzbaugh Mfg. Co., Toledo, Ohio, has oven lining of Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron.

Toncan Iron Culverts are used by nearly 150 steam and electric railroads and for principal highways throughout the country because they give long and economical service.

AGATHON STEELS

The famous family of steel products under the Agathon trade-mark includes Alloy Steels, Special Finish Sheets as well as all standard finishes, Electrical Sheets, Hot Rolled Strip, Toncan Enameling Iron, Toncan Oven-Lining, Galvannealed Sheets and Enduro Stainless Iron.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

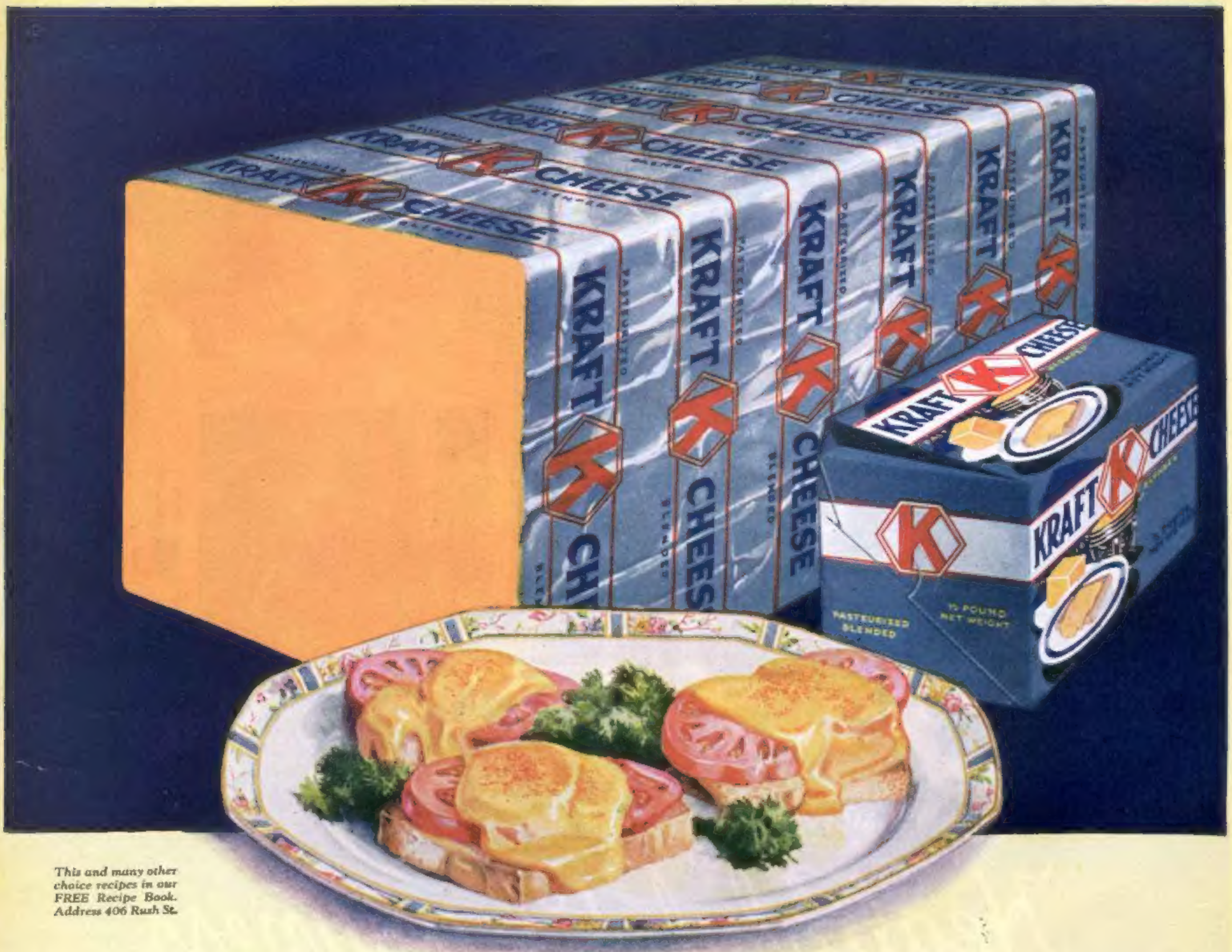
TONCAN COPPER

Mo-lyb-den-um IRON

CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, Massillon, Ohio

Cleveland Detroit Chicago New York Philadelphia Tulsa Los Angeles Seattle Syracuse St. Louis San Francisco Cincinnati

WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST HIGHLY SPECIALIZED ALLOY STEEL PRODUCERS



This and many other choice recipes in our FREE Recipe Book. Address 406 Rush St.

Dainty Luncheons

Almost an endless variety of luncheons, both delicate and agreeable to the taste, can be prepared by the efficient use of Kraft Cheese.

Besides being simple, economical, and easily prepared, each dish will possess that singular deliciousness of ripe, mellow cheese—that true, unvarying flavor made possible by Kraft.

Kraft Cheese has won such great favor because it is *always* good—its quality is staple.

Not only is it good, but its protein, butterfat, vitamines and mineral salts are good for you. And when you see the Kraft Label just remember it is our guarantee of this supreme excellence.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY, *General Offices*, CHICAGO

Milani's

Remember that name. It is the trade name of a most wonderful French Dressing, and one sponsored by Kraft. Milani's has none of that excessive oiliness found in most French dressings, but a smooth, even—almost creamy—consistency that is most appetizing. On vegetable and fruit salads it is simply delicious, though it serves equally as well on meats, game, or fish. Your dealer has it.

KRAFT K CHEESE

It Slices . . . . . It Cooks . . . . . It Keeps

The safe sure way to

Healthful Cleanliness

is the Old Dutch way

Safest for Porcelain and Kitchen Utensils

Old Dutch Cleanser is a great help in the kitchen; it safeguards the health of your family. It keeps pots, pans, sink, table top, etc., not only spick and span, but sanitary and wholesome, too.

Old Dutch is the sure way to Healthful Cleanliness. It removes not only surface dirt but also all the unseen impurities which are often a menace to health.

Safest for porcelain and enamel. Old Dutch does its work without scratching. This distinctive characteristic is due to its fine, flaky, flat-shaped particles. There's nothing else like it.

This drawing of a highly magnified particle of Old Dutch shows how they work. A clean sweep without marring the surface. Like thousands of tiny erasers they remove all uncleanliness.

Avoid cleaners containing hard, scratchy grit. This drawing of a highly magnified gritty particle shows how they mar surfaces and make scratches which are catchalls for impurities.

Use Old Dutch Cleanser and you are assured of safe cleaning and Healthful Cleanliness.

Old Dutch Chases Dirt — Protects the Home

The Symbol of Healthful Cleanliness

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